

General
Reference



THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

OF POLITICS, SCIENCE
ART AND LITERATURE



VOL. XLIV
NOVEMBER, 1914 TO APRIL, 1915, INCLUSIVE

TORONTO
THE ONTARIO PUBLISHING CO., LIMITED

1915

287983.



Contents of Volume XLIV

NOVEMBER, 1914—APRIL, 1915

ARTICLES.

	PAGE
ALIEN ENEMIES, OUR.....	Thomas Mulvey, K.C. 137
A PASTORAL LETTER.....	Cardinal Mercier 513
A PATRIOT GENERAL.....	Hon. Wm. R. Riddell 32
ARCTIC, HEROES OF THE CANADIAN.....	A. V. Thomas 293
BELGIUM, HERE AND THERE IN.....	Estelle Kerr 93
BRITAIN'S INTELLECTUAL GREATNESS.....	C. Lintern Sibley 480
BRITTANY IN WAR TIME.....	Paul A. W. Wallace 535
CANADA AND ITS PROVINCES.....	W. S. Wallace 141
CANADA, SELF-GOVERNMENT IN.....	G. G. S. Lindsay 21
CANADIAN ARCTIC, HEROES OF THE.....	A. V. Thomas 293
CHIEF CAUSES OF THE WAR.....	Theodore Wehle 357
CYNIC AT VALCARTIER, THE.....	Newton MacTavish 3
FAMOUS CANADIAN TRIALS.....	201, 299, 385, 502
FOREST FIRE, THE.....	H. R. MacMillan 549
GERMAN LEGION IN CANADA, THE.....	C. S. Blue 229
GERMANY AND GREAT BRITAIN IN THE FAR EAST.....	John Stuart Thomson 57
GHEENT AND THE TREATY.....	Lyman B. Jackes 147
GREENWOOD, SIR HAMAR, BART.....	W. A. Craick 393
HEROES OF THE CANADIAN ARCTIC.....	A. V. Thomas 293
HERE AND THERE IN BELGIUM.....	Estelle Kerr 93
INTERPRETATION OF VISCOUNT MORLEY, THE.....	J. C. Sutherland 257
IS THIS TRUE?.....	Britton B. Cooke 13
MADE IN CANADA.....	Britton B. Cooke 13
McGEE, D'ARCY.....	C. S. Blue 385
McLEOD, TRIAL OF.....	A. H. U. Colquhoun 201
MORLEY.....	J. C. Sutherland 257
NOVA SCOTIA, TRAMPING IN.....	Lacey Amy 311
OUR ALIEN ENEMIES.....	Thomas Mulvey, K.C. 137
PASTORAL LETTER, A.....	Cardinal Mercier 513
PHIMISTER PROCTOR, CANADIAN SCULPTOR.....	W. H. deB. Nelson 495
POETRY WITH A PREFACE.....	Arthur L. Phelps 467
PROCTOR, PHIMISTER.....	W. H. deB. Nelson 495
RIEL BEFORE THE JURY.....	Britton B. Cooke 502
SAM SLICK LETTERS.....	A. Wylie Mahon 75
SELF-GOVERNMENT IN CANADA.....	G. G. S. Lindsay 21

CONTENTS

iii

	PAGE
'STAMBOUL OF THE SULTANS.....	<i>Albert R. Carman</i> 403
STAR SHOT, A.....	<i>Geo. B. Wells</i> 52
STRINGER.....	<i>Arthur L. Phelps</i> 467
SUTHERLAND—A PATRIOT GENERAL.....	<i>Hon. Wm. R. Riddell</i> 32
TEMPERAMENT.....	<i>J. E. Middleton</i> 398
THROUGH BRITTANY IN WAR TIME	<i>Paul A. W. Wallace</i> 535
TOWER OF TRAGEDY, THE.....	<i>Harold Sands</i> 508
TRAIL OF THE IRON HORSE, THE.....	<i>Ernest McGaffey</i> 219
TRAMPING IN UNFREQUENTED NOVA SCOTIA.....	<i>Lacey Amy</i> 311
TREATY OF GHENT.....	<i>Lyman B. Jackes</i> 147
VALCARTIER, THE CYNIC AT.....	<i>Newton MacTavish</i> 3
WALKER'S EAR (FAMOUS CANADIAN TRIALS).....	<i>A. Gordon Dewey</i> 299
WAR, CHIEF CAUSES OF THE.....	<i>Theodore Wehle</i> 357
WHELAN, TRIAL OF.....	<i>Charles S. Blue</i> 385
WERE THE PIONEERS PARASITES?.....	<i>John Lewis</i> 477

FICTION.

ADOPTION OF THREE STAR, THE.....	<i>Stanley Portal Hyatt</i> 332
AFFINITY, THE.....	<i>Francis Haffkina Snow</i> 449
BETSY LOO AND THE ELEPHANT.....	<i>Paul Sheard</i> 417
BROOD OF THE WITCH QUEEN, THE.....	<i>Sax Röhmer</i> 39, 105, 265
CUR AND THE COYOTE, THE.....	<i>Edward Peple</i> 339
DEAR FATHER.....	<i>Albert R. Carman</i> 152, 278, 321
DEATH-SICKNESS OF KRONAH, THE.....	<i>R. J. Fraser</i> 413
EAR OF DIONYSIUS, THE.....	<i>Peter McArthur</i> 157
FIRST JEW, THE.....	<i>Francis Haffkina Snow</i> 348
FORTUNAT'S VOCATION.....	<i>Marjorie Cook</i> 212
FRONTIER RIVALRY, A.....	<i>John Cain</i> 422
LEAVEN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS, THE.....	<i>William Hugo Pabke</i> 247
"LONG LIVE THE KING".....	<i>Mary Roberts Rinehart</i> 431
MAGICIAN'S BOX, THE.....	<i>Madge Macbeth</i> 456
MEASURE OF COMPANY G, THE.....	<i>Wolcott L. Beard</i> 537
MOTHER OF INVENTION, THE.....	<i>William Hugo Pabke</i> 168
MYSTERY OF THE SAILOR MEN, THE.....	<i>Eden Philpotts</i> 239
OLD LOG HOUSE, THE.....	<i>Newton MacTavish</i> 119
PRIDE OF TWO, THE.....	<i>Rosa Mulholland</i> 324
RAINBOW-CHASERS, THE.....	<i>Robert Herrick</i> 175
ROAN MARE, THE.....	<i>Violet Jacob</i> 65
SALVATION BILL.....	<i>Carroll Aikins</i> 162
SLIGHT ADVENTURE, A.....	<i>Wilfred L. Randell</i> 524
STORY OF THE CHIEF OF POLICE, THE.....	<i>William Le Queux</i> 366
THEIR VAGARY.....	<i>Alan Sullivan</i> 129
TUDOR CUP, THE.....	<i>Neil Munro</i> 361
WHEN WAR CAME TO DOBY.....	<i>Alex. Shell Briscoe</i> 205
WHERE THE LINES MEET.....	<i>Francis X. Finnegan</i> 487

CONTENTS

POETRY.

	PAGE
A WANDER-SONG.....	<i>Isabel Ecclestone Mackay</i> 172
KNITTING.....	<i>Louise C. Glasgow</i> 546
NOEL.....	<i>Lucy Betty McRaye</i> 126
ON CHAMP DE MARS.....	<i>R. Stanley Weir</i> 347
PRIVATE NORTH.....	<i>Theodore Goodridge Roberts</i> 553
QUERY.....	<i>Arthur L. Phelps</i> 400
REALIZATION.....	<i>L. M. Montgomery</i> 372
REPARATION.....	<i>A. G. Mackay</i> 331
THE BALM-BEARER.....	<i>Ezryn Bruce MacKinnon</i> 16
THE BIRTHRIGHT.....	<i>Virna Sheard</i> 18
THE CABIN ON THE PLAIN.....	<i>Carroll Aikins</i> 492
THE OLD PROSPECTOR.....	<i>Carroll Aikins</i> 446
THE OLD WARRIOR.....	<i>Frances Beatrice Taylor</i> 298
THE WAR MAKER.....	<i>Isabel Ecclestone Mackay</i> 416
THE WORLD'S HONOUR ROLL.....	<i>F. A. Acland</i> 167
TWILIGHT AND I.....	<i>L. M. Montgomery</i> 54
WHEN APRIL COMES.....	<i>R. C. Reade</i> 486
WIND AND FOAM.....	<i>Alfred Gordon</i> 262

FRONTISPIECES.

AN INDIAN BRAVE.....	Sculpture— <i>A. Phimister Proctor</i> 476
GRANDMOTHER.....	A Painting by <i>Jacob Maris</i> 92
RETURNING FROM THE WELL.....	A Painting by <i>Percy F. Woodcock</i> 200
SPRING SONG.....	A Painting by <i>Florence Carlyle</i> 384
THE LUMBER CAMP.....	A Painting by <i>F. S. Coburn</i> 2
YOUTH AND SUNLIGHT.....	A Painting by <i>A. Suzor Coté</i> 292

DEPARTMENTS.

CURRENT EVENTS.....	<i>Lindsay Crawford</i> 80, 187, 283, 375, 461, 554
THE LIBRARY TABLE.....	86, 191, 287, 379, 471, 558
TWICE-TOLD TALES.....	89, 195, 474, 562

Book Restoration and Repair Service Tel. 267-0218

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE



THE LUMBER CAMP

From the Drawing by F. S. Coburn



THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

XLIV

TORONTO, NOVEMBER, 1914

No 1.

THE CYNIC AT VALCARTIER

BY NEWTON MacTAVISH

LIKE a black sheep of the flock our national cynic appeared amongst the khaki-clad soldiery at Valcartier. He was withal a genial cynic, one who took his cynicism with a pinch of paprika. For he had long observed that a cynic is never well hailed unless he disguise his mutterings with a thin coating of spice. And as spice after all is but the difference between food and fodder, he was in the way of becoming in time something of a philosopher. However that may be, we look on him now merely as a stranger in the camp, as an Ishmaelite, as one who has come from the other side of Jordan. As a matter of fact, he came from the other side of the St. Lawrence, bringing with him all the swagger of the newly-striped brigadier. Even without the swagger he was a marked man, for against the puttees and leggings and kilts his civilian garb of sombre black gave him the sad distinction of a chief mourner. He had known nothing about Valcartier, except, of course, that it was a station on the Canadian Northern Railway, about

sixteen miles north-westward from the city of Quebec, and that there the Minister of Militia had established a mobilization camp. And now as he walked up and down the platform, jostling against corporals, sergeants, and lieutenants-colonel, he recollected that not long ago the Government at Ottawa had failed to pass in Parliament a bill to authorize the expenditure of thirty-five million dollars on *Dreadnoughts* for the British navy and that a few months later the same Government had passed without debate a war budget of fifty millions. He knew, as everybody knows, that in the first instance no enemy had yet appeared on the horizon and that questions of party politics and national nicety were successfully interposed; while in the second instance the Dominion, at the very moment when Parliament met, was already in a state of war. Nevertheless fifty millions is just twice twenty-five millions. The cynic knew that, and indeed he had told everyone within hearing, at home, that it was like paying someone to stand out and shoot



THE GRUB LINE



THE ARRIVAL OF PROVISIONS



AT THE BUTTS



HIGHLANDERS PITCHING THEIR TENTS

you, and, even at that, if we were to take part in the war, fifty millions soon would look like the first estimate of cost of the Grand Trunk Pacific. He was doubtful of the part we were taking in the war, a European war in which the Western world had no right to interfere. After all our shouting and flag-flying and patriotic funding he was scornful of our fifteen or twenty percentage of native-born volunteers. He was cynical of the whole undertaking. Thus we behold him at Valcartier.

Well pronounced, with the chic accent that the French impose, Valcartier is a rythmical word, a word suggesting a measure of poesy; and quite properly, for does it not denote the valley of the Cartier, a pleasant if not noble river flowing out from the Laurentians. The Laurentians, indeed, rising above river and valley, supply an imposing background for a military field. When the cynic first saw them, rimming the camping-ground like the edge of a titanic cauldron, he began to reconstruct his perspective, to replace his vanishing point, to realize that this permanent military camp, property of the people, seven miles long and four miles

wide, is something more than a string of tents at a summer resort. He could see, as anyone could see, that here were assembled and organized those primal forces which ever since the world began have composed the court of last appeal and that from this camp and this station these same forces would soon fare forth to war. Indeed, some of them were at that very moment faring forth, for upon his ears fell the stirring strains of "Tipperary," and he overheard enough else to know that the Grenadiers had just marched away.

The cynic knew that he was conspicuous, that his civilian dress limned him out as a being of inferior mettle. Nevertheless he clung to his personality and ventured to follow the thin line of pedestrians who took the board walk across ten acres of forlorn-looking oats to where a spur from the main railway marked the beginning of the encampment. At a point a hundred yards farther on, where stands the post of the Camp Commandant, an unpainted structure of newly-cut lumber, the walk turns at a right angle and lies parallel to a roadway that breasts the offices of the Headquarters Staff, about a quarter-



THE HEAVY ARTILLERY SIXTY POUNDERS



HEADQUARTERS, FROM THE REAR

mile distant. There are two of these offices: the first, a typical French-Canadian habitation, the mansard roof without and the large stone fireplace within giving mute evidence of its former homely purpose; the second, a long, squat building, huddling close to the first and looking like an elongated Western shack. Flanking them there was a little village of tents and marquees, and nearby, on a hill where it cannot be hid, stands a small bungalow which sheltered the Minister of Militia whenever Colonel the Honourable Sam Hughes came to camp.

This headquarters was the heart and soul of the encampment. It was the source of all action, the source likewise of all inaction. It was the arbiter of every order, the dispenser for every disorder. It commanded the situation, as well to outlook as to control, for, like the Minister's bungalow, it stood upon a hill, and the great mass of the encampment outstretched beneath it, a shimmering sea of canvas.

To this elevation the cynic now

approached. He walked behind the first building, and was about to rest his eyes on the vast scene when a sentry accosted him and asked whether he was an officer.

"In the army?" said the cynic. He had felt conspicuous before; now he felt ridiculous.

"Only officers can pass this way."

"I used to be an officer in the Canadian Order of—"

"Have you a permit?"

"Not yet. Where can I get one?"

"From the Camp Commandant."

The cynic procured a permit to remain three days. Then he returned to the elevation, and stood off at a respectful distance from the sentry. There he saw what to others had become commonplace—six thousand tents shining under the autumn sun. An inspiring spectacle. A spectacle also of great solemnity. For seeing by day that great white line merging into the mist against the blue Laurentian hills was enough to inspire even the cynic; and when he saw it again at night, pale under the moon, with blue clouds above and black



THE STATION AT VALCARTIER

earth beneath, he felt that it was indeed a solemn thing for 32,000 men thus to assemble in a huge city of tents.

I speak of the encampment as of a city, and indeed in many essentials it was a veritable city, with the Camp Commandant taking the place of mayor. But there was this important difference, that here the Commandant had charge of the private as well as the public affairs of the residents. There was but little revenue to collect, and yet money flowed out like corn from the hopper. The cynic had to remember, however, that we started with fifty millions, which, to use a Scotsman's phraseology, is a considerable sum of money. Still, 32,000 men in Canada a considerable mass of humanity. First of all the camp had to be made ready for these men. Five hundred civilians were employed, and the cynic had an idea that he would like to take a walk about camp and see what they had done. But an officer, aware of his plight, provided an automobile. It took just one hour to go over the ground, and still the cynic had not seen everything. Of course, the roads were bad, and the cynic had what has been de-

scribed as an inquisitive turn of mind. But he had seen enough to convince him that mobilizing an army is somewhat different from a full-dress parade. For he saw trenches, about three feet deep, dug here and there all over the camp, several miles of them if put together, and was told that they served a good purpose during rainy weather. Now they are being replaced with permanent drain-pipes. There was as well four and a half miles of plank walk. He saw men washing at taps in water that had been piped from the pumping-station across the river. It took seven and a half miles of piping to supply the camp and about two thousand taps. He saw poles and wiring for electric lights—miles of them. As to sanitation, he had no doubt about the effectiveness of the precautions taken.

Then when the camp was in readiness, and the work had to be rushed through as fast as five hundred civilians could rush it, the men had to be transported in—it took more than a hundred trains, not counting special cars or companies coming in on regular C. N. R. trains. They had to be sheltered—six thousand tents and one hundred and twenty-three marquees



ONE OF THE CAMP CANTEENS

were pitched. They had to be bedded—120,000 blankets were provided. The bedding had to be kept dry—40,000 rubber sheets were placed in store. They had to be washed—500 shower-baths were built and 7,000 wash-basins distributed, and the cynic shivered at touch of the ice-cold water. They had to be fed—the daily rations were 32,000 pounds of beef, 6,000 pounds of bacon, 32,000 pounds of bread, 3,000 pounds of cheese, 1,000 pounds of coffee and tea, 32,000 pounds of potatoes, 15,000 pounds of other vegetables, 1,000 pounds of salt, 4,000 pounds of butter, 4,000 pounds of jam, 4,000 pounds of flour. Their physical condition had to be considered—the hospital equipment included eighty-seven members of the Army Medical Corps and one hundred nursing sisters. They had to be drilled and re-drilled—the parade-ground is a mile square, but you might see little companies manoeuvring almost anywhere. You might see also the cavalry and the artillery at drill. The cynic did not count the horses, but he was assured that there were 8,500, that they consumed daily eighty-two tons of hay and 2,400 bushels of oats,

that they were supplied with ten thousand blankets; and he saw for himself the veterinary camp over near the pickets. He came to know that apart from many other things the camp equipment included nineteen Ford automobiles, thirty-three motor-trucks, seven motor-cycles, three hundred wagons, ninety-four telephones, and thirty-six typewriters. The outfitting of the privates included about 130,000 pairs of socks, 64,000 suits of underwear, 32,000 wool caps, besides shaving sets, "housewives," and other things for every man.

All these things the cynic saw by day, under a bright September sun. It set him calculating. The wages alone of these men, at \$1.10 a day for a private up to six-fifty for a colonel, would amount to a merry sum. And it would cost just as much at sea as on dry land. Yet fifty millions is—well, not so very much as it was, and he was hearing talk of another expeditionary force.

His permit was all very well while the sun shone, and he was not compelled to produce it very often. But it would not shelter him at night, nor



THE LOWER END OF THE ENCAMPMENT

would it help him to a portion of that huge store of viands guarded by rifle and bayonet. Still the officer had anticipated his needs, and an orderly had prepared a tent for the stranger. While waiting for the supper the cynic stood again on the elevation behind Headquarters. The gloom of evening was settling over river and over valley, and here and there huge bonfires sent up smoke and flame from

the midst of the sea of tents. A grub-line was forming on the right. Some football-players were coming in from a game, and dark figures of a squad at drill moved against the darker patch of green. Gradually the dusk deepened, and night lay for a moment over the camp. Then the long lines of electric lights flashed out, two thousand in all, and the cynic looked at them until they converged in the



EXERCISING AT THE BUTTS



CAVALRY CROSSING A PONTOON ON THE JACQUES CARTIER RIVER

distance, away against the grim blackness of the hills. The brightness of these lights gave to the glow of lanterns underneath the tents a weird reddish hue.

Later on, Main Street, the thoroughfare that separated the two great divisions of the encampment, was the scene of peculiar animation, as was also "Canteen Row," the name given

to the assemblage of booths for the sale of souvenirs and refreshments. Soldiers gathered in groups everywhere, and there was the continuous sound of tramping on the plank walk. There was the inevitable moving-picture show, and the photographer's tent; in short, many things to remind the cynic of a circus or country fair. Over all came the sound of a lusty



A SCENE AT VALCARTIER



THE ORDNANCE AND STORES

chorus of male voices singing round the camp-fire "Annie Laurie" and "Old Folks at Home." Somehow or other, it all got a grip on the cynic's emotions, and he walked back to his tent on the hill wondering if after all the thing was not worth while. He stood with his hand on the flap at the entrance and caught, away down the line, the first note of the bugle call to turn in. It was nine-thirty, and all lights in the privates' tents must go out. Then the bugle call came closer, on his right, on his left. It was taken up here and there until the whole camp was quickened with the sound. Suddenly it stopped with the last faint echo, down where the moonlight lay like a ghost on the face of the river. One by one the lantern-lights went out. Like all the other days, it had been long—up at five-thirty.

The cynic drew the flap aside, stooped and entered his tent. On the ground, arranged like a bag, lay the blankets where the orderly had placed them when he explained how one should get into them, feet first. Near the head stood the lantern, burning faintly. The cynic wiggled into the blankets and soon turned the wick down until it sputtered and went out. Then he composed himself for sleep. He could hear an engine shunting on the tracks, and the whirring

of an automobile. Presently the sound of a mouth-organ came in faintly, and after that he fell asleep, thinking about the thirty-one transports, some of them of *Royal George* and *Virginian* type, with funnels all painted black, that soon would be mustering in the Gulf for their perilous voyage across the sea. He had been thinking also about all the secrecy that was being maintained as to sailing. Many of the officers, even, did not know when their companies would embark. No one could write home with certainty to say when he would sail, so that there would be few at the wharves to shout farewell. And if at the last moment any attempted to send a telegram it would be held up by the censor. Misleading reports were sent out to newspapers, so that the public believed that the soldiers left days before they all actually did leave. The cynic had been wondering about these exigencies of war. He wondered and fell into dreaming about the stories he had heard of money squandered on supplies. Whether squandered or not, the work was being done and done well. Then suddenly he awoke with a start and sat up in the blankets. Everything was quiet now, but he is still sure that he had heard someone singing "It's a Long, Long Way to Tipperary."

IS THIS TRUE?

BY BRITTON B. COOKE

A certain charge has been made against YOU—against the Canadian people. The writer of this article does not lay the charge, nor does The Canadian Magazine, but men in many walks of Canadian life do lay it. IS IT TRUE?

IT is charged, *first*, that Canadians are loyal to everything and everyone *except Canadians!* That they are loyal to England. That they are loyal to the British Empire. That they are loyal to their respective towns, counties, provinces, and even to Canada as a whole; but that, as between Province and Province, as between Western consumer and Eastern producer, in short, as between Canadian and Canadian, there is often a lack of loyalty! It is said that Canadians often seem to lack confidence in the handiwork of Canadians; that they want to see the seal of foreign approval on goods before they approve for themselves; that they can be led to admire what comes from outside Canada more easily than that which is originated by fellow Canadians inside Canada; that they will insure their lives in foreign insurance corporations sooner than with the equally strong Canadian concerns; that they even prefer, when they have holidays to spend or trips to take, to spend the holidays or make the trip *outside Canada* rather than in it!

It is said that Canadian millionaires will pay two thousand dollars to a Dutch art dealer for a small canvas covered with a "smudge and a signature," while the Canadian artists—many of whom have been recognized abroad—have sometimes to eke

out a living by drawing advertising pictures, largely because these millionaires pay even leading Canadian artists only a fraction of the rate which they willingly pay Dutch brokers.

It is said that a certain Russian music teacher enjoyed such large fees and such a tremendous clientele of Canadian pupils while he was in London that, like any other logical man, he argued he would do better still to go to Canada and so gain the extra pupils who could not come to him in London; that he came and he lost money; that the disciples of Orpheus would not believe a really good music teacher would deign to come to Canada to teach.

This case is cited: Three young men inherited a considerable legacy, carrying with it a provision that it must be spent in travel. They secured leave of absence from their business and made a grand tour of Europe. All they know of Canada is Toronto, where they live; Muskoka, where usually they have spent their summer holidays; Montreal, where two of them are "courting" young women, and Cobourg, where they were born. Their daily income comes from a business dependent upon the Western Canadian farmer, yet they have never been west of the Lambton Golf Club, and they are planning a

trip next year—where? To Winnipeg? To the Pacific coast? Through our Maritime Provinces? No. To the Bahamas.

A man is named who would not think of buying, seriously, for his library, a book printed in Canada, if he could get the same volume from an English or American press.

A housewife is mentioned who has never tried Canadian cheese—recognized by foreign epicures—on her table; she buys *imported* cheese. Another housewife was told of who lives in a town near Montreal: she won't even buy her granulated sugar or flannelette from her local retailer, but *sends to Montreal for it!* A real estate dealer in Winnipeg who made all his money from Canadian land, and in short who owes everything he has, including his wife and family, to Canada, is cited as having bought a foreign-made automobile, while workmen in a Canadian branch factory, who had bought lots from him, were laid off for lack of orders. It is charged that an Eastern Canadian municipality required a number of road-rollers not long ago. It bought imported road-rollers at a price which was only a little less than the price a Canadian firm had quoted. It is pointed out that a certain church congregation in Hamilton allowed its preacher to be lured to the United States by better working conditions. Five years later when he had preached his Canadian sermons in New York and been applauded by the newspapers of the United States, his old congregation induced him to return to Canada. He is drawing big crowds twice a Sunday *because he first won a United States reputation!*

This was told me by a former salesman of household heating apparatus. He was waiting outside a certain newspaper office to get an early copy of the paper and look over the "Men Wanted" column. He had a wife and children and had been out of work for several weeks.

"I tell you what I feel about this

country," he said, "I feel it is a selfish country and a hard country to get a living in. Canadians include an awful lot of people who begrudge anyone but themselves a living, especially among the naturalized American farmers of our west country."

"Go out there and try to sell them a Canadian-made stove. They say: 'How much?' You quote the price—same price as the same sort of American stove. They say, 'Yes, it's a nice little stove, but have you got a Kalamazoo stove? We want a Kalamazoo stove.' Where's Kalamazoo? In Michigan. Is that right?"

That is for the Canadian public to answer.

Here is another allegation: A Winnipeg office-supply dealer has built up a large trade in cheap desks and other office equipment by keeping in close touch with a manufacturer in Grand Rapids, Michigan. Once a year the Grand Rapids man clears out his factories of all the odds and ends of the expiring season. These he offers at reduced prices. The Winnipeg dealer buys them and sells them to Winnipeg people at the *regular Canadian price*. Meantime, Canadian managers and workmen lose the orders which might otherwise have been theirs.

The other side of that question was presented to me in an interesting light. A Canadian furniture factory found itself overloaded with stock, owing to a sudden falling-off in trade. Desperate, the manager paid a visit to Buffalo and interviewed buyers. "See here," he said, "I have a stock of goods that can be had very cheap—at cost, if you'll help us clean it out." The American buyers, one by one, examined his samples, pronounced them good, admitted that his prices were unusually low, and are said to have concluded to this effect:

"Thank you very much, Mr. —," with a smile, for letting me see your line. It is certainly a good line and we'd like to buy—but you must re-

member there are good American factories over here that are turning out just as good goods, at a price which is not much worse than yours. And why should we go outside our own country to buy? We must keep things up in the little old United States, y'know."

That seems an interesting case. Almost ironical, you say. The Canadian maker, driven from his own market by the American with a stock of bargain odds and ends, and lacking the support of his own home market, is refused in the American market on grounds of American patriotism!

I asked an implement agent in Saskatchewan whether he sold many Canadian engines. He said no.

Why?

He couldn't just say.

Were they not as good as American engines?

Hm. He had heard they were better.

Then what was the matter?

Well, his customers came along and said how much is that engine?

"Two hundred dollars."

"Two hundred!—*but we can get an American engine for two hundred!*"

Of course, there are extenuating circumstances to be borne in mind. For instance, there is the question of comparative costs. If Canadian goods cost more, or are less efficient, then it is not to be expected that hard-headed business men will sacrifice real money for patriotic feeling. It is perhaps going too far to suggest that some Canadians would say, "Well, that is a Canadian product—I'll buy it because it was made in Canada." But I am assured that the cases cited above were based upon equal conditions—equal prices, equal values.

Are these things true? Perhaps the reader who says "Yes" is himself an offender. Perhaps you are one of those retailers that sees his business dropping lower every day because the people in your town persist in shop-

ping by mail, from the great department store in the far-off metropolis, in spite of the fact that your goods are just as fresh, just as cheap, bought in the same market, and just as varied? You feel that you have a just cause for complaint. But are you, on the other hand, sending all your big orders to foreign wholesalers, or to the Canadian representatives of foreign manufacturers, instead of passing as much business as you can to your fellow-Canadians?

Or if you are a life insurance man and you find that Canadian retailers are taking foreign insurance instead of yours—you feel agrieved? Yet when you have a holiday to spend or a pleasure voyage to take with your wife, is it you that says, "Oh, let's go down to the Adirondacks or to Sulphur Springs, Virginia, or to California," instead of introducing your wife to the wonders of Banff or Jasper Park, or Algonquin Park, or Metis, or St. Andrews?

Or you, Mr. Manufacturer-of-agricultural-implements, you feel injured to find Canadian farmers investing in American implements. Are you, in the purchase of your raw materials, as scrupulous as you should be, to buy Canadian-made supplies and materials?

The foreign-made pair of boots which the farmer buys goes to support a foreign workman in a foreign town, and to pay dividends to foreign capitalists. That outside workman and that outside capitalist spend their money on outside products. The money you paid for the boots goes into the foreign economic machine to be turned over and over and over again, employing, feeding, housing, warming, marrying, burying, making happy and making rich the foreigner. Your *economic loyalty* is due here.

I do not know whether charges such as these are just or not. I cannot give an answer to them. No one can, except the Canadian people as a whole. There is no court to try the case. The accused are also the ac-

users. In other words, the allegation against the Canadian people is laid by Canadians. Whether, in saying what they say they are merely indulging their bad temper, or speaking out of self-interest is for you to decide.

At first sight you will say, "Non-sense! Nothing of the sort." You may be right. I repeat, it is for you to decide. But you must decide carefully, with an open mind, and complete willingness to find yourself wrong if the evidence goes against you. For reciting what may seem a libel against the Canadian people, I take full responsibility. For the men who accuse Canadians are the very

men who dare not do so in print or in public. Their very living might be involved because the people would say at once that they spoke out of selfish interest. Their only policy must be to bear misfortune as well as possible. Yet, at times I have heard a few hints of their feeling crop out. First in Niagara Falls, Ontario; then in Quebec, in North Bay, and, more recently, in Toronto and Montreal. These hints piqued curiosity and led to the making of a systematic investigation.

You have the charge. You have the evidence.

Is there any evidence for the defence?

THE BALM-BEARER

By EWYN BRUCE MACKINNON

A HEAVY curtained calm o'erhung the wood
 Of folded wing and sleep-befettered flower.
 The dew fell softly like a silent shower
 On each frail leaf, and it drooped and understood.
 And I who stirred and shook the branch and could
 Not rest within this night-embracing bower,
 Foreign, caused the fluttered wing to cower;
 And spilt the precious cup, the nectared food
 Fair Phoebus spreads to feast fond sleep, and still
 I caught these pearly moonlit drops within
 My pulsing palm and thought it not a sin;
 For lo, I would another chalice fill
 And bear it, dream-laden, to a lovelorn heart—
 A charm to calm and visions sweet impart.



THE RETURN
From the Painting by Homer Watson



THE BIRTHRIGHT

BY VIRNA SHEARD

WHATE'ER betides, all beauty still is mine;
I drink—as did the old gods—of its wine!
Though Time should dim my eyes, yet I have seen
The hills and hollows gay with gold and green;
Roses have charmed me with a dear delight
And Iris brought me joy in cups of white;
For me the fairies hung on bush and tree
A mantle of the frost's bright filigree,
And well I knew where at the gray of morn
They threaded dew on cobweb, weed, and thorn!
Lights of the Northern skies—and dancing flames—
And flowing seas—your colours have no names!
Day-shine across the uplands, how you pass
Chased by the filmy shadows on the grass!
Oh, I have watched the little swallows fly
Down silver reaches of the twilight sky,
While through the Western gates another day
In sweeping golden garments passed away.
I know how morning, hastening from afar,
Catches upon her rose-edged robes a star;
And often I have seen at midnight's hour
The blooming of the moon's gold wonder-flower.

O Soul, look out upon the lovely earth,
And take the gift she gave thee at thy birth;
Whate'er betides, all beauty still is thine;
Drink deep—as did the old gods—of its wine!





From the Painting by Franklin Brownell
Exhibited by the Canadian Art Club

A CARIBBEAN MARKET

SELF-GOVERNMENT IN CANADA

BY G. G. S. LINDSEY

EDITOR OF "WILLIAM LYON MACKENZIE", AUTHOR OF "CRICKET
ACROSS THE SEA" ETC.

THE other day the Honourable Rodolph Lemieux delivered an admirable address on the "Quebec Act" to the Toronto Canadian Club, in which he explained why the statute of 1774, passed after nine years of British military rule, contained no provision for an elective legislative body. He left his audience with a governor and crown-nominated council governing the Province of Canada, for there was then only one Province and that largely French. And he pointed out how closely the American Revolution followed on the passing of this Act, its influence on the revolution and its effect in saving Canada to the British Crown. The population of Canada then was estimated at 69,000 souls, and 7,600 converted Indians.

More recently still the Minister of Militia, Colonel the Honourable Sam Hughes, in his farewell message to the Canadian expeditionary force, said:

"Six weeks ago, when the call came to arms, inspired by that love of freedom from tyranny dominant in the British race, actuated by the knowledge that under British constitutional responsible government you enjoyed the utmost human liberty, you loyally and promptly responded in overwhelming numbers to that call."

It is desirable that all Canadians should know how they obtained the responsible government to which the Minister refers. During and after the American Revolution people pour-

ed into Canada from the thirteen Colonies—Loyalists and discharged soldiers. They colonized, too, the continental part of Nova Scotia, part of which in 1784 was changed into the Province of New Brunswick, with a Legislative Assembly. Free grants of land were made to all. In nine years the population had increased to 125,000, of whom 12,000 had settled in Canada West. The American residents soon began to petition for an elective parliament such as they had previously lived under. Their unwillingness to be subjected to French civil law and their demand for an elective assembly brought about the enactment of the Constitutional Act of 1791, at the instance of the younger Pitt.

Under this Act the former Province of Quebec, or what remained of it after the Revolutionary War, was divided into the two Provinces, Upper Canada and Lower Canada. The division line was practically the Ottawa River, which separated roughly the French from the English settlements. A Legislative Council and a Legislative Assembly were constituted within each Province, by whose advice and consent the Sovereign, represented by the Governor, and appointed by him, should have power "to make laws for the peace, welfare, and good government" of the separate Provinces. In Upper Canada the Legislative Council was to consist of "a sufficient number of discreet and

proper persons, being not fewer than seven," to be appointed by the Governor, each person to hold his seat for life. The Legislative Assembly was to consist of not fewer than sixteen members, who were to be chosen by electoral districts. One other element of the Provincial constitution was the Executive Council, "appointed by the Governor, within such Province, for the affairs thereof."

Thus for the machinery of Government there was provided a Governor, with an Executive Council selected by himself, a Legislative Council selected by the same Governor, and a Legislative Assembly elected by the people.

The debate on the bill in the House of Commons was conducted in the main by three of the most famous men in parliamentary history, Pitt, the younger, Burke, and Fox. Pitt said that the question was, whether Parliament should agree to establish two Legislatures. The principle was to give a Legislature to Quebec in accord, as nearly as possible, with the British constitution. Fox was on the whole rather against the division of the Province. But, in discussing the policy of the Act, he laid down a principle which was destined, after half a century, under the Union Act of 1840, to become the rule of colonial administration. "I am convinced," said he, "that the only means of retaining distant colonies with advantage is to enable them to govern themselves." It was during this debate on the Constitutional Act that the memorable quarrel took place between Burke and Fox, which severed their long private friendship.

John Graves Simcoe was the first Governor of Upper Canada, and he was entrusted with the duty of putting the new Act into operation, and in his speech at the close of the first session of the Legislature, on October 15, 1792, congratulated his yeomen commoners on possessing what to him at any rate seemed "not a mutilated constitution, but a constitution

which has stood the test of experience, and is the very image and transcript of that of Great Britain." This was his theory. How far it was to be made, in practice, to differ from its prototype is well expressed by a great writer:

"Though it might be the express image in form, it was far from being the express image in reality, of parliamentary government as it exists in Great Britain, or even as it existed in Great Britain at that time. The Lieutenant-Governor, representing the Crown, not only reigned, but governed with a Ministry not assigned to him by the vote of the Assembly, but chosen by himself, and acting as his advisers, not as his masters. The Assembly could not effectually control his policy by withholding supplies, because the Crown, with very limited needs, had revenues, territorial and casual, of its own. Thus the imitation was somewhat like the Chinese imitation of the steam vessel, exact in everything except the steam."

The position of the House of Commons in the Government of Great Britain, at this time, the manner in which the King selected his Executive Council, and the conditions on which they continued in office are well described by a great historian, who says:

"The struggle of the House of Lords under Marlborough's guidance against Harley and the Peers marks the close of the constitutional revolution which has been silently going on since the restoration of the Stuarts. The defeat of the Peers and the fall of Marlborough, which followed it, announced that the transfer of political power to the House of Commons was complete. . . . The Ministers of the Crown ceased in all but name to be the King's servants. They became simply an Executive Committee representing the will of the majority of the House of Commons and capable of being easily set aside by it and replaced by a similar committee whenever the balance of power shifted from one side of the House to the other. Such was the origin of that system of representative government which has gone on from the time of the first English Ministry at the close of the seventeenth century (1695) down to our own day."

Had the various military governors interpreted this constitution as

the British interpreted theirs, responsible government would then have been established. If from the new parliament of the people the Governors had selected as executive councillors those who could and did command a majority of the popular house, and in all things took and acted on their advice, dismissing them only when their control of the Assembly was gone, then would the British practice under the constitution have been introduced into Upper Canada. It was the refusal of the Governors, backed up by the Imperial authorities, to so interpret the constitution that ultimately split the people into two great parties, one contending against and the other for responsible government as practised in Great Britain. The Governors instead of being advised by the representatives elected by the people, took their advice, if they took any, from the Executive Councils appointed by themselves, and to whose influence they were always subject. Against this the Assembly protested, but in vain.

From the date of the Constitutional Act to the time of the War of 1812 the people were busy making homes for themselves. Newcomers were numerous. All were then called on to resist invasion, and when the war was over the next few years were devoted to recovery from its effects.

It would take too long here to discuss the various grievances of the people which grew up under the system of government which, entrenched behind irresponsible power, left the people powerless, which provoked the most bitter animosities and ended in the struggle for independence in the two Canadas. For our purpose it is enough to trace the movement for responsible government from its inception to its culmination. For the reasons which necessitated and brought about this change it is better to quote the judgment rendered by the great English statesman who investigated on the spot the conditions prevailing at the time and who endorsed those

who were asking for the change. What they asked for and when they asked for it may be briefly stated.

It was in 1817 that we see the birth of parliamentary opposition to the Government party in the popular assembly of Upper Canada. When a committee of the whole House discussed several subjects highly displeasing to the Governor and Executive, Gore, the Governor, promptly prorogued the House.

In 1826 the people of Upper Canada set forth in a petition to his Majesty their grievances as they saw them, and, pointing out the inability of the Legislative Assembly to effect any remedy, they prayed for responsible government. From this time the demand was steadily made and as persistently refused. In the celebrated Grievances Report of 1834 they said: "This country is now principally inhabited by loyalists and their descendants, and by an accession of population from the Mother Country, where is now enjoyed the principles of a free and responsible government, and we feel the practical enjoyment of the same system in this part of the Empire to be equally our right; without which it is vain to assume that we do or can possess in reality or in effect 'the very image and transcript of the British Constitution.' . . . The House of Assembly has, at all times, made satisfactory provision for the civil government, out of the revenues raised from the people by taxation, and while there is cherished an unimpaired and continued disposition to do so, it is a reasonable request that his Majesty's adviser in the Province and those about him should possess and be entitled to the confidence of the people and their representatives and that all their reasonable wishes respecting their domestic institutions and affairs should be attended to and complied with."

In Lower Canada the House was at this time refusing the supplies.

A Royal Commission was appoint-

ed by the British Government in 1835 to inquire into the affairs of Lower Canada. This Commission reported against the demand for an elective Legislative Council and against a responsible executive. When the report of the Commissioners came before the Imperial Government, Lord John Russell, in the debate on the Canadian resolutions, on March 8th, 1836, contended that the demand for an Executive Council, similar to the Cabinet which existed in Great Britain, set up a claim for what was incompatible with the relations which ought to exist between the colony and the mother country. "These relations," he said, "required that his Majesty should be represented in the colony, not by Ministers, but by a Governor sent out by the King and responsible to the Parliament of Great Britain." A Colonial Ministry, he contended, would impose on England all the inconveniences and none of the advantages of colonies. This simply meant that there was no hope from England of responsible government for either Province. The Colonial Secretary advised the Governor that this determination was to apply as well to Upper Canada as to Lower Canada.

These and other events led to the struggle for independence in both the Canadas in 1837. It arose out of the abandonment of all hope that the home Government would concede the only remedy of any use, and the one which time proved to be inevitable. Sir Robert Peel, in the debate on the Canada resolution, charged the Ministry with want of foresight in not sending out an army to Canada with the resolutions.

The rebellions in the two Provinces, however unfortunate in the field, commanded the attention of the British Government, brought the Earl of Durham to Canada to straighten out the tangle, and Durham brought responsible government. Yet not just at once.

This great English statesman had

been one of Earl Grey's famous Administration of 1830, holding the office of Lord Privy Seal, and he had with Lord John Russell, assisted by Sir James Graham and Lord Duncannon, been entrusted with the preparation of the Reform Bill, and he had been one of its most powerful defenders in the House of Lords.

Canada was indeed fortunate in the selection of so capable a Governor. He came here in 1838, with plenary powers as Governor-General of all the North American Provinces, and his famous report of the next year is one of the greatest of British state papers.

On many of the questions raised and on the one under consideration it is best to let him speak for himself. He recommended the union of the two Provinces of Upper Canada and Lower Canada under one Legislature, and to which, he advocated, should be entrusted responsible government. On surveying the weakness of the whole colonial policy in the American colonies he wrote:

"It is impossible to observe the great similarity of the constitutions established in all our North American Provinces, and the striking tendency of all to terminate in pretty nearly the same result, without entertaining a belief that some defect in the form of government, and some erroneous principle of administration, have been common to all. . . . It is but too evident that Lower Canada, or the two Canadas, have not alone exhibited repeated conflicts between the executive and the popular branches of the Legislature. The representative body of Upper Canada was, before the late election, hostile to the policy of the Government; the most serious discontents have only recently been calmed in Prince Edward Island and New Brunswick; the Government is still, I believe, in a minority in the Lower House in Nova Scotia; and the dissensions of Newfoundland are hardly less violent than those of the Canadas. It may fairly be said, that the natural state of government in all these colonies is that of collision between the executive and the representative body. In all of them the administration of public affairs is habitually confided to those who do not co-operate harmoniously with the popular branch of the Legislature; and the Government is

constantly proposing measures which the majority of the Assembly reject and refusing its assent to bills which that body has passed."

And on review of the existing conditions he could find but one remedy:

"When I look on the various and deep-rooted causes of mischief which the past inquiry has pointed out as existing in every institution, in the constitutions, and in the very composition of society throughout a greater part of these Provinces, I almost shrink from the apparent presumption of grappling with these gigantic difficulties. . . . If a system can be devised which shall lay in these countries the foundation of an efficient and popular government, ensure harmony, in place of collision, between the various powers of the state, and bring the influence of a vigorous public opinion to bear on every detail of public affairs, we may rely on sufficient remedies being found for the present vices of the administrative system."

Dealing with the struggle for responsible government he says:

"The powers for which the Assembly contended appear to be such as it was perfectly justified in demanding. It is difficult to conceive what could have been their theory of government who imagined that, in any colony of England, a body invested with the name and character of a Representative Assembly could be deprived of any of those powers which, in the opinion of Englishmen, are inherent in a popular Legislature. It was a vain delusion to imagine that, by mere limitations in the Constitutional Act, or an exclusive system of government, a body, strong in the consciousness of wielding the public opinion of the majority, could regard certain portions of the provincial revenues as sacred from its control, could confine itself to the mere business of making laws, and look on as a passive and indifferent spectator, while those laws were carried into effect or evaded, and the whole business of the country was conducted by men in whose intentions or capacity it had not the slightest confidence."

Lord Durham points out two things. First, that:

"The Reformers, however, at last discovered that success in the elections ensured them very little practical benefit. For the official party not being removed when it failed to command a majority in the Assembly, still continued to wield all

the powers of the executive Government, to strengthen itself by its patronage, and to influence the policy of the colonial Governor and of the Colonial Department at home. By its secure majority in the Legislative Council, it could effectually control the legislative powers of the Assembly. It could choose its own moment for dissolving hostile Assemblies; and could always ensure, for those that were favourable to itself, the tenure of their seats for the full term of four years allowed by the law. Thus the Reformers found that their triumph at elections could not in any way facilitate the progress of their views, while the executive government remained constantly in the hands of their opponents. They rightly judged that, if the higher offices and the Executive Council were always held by those who could command a majority in the Assembly, the constitution of the Legislative Council was a matter of very little moment, inasmuch as the advisers of the Governor could always take care that its composition should be modified so as to suit their own purposes. They concentrated their powers, therefore, for the purpose of obtaining the responsibility of the Executive Council; and I cannot help contrasting the practical good sense of the English Reformers of Upper Canada with the less prudent course of the French majority in the Assembly of Lower Canada, as exhibited in the different demands of constitutional change, most earnestly pressed by each."

And second, that:

"It was upon this question of the responsibility of the Executive Council that the great struggle has for a long time been carried on between the official party and the Reformers; for the official party, like all parties long in power, was naturally unwilling to submit itself to any such responsibility as would abridge its tenure, or cramp its exercise of authority. Reluctant to acknowledge any responsibility to the people of the colony, this party appears to have paid a somewhat refractory and nominal submission to the Imperial Government, relying, in fact, on securing a virtual independence by this nominal submission to the distant authority of the Colonial Department, or to the powers of a Governor, over whose policy they were certain, by their facilities of access, to obtain a paramount influence.

"The views of the great body of the Reformers appear to have been limited, according to their favourite expression, to the making of the colonial constitution 'an exact transcript' of that of Great Britain; and they only desired that the Crown should in Upper Canada, as at

home, entrust the administration of affairs to men possessing the confidence of the Assembly."

Lord Durham then proceeds to acquiesce in this view of dealing with the manner of effecting a remedy. It is interesting to note that he deems no new legislation essential. He says:

"Every purpose of popular control might be combined with every advantage of vesting the immediate choice of advisers in the Crown, were the Colonial Governor to be instructed to secure the co-operation of the Assembly in his policy, by entrusting its administration to such men as could command a majority; and if he were given to understand that he need count on no aid from home in any difference with the Assembly, that should not directly involve the relations between the mother country and the colony. This change might be effected by a single despatch containing such instructions.

"It is not by weakening, but strengthening the influence of the people on its government; by confining within much narrower bounds than those hitherto allotted to it, and not by extending the interference of the Imperial authorities in the details of colonial affairs, that I believe that harmony is to be restored, where dissension has so long prevailed; and a regularity and vigour hitherto unknown, introduced into the administration of these Provinces. It needs no change in the principles of government, no invention of a new constitutional theory, to supply the remedy which would, in my opinion, completely remove the existing political disorders. It needs but to follow out consistently the principles of the British constitution, and introduce into the Government of these great colonies those wise provisions, by which alone the working of the representative system can in any country be rendered harmonious and efficient. We are not now to consider the policy of establishing representative government in the North American colonies. That has been irrevocably done; and the experiment of depriving the people of their present constitutional power is not to be thought of. To conduct their government harmoniously, in accordance with its established principles, is now the business of its rulers; and I know not how it is possible to secure that harmony in any other way than by administering the government on those principles which have been found perfectly efficacious in Great Britain."

And he deprecates the action of the Commons in referring so many ques-

tions for settlement to Downing Street.

"Almost every question," he says, "on which it was possible to avoid, even with great inconvenience, an immediate decision has been habitually the subject of reference"; and, "The real vigour of the Executive has been essentially impaired; distance and delay have weakened the force of its decisions; and the colony has, in every crisis of danger, and almost every detail of local management, felt the mischief of having its executive authority exercised on the other side of the Atlantic."

I have said that self-government in the Canadas did not follow immediately on the making of the Earl of Durham's report, though before ten years it was well established in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and the United Canadas. Having thrown up his commission in consequence of his Government's unwillingness to back up his banishment of several rebels to Bermuda, he returned to England and not long thereafter died.

Poulette Thompson, afterwards Lord Sydenham, who had also been a member of the British Government, succeeded Durham as Governor of the Canadas, and came here with instructions to bring about the union of the two Canadas, which he skilfully did. But his instructions on the question of responsible government were in no case to allow it. Lord John Russell, the Colonial Minister, in a despatch to the new Governor, as late as October, 1839, points out to him that in the debate on the Lower Canadian Commissioner's report of two years before, "The Crown and the Houses of Lords and Commons having thus decisively pronounced a judgment upon the question, you will consider yourself precluded from entertaining any proposition on the subject."

Sydenham's real view was expressed in a letter to Lord John Russell, since published: "I have told the people plainly that as I cannot get rid of my responsibility to the

Home Government, I will place no responsibility on the Council; that they are a Council for their Governor to consult, but no more."

His view, however, on the condition of government is worth noting. In a letter written from Toronto on November 20th, 1839, to a friend in England, and published by his biographer, he said:

"When I look to the state of government, and to the departmental administration of the Province, instead of being surprised at the condition in which I find it, I am only astonished it has endured so long. I know that, much as I dislike Yankee institutions and rule, I would not have fought against them, which thousands of these poor fellows, whom the Compact call 'rebels,' did, if it was only to keep up such a government as they got."

But in the first session of the first Parliament of Canada under the Union Act, and during Lord Sydenham's administration, the House of Assembly took the matter into its own hands, and the celebrated Responsible Government Resolution was passed. It in part read:

"That in order to preserve between the different branches of the Provincial Parliament that harmony which is essential to the peace, welfare, and good government of the Province, the chief advisers of the representative of the Sovereign, constituting a Provincial Administration under him, ought to be men possessed of the confidence of the representatives of the people, thus affording a guarantee that the well-understood wishes and interests of the people, which our gracious Sovereign has declared shall be the rule of the Provincial Government, will, on all occasions, be faithfully represented and advocated."

What Sydenham would have done when asked to live up to these resolutions we do not know. Two days after they were passed he was thrown from his horse at Kingston, the seat of Government at that time, and died, after a brief illness, in September, 1841.

It is interesting to add that in Nova Scotia at this time, on the request of

the House of Assembly, Sir Colin Campbell, the Governor, was recalled and a Governor asked for who "would establish harmony between the Executive and the Legislature of this Province."

Sir Charles Bagot followed as Governor. He refused to depart from the rules laid down by the resolutions for his guidance and acted quite consistently on the advice of his Ministers, till serious illness forced him to resign after little more than a year of office. For the first time, new Ministers on selection went back to their constituencies for re-election.

He in turn was succeeded by Sir Charles, afterwards Lord, Metcalf. This Governor resolutely refused to recognize the doctrine of responsible government, and quarrelled with his Ministers, who resigned. He was, says Sir Francis Hincks, one of his Executive Councillors, "selected as the best available statesman to crush responsible government in Canada." But he only suspended its operation and wore himself out in the struggle, and retired in 1846.

It is interesting to note the career of Metcalfe, because he was a well-meaning and able man, who could have governed Canada under the plan of refusing responsible government if anybody could.

Too much praise cannot be given to those members of the House, and notably to Robert Baldwin, who from 1841 to 1849 steadily pressed on the necessity for Government by a responsible ministry. Sir Charles Metcalf's position was that although the Governor ought to choose his councillors "from among those supposed to have the confidence of the people," nevertheless "each member of the Administration ought to be responsible only for the acts of his own department, and consequently that he ought to have the liberty of voting with or against his colleagues whenever he judged fit; that by this means an Administration composed of the principal members of each party might ex-

ist advantageously for all parties and would furnish the Governor the means of better understanding the views and opinions of each party and would not fail under the auspices of the Governor to lead to the reconciliation of all."

He failed lamentably, not because of inability, but because he tried to do the impossible. Baldwin and his friends watched the working of the experiment calmly, and wisely refrained from violence, knowing that the experiment must fail and that theirs was the only practical way of governing the country. So it turned out. Lord Falkland tried the same policy in Nova Scotia, with the same results.

At the beginning of 1847 the Earl of Elgin and Kincardine came to Canada as Governor. By his marriage with Lady Mary Louise Lambton, Lord Elgin was the son-in-law of Lord Durham. In a letter addressed to Lady Elgin he wrote: "I shall adhere to my opinion that the real and effectual vindication of Lord Durham's memory and proceedings will be the success of a Governor-General of Canada who works out his views of government fairly."

This he did nobly. When his Ministers advised his assent to the Rebellion Losses Bill, he freely gave it. As a consequence, the mob, which contained many persons of the highest reputed respectability, rotten-egged and stoned him and set fire to and destroyed the Parliament Buildings in Montreal. But here the struggle ended, and soon all parties recognized the virtue and necessity of responsible government. The principle of government insisted on has become as much the guiding star of one great political party in Canada as of the other; both have been from that time resolute in its defence. The only question asked nowadays is, How could it ever have been otherwise? An elective Legislative Council, of Upper House, was voted by the Legislative Assembly with but one dissent-

ing voice, in 1856, under a coalition Government. In Nova Scotia Sir John Harvey recognized responsible government in 1848. What that means is well explained by Erskine May in his *Constitutional History of England* (1871):

"By the adoption of this principle a colonial constitution has become the very image and reflection of parliamentary government in England. The Governor, like the Sovereign whom he represents, holds himself aloof from and superior to parties, and governs through constitutional advisers, who have acquired an ascendancy in the Legislature. He leaves contending parties to fight out their own battles; and, by admitting the stronger party to his councils, brings the executive authority into harmony with popular sentiments. And as the recognition of this doctrine, in England, has practically transferred the supreme authority of the State from the Crown to Parliament and the people; so, in the colonies, has it wrested from the Governor and from the parent State the direction of colonial affairs. And again, as the Crown has gained in ease and popularity what it has lost in power, so has the mother country, in accepting to the full the principles of local self-government, established the closest relations of amity and confidence between herself and her colonies."

No better confirmation of the changed attitude of parties can be given than the one afforded by the writings of Sir Alexander Galt in 1859, then the Honourable A. T. Galt, a Conservative, Finance Minister of Canada. He was defending an increase in the Canadian tariff against the complaints of the Sheffield manufacturers that Canada had no right to take this course. He wrote a pamphlet reviewing the previous ten years of expansion under self-government, as to which the following extracts explain his attitude and that of the Government to which he belonged:

"The history and progress of the colonies of Great Britain most naturally be a subject of deep interest to the people of England, especially since the experiment has been fairly tried of entrusting these dependencies of the Empire with local self-government.

"On the one hand, it was contended that constitutional government could not

be safely entrusted to colonists; while on the other it was as strongly urged that the institutions under which Great Britain had herself attained a position of such power and eminence were capable of being worked by her subjects everywhere; and that the vast resources of her colonial possessions would be far more usefully developed by giving their people the entire control of their own affairs. . . .

"In no part of the Colonial Empire has the experiment received a fuller or fairer trial than in Canada; and it cannot but be interesting to review the progress of that country, and to mark how far its inhabitants have worthily exercised the power conceded to them. . . . For some years succeeding the Union, an unsettled state of things continued, marked, however, by gradual concession to the demand of self-government, until 1846, when Lord John Russell, then Secretary for the Colonies, first fully admitted the principle of what is termed responsible government, and required that the affairs of the country should be administered by advisers of the Crown, possessing the confidence of the people, and in harmony with their well-understood wishes. The system thus fairly inaugurated in 1849 may be said to have received its final and conclusive acceptance, both by the mother country and the colony, as from that date no attempt has ever been made to interfere with its free and legitimate operation. The political differences and difficulties of Canada have been dealt with by her own people and Legislature, and Great Britain has never been required to take part in any local question whatever, except to give effect, by Imperial legislation, to the express desire of the Provincial Legislature."

Up to the time of Confederation there were several further important modifications of Imperial policy. The first was the cession to the Crown of Canada of complete control of its revenues derived from land sales and of its ungranted lands and the full right to the colonies to administer them. In 1847 to the United Parliament was given full control over all the revenues of the Province.

In 1846 Imperial statesmen made the admission that Canada ought to possess the exclusive right to frame her own tariff and regulate her own trade and commerce at her discretion. In 1859 Sir Alexander Galt insisted on this right in his reply to a memorandum of the Duke of Newcastle voic-

ing the protest of the manufacturers of Sheffield against the new Canadian customs tariff, and he added: "Her Majesty cannot be advised to disallow such an Act unless her advisers are prepared to assume the administration of the affairs of the colony irrespective of the views of its inhabitants." And again the right was conceded to Canada to enter into reciprocal trade relations with the United States.

These were great advances. "What," says a great writer, "would George III. have thought of an Empire which not only takes away the right of taxation from the central power, but abolishes that right of regulating commerce, which was held even by Chatham to be essential?"

The British North America Act of 1867 embodies a wide measure of self-government for Canada, and by it the Imperial Parliament, it has been construed, has forever relinquished its right to interfere with provincial legislation under any possible circumstances. Sir John Macdonald, speaking in the debate on the British North America Bill, said of its effect on the status of Canada: "England instead of looking on us as merely a dependent colony, will have in us a friendly *nation*."

Since then on representation of one Minister of Justice the exercise of the prerogative of mercy and other prerogative rights by the Governor-General has been considerably altered in favour of the Governor accepting more completely the advice of his Ministers in all matters affecting the interests of Canada.

Again we have obtained the right to be consulted in the making of treaties. Canada's interests were represented in 1871 by Sir John Macdonald in the Treaty of Washington, and by Sir Alexander Galt in 1879 in conducting negotiations for free commercial intercourse between Canada and France and Spain. In 1881 it was promised that Canada should be thereafter relieved from the obli-

gations of any new treaties with foreign powers to which objection was taken and be given the option of refusing or accepting them and be associated in the negotiations of all foreign treaties in which Canada was interested.

In 1897, at the instance of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the German and Belgian treaties were denounced and any British colonies may now, without restriction, grant preferences to each other and to the mother country in respect to tariffs.

As a result of the Confederation Act British troops were withdrawn from Canada shortly after 1867, and we were left to protect our own country at our own cost and with our own land forces.

The policy of withdrawing Imperial troops from Canada was discussed by a committee of the Imperial House. Gladstone's opinion as to the wisdom of withdrawal before that committee was remarkable. "No community," he said, "that is not primarily charged with its own defence is really, or can be, in the true sense of the word, a free community. The burdens of freedom and the privileges of freedom are absolutely associated together. To bear the burdens is as necessary as to enjoy the privileges in order to form that character which is the highest ornament of freedom." Gladstone's view prevailed.

This glimpse at a century of Canadian history makes it abundantly clear that on Canada's insistence, and always after Imperial resistance, we have been permitted to do things our own way. It has been a long journey into this land of self-government, beset with many difficulties and obstructions, but taken always along one straight path. There has never been any deviation or circuitry, and we have now arrived inevitably at that stage of our journey which finds Canada left not only without a British fleet on either the Atlantic or Pacific oceans, but left also to devise its own defence for its own seaboards. The

ships that did protect us are now released to Britain's other obligations and Canada is left to assume her own naval burden.

Many English statesmen, among them Huskisson, Benjamin Disraeli, Sir George Lewis, Mr. Lesslie Stephen, Lord John Russell, and Lord Palmerston have thought that the concession of this right to govern their own affairs could not be granted without the colonies ultimately becoming absolutely and completely independent of the mother country. Disraeli, in 1872, said, speaking of the granting of self-government to the colonies: "There had been no effort so continuous, so subtle, supported by so much energy, and carried on with so much ability and acumen as the attempt of Liberalism to effect the disintegration of the British Empire. Those subtle views were adopted by the country under the plausible plea of granting self-government."

But as the present Canadian Prime Minister said in an admirable address in 1902, dealing with such prophecies:

"When we look at the present relations of Canada with the mother country, how vain do all these prophecies appear! There has never been a time since the granting of responsible government to the colonies, or indeed before that time, when the attachment of the colonies to the mother country was warmer or closer than it is at the present time. That attachment may differ in its nature from that which was formerly felt, but it is none the less warm and none the less real. It is the attachment which Canada, as a great Dominion forming part of a great Empire, feels for the country which founded that Empire, and which still controls its destinies. It is the attachment not of a dependent and helpless child, but of a matured and emancipated child towards the parent who is now its ally, confidant, and adviser."

"The colonies, having the right of self-government, exercise that right in their own way and have no cause

for complaint against the mother country if misgovernment exists. If Great Britain to-day controlled the public lands, the mines, the fiscal policy, and the commercial relations of Canada, the view which is now directed by those dissatisfied with the policy of the party in power against that party would in that case be directed against the supposed misgovernment of the mother country, and ultimately against the continuance of further relations with the motherland." These are the Right Honourable Sir Robert Borden's views.

In a "Short History of the Expansion of the British Empire" William Harrison Woodward, of Christ Church, Oxford, speaking of Durham's report, says: "Based upon this report the Reunion Act was passed in 1840, and under it Canada won, though not at once, that full measure of 'responsible government' which is the characteristic feature of the greater English colonies of to-day. It is possibly the most important service which Canada has rendered to the Empire that from her constitutional struggles arose that form of complete self-government under which the unity of the Empire is reconciled with the practical independence of its daughter communities."

As to myself, I pray Canada will always remain within the Empire.

Self-government was denied the thirteen American colonies; they revolted. It was granted to the Canadas and they became enthusiastic supporters of the Empire. The principle was carried from the far North

down under the Southern Cross, and Australia, too, became a great Imperialist. No sooner was South Africa subdued than the people were entrusted with free parliamentary government. They were for the most part a conquered race. In a night they became Imperialists. These three great self-governing entities are the chief partners to-day in this great Empire.

The British Empire is built upon the foundation rock of self-government, and it lives. The Roman Empire was built upon the basis of centralization, and, though it ruled the whole world, it died. Gone are all the older empires of the world, and for the same reason.

Canada blazed the trail. Durham's doctrine was "a recognition based on knowledge, inspired by sympathy, that the authority of the mother country rested on other than material ascendancy. He appealed to the sentiments and ideals of men, and laid four square to all the winds that blow the foundations not only of a great Dominion, which he did not live to see, but also of that passionate loyalty which served England well in recent years of warfare and peril."

"That government alone is strong which has the hearts of the people," said Fox. "Canada will one day do justice to my memory," were the dying words of Durham. The day has surely come, and the hearts of Canadians, strong in his faith, will ever keep his memory green. Bold and large as were his plans, he builded better than he knew: he built an Empire.



A PATRIOT GENERAL

BY THE HON. WILLIAM RENWICK RIDDELL, L.L.D.

FELLOW OF THE ROYAL HISTORICAL SOCIETY, ETC.

AFTER William Lyon Mackenzie's failure in the rebellion of 1837 he made his way to the United States, arriving on the south side of the boundary line December 11th of that year. The following evening he addressed a large crowd in a Buffalo theatre, and there for the first time met Thomas Jefferson Sutherland. Sutherland was an American citizen of Scottish descent, and at the time living in Buffalo. He at once threw himself into the movement to assist the Canadian insurgents, showing decidedly more ardour than discretion. He was much more enthusiastic than Mackenzie himself in drumming up recruits, and his showy street displays called down on him the rebuke of the suffering, ardent Mackenzie.

Sutherland was of no very high type. Theller, his comrade and co-Brigadier-General, calls him "a plumed popinjay and blustering Bobadil" whose subsequent conduct "was but an exposure of imbecility, indecision, avarice, meanness, treachery, and cowardice; he had neither firmness nor fortitude, he had neither skill nor daring." He was, however, of somewhat imposing personal appearance and was gifted with a copious flow of words, which some considered eloquence.

In common with most of his countrymen, he believed that Canadians were groaning under the iron heel of monarchical tyranny and that three-

fourths of them were disposed to try an appeal to arms to establish political independence. He describes himself as "an ardent admirer of democratic institutions and an enthusiastic advocate of political freedom," and he entertained "the desire to obtain the . . . applause which might . . . accrue to . . . the agents in the establishment of another independent republic on the continent of America."

It was to Sutherland that was due whatever credit might attach to the plan of occupying Navy Island, and he was made second in command of the Patriot Army (then under Van Rensselaer) with the title of Colonel. While by no means of the influence, capacity, or military experience of Van Rensselaer, he could and generally did keep sober, which is more than can be said of his chief.

Some five or six hundred men ultimately were mustered on the island, and there they formed a camp covered by the flag of independence with its two stars symbolical of the two Canadas.

Sutherland was always in evidence. When not at the camp, he was making for Canadian independence elsewhere. He got in Buffalo an extraordinary story that the Canadian authorities were sending a negro cook to poison all his gallant band, and he warned his forces accordingly.

In Detroit at the same time there was a similar movement in favour

of the Patriots; and toward the end of the year Sutherland was sent by Van Rensselaer to assist—perhaps to lead—that movement. He went by way of Cleveland, where he picked up a number of recruits from Ohio, and on January 8th arrived at the Detroit River on a small steamboat called the *Erie*. At Gibraltar he found a number of Patriots and some boats, among them the schooner *Anne*, loaded with cannon and muskets. He produced his credentials, and claimed the command of the force of about five hundred strong. A council of war was called, and though his demand was resisted for a considerable time, it was finally decided to acknowledge the Navy Island authorities and give Sutherland—now a brigadier-general—the direction of affairs, at all events until the Island of Bois Blanc should be taken.

Next morning Sutherland busied himself in the field of oratory. It was the anniversary of the battle of New Orleans, and he addressed the multitude, alluding to that glorious day, the glorious cause in which they were engaged, and wound up “with the poetic declaration that the God of Battles was smiling in the sunbeams, the sure harbinger of success.” And indeed so He was; Sutherland’s mistake lay in not determining on which side success was to lie.

Boats put off to attack Bois Blanc; the schooner *Anne* was mismanaged and drifted into the lake, but she was brought about to assist in the attack. But the island was abandoned by the British, and nothing came of the enterprise.

Sutherland, with his headquarters in a log shanty and his men gathered about fires near by, passed a cold night in their encampment. Next morning he passed over to the deserted island, but the *Anne* was taken with all on board by the British, who, Theller tells us, actually shot “with the manifest cruel determination of sacrificing life.”

Probably it was this extraordinary

determination on the part of the opposing soldiers which influenced Sutherland the next day to abandon Bois Blanc and relinquish his command. He had found time, however, during the day to issue a proclamation inviting the patriotic inhabitants of Upper Canada to rally round his standard. “You are called upon by the voice of your bleeding country to join the Patriot forces and free your land from tyranny. Hordes of worthless parasites of the British Crown are quartered upon you to devour your substance; to outrage your rights; to let loose upon your defenceless wives and daughters a brutal soldiery.” Probably Sutherland believed all that, but certainly the Canadians did not.

He went to Detroit and was arrested; but, being released, he tried to organize another expedition of his own, issuing a new proclamation for that purpose. His efforts failed, and he resigned all military command, advertising in a Detroit newspaper the fact that he had retired from the Patriot cause. This did not seem to convince the Patriots that he had really left them, so he called a public meeting in Detroit about February 18th, 1878, when he made a formal statement that he had resigned his command and, would have nothing further to do with the Canadian revolutionists.

A couple of days afterwards he set out for Buffalo, his residence, but at Monroe, a small village about forty miles from Detroit, he was robbed of money, papers, and baggage. Returning to Detroit, he learned that the thieves had been seen fleeing towards Sandusky, and on March 4th he set off across the ice from Gibraltar for Sandusky, with one companion only, a lad of sixteen or seventeen years. They were unarmed except for two old useless swords, the property of the General. Unfortunately for him, the well-known Colonel Prince was that day driving in a sleigh, with Prideaux Girty and Mr. Haggerty, along

the shore of Lake Erie, returning from Gosfield. About 4.30 p.m. Prince caught sight of the two men on the ice. He made up his mind that they were spies—he had a great eye for “sympathizers”—and made chase with Haggerty and some men whom they had met in the meantime. Prince had a gun, and the travellers made no difficulty in surrendering. Prince brought the prisoners to Fort Malden (Amherstburg), overruling the suggestion made by one of the party that Sutherland should be executed on the spot.

Colonel Maitland was in command at Fort Malden; he decided to send the prisoners down to Toronto. Sutherland seems to have expressed a wish to make a statement; at all events, he was brought before Colonel Prince, Major Lachlan, and Captain Girty, Justices of the Peace of the district, and did make a statement which was used against him at his trial. He was then sent to Toronto, where he arrived on March 12th, and was incarcerated with a number of his countrymen and Canadian rebels who had been taken prisoners.

An Act had been passed earlier in the year, January 12th, 1838, (1 Vic. cap. 1), which provided that any citizen or subject of a foreign country at peace with Britain who should be or continue in arms against her Majesty within the Province, might be tried by a militia general court-martial and, upon being found guilty, sentenced to death or such other punishment as the court-martial should award.

Sutherland was the first to be sent for trial by Sir Francis Bond Head, and he came before the court-martial the day succeeding his arrival at the capital (March 13th). The court was composed of Colonel Jarvis (President), Colonel Kingsmill, Lieutenant-Colonels Carthew and Brown, Majors Gurnett and Dewson, and Captains (John) Powell and Fry, with Colonel FitzGibbon as judge advocate. After preliminaries on three days, on March

19th the prisoner was asked if he had any objection to make to any member of the court. The members of the court-martial being jurors as well as judges, challenge lies against any member. He challenged Major Dewson as being an officer in the British army; the law had been that no officer serving in any of his Majesty's other forces could sit on any militia court-martial, but that had been changed on March 6th, 1838, by an amending Act. This objection was overruled. He objected also that the President and half of the members of the court had never sat on a court-martial before. This, of course, was not a valid objection. He pleaded not guilty, and the trial continued on four days.

Prince and Girty gave evidence as to his capture, and others as to his bearing arms at Navy Island. Judgment was delayed for some time, but at length he was convicted and sentenced to transportation for life.

From an examination of the evidence, it is rather to be inferred that the capture was not in Canadian territory; the evidence is very conflicting. The inexperience of the President led to many irregularities, and though there can be no doubt that the prisoner had been in arms against her Majesty, it cannot be said that he had a fair trial. He cross-examined the witnesses with some skill, but called no witnesses on his own behalf. He is said to have had the advice and assistance of George Ridout and others in the conduct of his defence.

While lying in prison, awaiting the judgment of the court, he is said to have offered the Lieutenant-Governor to give full information concerning the rebels, but Sir Francis declined to interfere. It is certain that, losing hope, he attempted suicide by opening his veins with a knife he had borrowed from one of the guards on the pretext that he wanted to make a pen. It was some time before he fully recovered.

Sir George Arthur, the new Lieu-

tenant-Governor, and his advisers were in no small difficulty in respect to Sutherland. His trial was irregular, as they knew, and there was more than doubt whether he had not been arrested within American territory. They finally sent him to Quebec with other convicts. Theller says Sutherland was a coward and therefore refused to join in a plot to release themselves on the boat on the way to Kingston. The prisoners were lodged in the fort at Kingston for a night and then sent on to Montreal and Quebec, arriving in Quebec on June 15th, and all lodged in the citadel to await her Majesty's pleasure.

On the boat from Montreal to Quebec, the captain, who was an ardent Loyalist, refused to allow his cabin to be polluted by the presence of any Yankee brigand—this was on the orders of the owners, John Torrance and Company—so the prisoners were all packed in the hold. Sutherland seems to have defended his conduct in a spirited manner; he had the "gift of the gab" largely developed and liked to talk.

In the citadel some of the prisoners were smitten with smallpox, amongst them Colonel Dodge, who shared with Sutherland and eight other Americans one of the casemates; but Sutherland escaped the contagion. He occupied his time in writing a long and elaborate letter to Lord Durham, the Governor, setting forth the facts of his connection with the Patriot forces, his capture, and trial. This letter, dated July 4th, 1838, is well written, the argument is well sustained and logical, and the authorities cited such as are cogent. No one could frame such a letter without a knowledge of international law, and it is almost certain that Sutherland had the assistance of able lawyers—there were many at that time in Quebec, as in Toronto, who would lend their aid to a sympathizer.

More than a month afterwards he was notified that the matter had been referred to the home authorities, and

in the course of a few days after this notice he was informed that the Home Government had directed his discharge on account of the irregularities at his trial, but that he must give security not again to enter her Majesty's dominions. He was removed the same day to another room in the citadel, which he occupied by himself, and after some time was informed that the pardon signed by Sir George Arthur was irregular and had to be returned for correction.

Tired of waiting, he wrote to Sir George on October 8th, asking to be informed of the form and amount of the security required, if security was to be exacted from him, and he would try to procure it. He was informed that his own bail and two sureties in \$2,000 each would be taken as assurance that in a fixed number of days he would not be in any part of her Majesty's dominions, his own bail to be taken in Quebec, that of the sureties in Toronto. He tried his best to find sureties, but not unnaturally failed. He offered to pledge himself in any manner that might be prescribed, but was told that his word was valueless and that other security must be given. One of his comrades is said to have remarked that sureties would run no risk, for an ox-team could not draw Sutherland within sight of Canada again. He appealed to Lord Glenelg, the Colonial Secretary, in a carefully-drawn document, which he says he drew up in his "cell by the aid of a rush light, without reference to books or authorities" (which may be true) "and without consultation with friends or advice of counsel" (which in view of everything is almost certainly false).

On October 16th Theller and a number of his companions made their escape from the citadel, and Sutherland was removed to the "black hole" for safety, and kept there five weeks. Some months after he was sent to Upper Canada and unconditionally released. He made his way to the United States, and his subsequent

career is of little historical interest.

He wrote from New York on New Year's Day, 1840, a letter to her Majesty asking clemency for the Americans who had been sent to Van Dieman's Land; and the following year he published at Albany a small volume dedicated to the lawyers of the United States, which contains the letters to her Majesty, Lord Glenelg, Lord Durham, and Sir George Arthur, with an appendix containing the proceedings at the court-martial at Toronto, the statutes relating to court-martial, and a list of the captive American Patriots.

It is from this volume (of which

Kingsford must have had no knowledge), and Theller's gasconading "Canada in 1837-8," that most of the story is taken.

Theller finds no words too opprobrious to apply to his brother general: "Coward," "traitor," whose "lying . . . vanity and assumption of importance, as well as his playing the special spy upon us and the betrayal of our secret at Toronto, made all men despise him." We do not know Sutherland's opinion of Theller, but no one can read Theller's book without suspecting him also of "lying, vanity, and assumption of importance."

CANADA

By JOHN MARKEY

I, TOO, have been a dreamer of strange dreams.
 'Twas ever my delight—I love it still—
 To sit at eve upon some lonely hill,
 To see the sun go down, and catch some gleams
 Of radiant beauty from its parting beams.
 And sometimes when I seemed to have my fill
 Of such delight, I've felt a sudden thrill
 Of strong desire that some day I might make,
 Out of my visions and my love for thee,
 O, Canada, a song for thy dear sake—
 A song of joy that thou art fair and free,
 A song of hope that still thou mayst be,
 When time has left its scars upon thy brow,
 As fair and free as in my vision now.



GIRL AT PIANO

From the Painting by Florence Carlyle
Exhibited by the Canadian National Exhibition

BROOD OF THE WITCH QUEEN

BY SAX ROHMER

VI.—FLOWERING OF THE LOTUS

TO Robert Cairn it seemed that the boat-train would never reach Charing Cross. His restlessness was appalling. He perpetually glanced from his father, with whom he shared the compartment, to the flying landscape with its vistas of hop-poles; and Dr. Cairn, although he exhibited less anxiety, was nevertheless strung to highest tension.

That dash from Cairo homeward had been something of a fevered dream to both men. To learn, whilst one is searching for a malign and implacable enemy in Egypt, that the enemy, having secretly returned to London, is weaving his evil spells around "some we loved, the loveliest and the best," is to know the meaning of ordeal.

In pursuit of Antony Ferrara—the incarnation of an awful evil—Dr. Cairn had deserted his practice, had left England for Egypt. Now he was hurrying back again; for whilst he had sought in strange and dark places of that land of mystery for Antony Ferrara, the latter had been darkly active in London!

Again and again Robert Cairn read the letter which, surely as a royal command, had recalled them. It was from Myra Duquesne. One line in it had fallen upon them like a bomb, had altered all their plans, had shattered the one fragment of peace remaining to them.

In the eyes of Robert Cairn, the whole universe centered around Myra

Duquesne; she was the one being in the world of whom he could not bear to think in conjunction with Antony Ferrara. Now he knew that Antony Ferrara was beside her, was, doubtless at this very moment, directing those black arts of which he was master, to the destruction of her mind and body—perhaps of her very soul.

Again he drew the worn envelope from his pocket and read that ominous sentence, which, when his eyes had first fallen upon it, had blotted out the sunlight of Egypt.

" . . . And you will be surprised to hear that Antony is back in London . . . and is a frequent visitor here. It is quite like old times . . ."

Raising his haggard eyes, Robert Cairn saw that his father was watching him.

"Keep calm, my boy," urged the doctor; "it can profit us nothing, it can profit Myra nothing, for you to shatter your nerves at a time when real trials are before you. You are inviting another breakdown. Oh, I know it is hard; but for everybody's sake try to keep yourself in hand."

"I am trying, sir," replied Robert, hollowly.

Dr. Cairn nodded, drumming his fingers upon his knee.

"We must be diplomatic," he continued. "That James Saunderson proposed to return to London I had no idea. I thought that Myra would be far outside the black maelstrom in Scotland. Had I suspected that

Saunderson would come to London. I should have made other arrangements."

"Of course, sir, I know that. But even so we could never have foreseen this."

Dr. Cairn shook his head.

"To think that whilst we have been scouring Egypt from Port Said to Assouan, *he* has been laughing at us in London!" he said. "Directly after the affair at Méydûm he must have left the country—how, heaven only knows. That letter is three weeks old now."

Robert Cairn nodded. "What may have happened since? What may have happened?"

"You take too gloomy a view. James Saunderson is a 'Roman' guardian. Even Antony Ferrara could make little headway there."

"But Myra says that—Ferrara is—a frequent visitor."

"And Saunderson," replied Dr. Cairn with a grim smile, "is a Scotchman! Rely upon his diplomacy, Rob, Myra will be safe enough."

"God grant that she is!"

At that silence fell between them until punctually to time the train slowed into Charing Cross. Inspired by a common anxiety, Dr. Cairn and his son were first among the passengers to pass the barrier. The car was waiting for them, and within five minutes of the arrival of the train they were whirling through London's traffic to the house of James Saunderson.

It lay in that quaint backwater, remote from motor-bus highways—Dut-wich Common; and was a rambling red-tiled building which at some time had been a farmhouse. As the big car pulled up at the gate, Saunderson, a large-boned Scotsman, tawny-eyed, and with his gray hair worn long and untidily, came out to meet them. Myra Duquesne stood beside him. A quick blush coloured her face momentarily, then left it pale again.

Indeed, her pallour was alarming.

As Robert Cairn, leaping from the car, seized both her hands and looked into her eyes, it seemed to him that the girl had almost an ethereal appearance. Something clutched at his heart, iced his blood; for Myra Duquesne seemed a creature scarcely belonging to the world of humanity—seemed already half a spirit. The light in her sweet eyes was good to see, but her fragility and a certain transparency of complexion horrified him.

Yet he knew that he must hide these fears from her; and turning to Mr. Saunderson, he shook him warmly by the hand, and the party of four passed by the low porch into the house.

In the hallway Miss Saunderson, a typical Scottish housekeeper, stood beaming welcome, but in the very instant of greeting her Robert Cairn stopped suddenly as if transfixed.

Dr. Cairn also pulled up just within the door, his nostrils quivering and his clear gray eyes turning right and left, searching the shadows.

Miss Saunderson detected this sudden restraint.

"Is anything the matter?" she asked anxiously.

Myra, standing beside Mr. Saunderson, began to look frightened. But Dr. Cairn, shaking off the incubus which had descended upon him, forced a laugh, and, clapping his hand upon Robert's shoulder, cried:

"Wake up, my boy! I know it is good to be back in England again, but keep your day-dreaming for after lunch!"

Robert Cairn forced a ghostly smile in return, and the odd incident promised well to be forgotten.

"How good of you," said Myra as the party entered the dining-room, "to come right from the station to see us! And you must be expected in Half Moon Street, Dr. Cairn."

"Of course, we came to see *you* first," replied Robert Cairn significantly.

Myra lowered her face and pur-

sued that precise subject no further.

No mention was made of Antony Ferrara, and neither Dr. Cairn nor his son cared to broach the subject. The lunch passed off, then, without any reference to the very matter which had brought them there that day.

It was not until nearly an hour later that Dr. Cairn and his son found themselves alone for a moment. Then, with a furtive glance about, the doctor spoke of that which had occupied his mind, to the exclusion of all else, since first they had entered the house of James Saunderson.

"You noticed it, Rob?" he whispered.

"My God, it nearly choked me!"

Dr. Cairn nodded grimly.

"It is all over the house," he continued, "in every room that I have entered. They are used to it, and evidently do not notice it; but coming in from the clean air, it is—"

"Abominable, unclean, unholy!"

"We know it," continued Dr. Cairn softly, "that smell of unholiness; we have good reason to know it. It heralded the death of Sir Michael Ferrara. It heralded the death of—another."

"With a just God in heaven, can such things be?"

"It is the secret incense of ancient Egypt," whispered Dr. Cairn, glancing towards the open door; "it is the odour of that Black Magic which, by all natural law, should be buried and lost forever in the tombs of the ancient wizards. Only two living men within my knowledge know the use and the hidden meaning of that perfume; only one living man has ever dared to make it, to use it—"

"Antony Ferrara!"

"We knew he was here, boy. Now we know that he is using his powers here. Something tells me that we come to the end of the fight. May victory be with the just."

II.

Half Moon Street was bathed in

tropical sunlight. Dr. Cairn, with his hands behind him, stood looking out of the window. He turned to his son, who leant against a corner of the bookcase in the shadows of the big room.

"Hot enough for Egypt, Rob," he said.

Robert Cairn nodded.

"Antony Ferrara," he replied, "seemingly travels his own atmosphere with him. I first became acquainted with his hellish activities during a phenomenal thunderstorm. In Egypt his movements apparently corresponded with those of the Kham-sin. Now"—he waved his hand vaguely towards the window—"this is Egypt in London."

"Egypt is in London, indeed," muttered Dr. Cairn. "Jermyn has decided that our fears are well founded."

"You mean, sir, that the will—"

"Antony Ferrara would have an almost unassailable case in the event of—of Myra—"

"You mean that her share of the legacy would fall to that fiend if she—"

"If she died? Exactly."

Robert Cairn began to stride up and down the room, clenching and unclenching his fists. He was a shadow of his former self, but now his cheeks were flushed and his eyes feverishly bright.

"Before Heaven," he cried suddenly, "the situation is becoming unbearable! A thing more deadly than the plague is abroad here in London. Apart from the personal aspect of the matter—of that I dare not think!—what do we know of Ferrara's activities? His record is damnable! To our certain knowledge his victims are many. If the murder of his adoptive father, Sir Michael, was actually the first of his crimes, we know of three other poor souls who beyond any shadow of doubt were launched into eternity by the black arts of this ghastly villain."

"We do, Rob," replied Dr. Cairn.

"He has made attempts upon you; he has made attempts upon me. We owe our survival"—he pointed to a row of books upon a corner shelf—"to the knowledge which you have accumulated in half a lifetime of research. In the face of science, in the face of modern scepticism, in the face of our belief in a benign God, this creature, Antony Ferrara, has proved himself conclusively to be—"

"He is what the benighted ancients called a magician," interrupted Dr. Cairn quietly. "He is what was known in the Middle Ages as a wizard. What that means exactly few modern thinkers know; but I know, and one day others will know. Meanwhile, his shadow lies upon a certain house."

Robert Cairn shook his clenched fists in the air. In some men the gesture had seemed melodramatic; in him it was the expression of a soul's agony.

"But, sir," he cried, "are we to wait inert, helpless? Whatever he is, he has a human body—and there are bullets, there are knives, there are a hundred drugs in the British Pharmacopœia!"

"Quite so," answered Dr. Cairn, watching his son closely, and by his own collected manner endeavouring to check the other's growing excitement. "I am prepared at any personal risk to crush Antony Ferrara as I would crush a scorpion; but where is he?"

Robert Cairn groaned, dropping in to the big red-leathered armchair, and burying his face in his hands.

"Our position is maddening," continued the elder man. "We know that Antony Ferrara visits Mr. Saunderson's house; we know that he is laughing at our vain attempts to trap him. Crowning comedy of all, Saunderson does not know the truth—he is not the type of man who could ever understand. In fact we dare not tell him, and we dare not tell Myra. The result is that those whom we protect, unwittingly are working

against us and against themselves."

"That perfume!" burst out Robert Cairn. "That hell's incense which loads the atmosphere of Saunderson's house! To think that we know what it means—that we know what it means!"

"Perhaps I know even better than you do, Rob. The occult uses of perfume are not understood nowadays; but you, from experience, know that certain perfumes have occult uses. At the Pyramid of Méydûm in Egypt Antony Ferrara dared—and the just God did not strike him dead—to make a certain incense. It was often made in the remote past, and a portion of it, probably in a jar hermetically sealed, had come into his possession. I once detected its dreadful odour in his rooms in London. Had you asked me prior to that occasion if any of the hellish stuff had survived to the present day, I should most emphatically have said '*No.*' I should have been wrong. Ferrara had some. He used it all, and went to the Méydûm Pyramid to renew his stock."

Robert Cairn was listening intently.

"All this brings me back to a point which I have touched upon before, sir," he said. "To my certain knowledge, the late Sir Michael and yourself have delved into the black mysteries of Egypt more deeply than any man of the present century. Yet Antony Ferrara, little more than a boy, has mastered secrets which you, after years of research, have failed to grasp. What does this mean, sir?"

Dr. Cairn, again locking his hands behind him, stared out of the window.

"He is not an ordinary mortal," continued his son. "He is supernormal—and supernaturally wicked. You have admitted—indeed it was evident—that he is merely the adopted son of the late Sir Michael. Now that we have entered upon the final struggle—for I feel that this is so—I will ask you again, *who is Antony Ferrara?*"

Dr. Cairn spun around upon the speaker; his gray eyes were bright.

"There is one little obstacle," he answered, "which has deterred me from telling you what you have asked so often. Although—and you have had dreadful opportunities to peer behind the veil—you will find it hard to believe, I hope very shortly to be able to answer that question, and to tell you who Antony Ferrara really is."

Robert Cairn beat his fist upon the arm of the chair.

"I sometimes wonder," he said, "that either of us has remained sane. Oh, what does it mean? What can we do? What can we do?"

"We must watch, Rob. To enlist the services of Saunderson would be almost impossible; he lives in his orchid-houses; they are his world. In matters of ordinary life I can trust him above most men, but in this—"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Could we suggest to him a reason—any reason but the real one—why he should refuse to receive Ferrara?"

"It might destroy our last chance."

"But, sir," cried Robert wildly, "it amounts to this: we are using Myra as a lure!"

"In order to save her, Rob—simply in order to save her," retorted Dr. Cairn sternly.

"How ill she looks!" groaned the other. "How pale and worn! There are great shadows under her eyes—Oh, I cannot bear to think about her!"

"When was *he* last there?"

"Apparently some ten days ago. You may depend upon him to be aware of our return. He will not come there again, sir. But there are other ways in which he might reach her—does he not command a whole shadow army? And Mr. Saunderson is entirely unsuspecting—and Myra thinks of the fiend as a brother! Yet—she has never once spoken of him. I wonder—"

Dr. Cairn sat deep into reflection. Suddenly he took out his watch.

"Go around now," he said. "You will be in time for lunch—and remain

there until I come. From to-day onward, although actually your health does not permit of the strain, we must watch—watch night and day."

III.

Myra Duquesne came under an arch of roses to the wooden seat where Robert Cairn awaited her. In her plain white linen frock, with the sun in her hair and her eyes looking unnaturally large owing to the pallour of her beautiful face, she seemed to the man who rose to greet her an ethereal creature but lightly linked to the flesh-and-blood world.

An impulse which had possessed him often enough before, but which hitherto he had suppressed, suddenly possessed him anew, set his heart beating, and filled his veins with fire. As a soft blush spread over the girl's pale cheeks, and, with a sort of timidity, she held out her hand, he leapt to his feet, threw his arms around her, and kissed her—kissed her eyes, her hair, her lips.

There was a moment of frightened hesitancy—and then she had resigned herself to this sort of savage tenderness which was better in its very brutality than any caress she had ever known, which thrilled her with a glorious joy such as she realized now she had dreamt of and lacked, and wanted; which was a harbourage to which she came, blushing, confused, but glad, conquered, and happy in the thrall of that exquisite slavery.

"Myra," he whispered, "Myra, have I frightened you? Will you forgive me?"

She nodded her head quickly and nestled upon his shoulder.

"I could wait no longer," he murmured in her ear. "Words seemed unnecessary; I just wanted you; you are everything in the world; and," he concluded simply, "I took you."

She whispered his name very softly. What a serenity there is in such a moment, what a glow of secure happiness, of immunity from the pains and sorrows of the world!

Robert Cairn, with his arms about this girl, who, from his early boyhood, had been his ideal of womanhood, of love, and of all that love meant, forgot those things which had shaken his life and brought him to the threshold of death, forgot those evidences of illness which marred the once glorious beauty of the girl, forgot the black menace of the future, forgot the wizard enemy whose hand was stretched over that house and that garden—and was merely happy.

But this paroxysm of gladness—which Eliphas Lévi, last of the Adepts, has so marvellously analyzed in one of his works—is of short duration, as are all joys. It is needless to recount here the broken sentences (punctuated with those first kisses which sweeten the memory of old age) that now passed for conversation, and which lovers have believed to be conversation since the world began. As dusk creeps over a glorious landscape, so the shadow of Antony Ferrara crept over the happiness of these two.

Gradually that shadow fell between them and the sun; the grim thing which loomed big in the lives of them both refused any longer to be ignored. Robert Cairn, with his arm about the girl's waist, broached the hated subject.

"When did you last see—Ferrara?"

Myra looked up suddenly.

"Over a week—nearly a fortnight ago."

"Ah!"

Cairn noted that the girl spoke of Ferrara with an odd sort of restraint for which he was at a loss to account. Myra had always regarded her guardian's adopted son in the light of a brother; therefore her present attitude was all the more singular.

"You did not expect him to return to England so soon?" he asked.

"I had no idea that he was in England," said Myra, "until he walked in here one day. I was glad to see him then."

"And should you not be glad to see him now?" inquired Cairn eagerly.

Myra, with her head lowered, deliberately pressed out a crease in her white skirt.

"One day last week," she replied slowly, "he—came here and—acted strangely—"

"In what way?" jerked Cairn.

"He pointed out to me that actually we—he and I—were in no way related."

"Well?"

"You know how I have always liked Antony. I have always thought of him as my brother."

Again she hesitated, and a troubled expression crept over her pale face. Cairn raised his arm and clasped it about her shoulders.

"Tell me all about it," he whispered reassuringly.

"Well," continued Myra, in evident confusion, "his behaviour became embarrassing, and suddenly he asked me if I could ever love him, not as a brother, but—"

"I understand," said Cairn grimly. "And you replied?"

"For some time I could not reply at all, I was so surprised and so horrified. I cannot explain how I felt about it, but it seemed horrible—it seemed horrible!"

"But, of course, you told him?"

"I told him that I could never be fond of him in any different way—that I could never *think* of it. And although I endeavoured to avoid hurting his feelings, he took it very badly. He said, in such a queer, choking voice, that he was going away—"

"Away! From England?"

"Yes; and—he made a strange request."

"What was it?"

"In the circumstances—you see, I felt sorry for him—I did not like to refuse him; it was only a trifling thing. He asked for a lock of my hair."

"A lock of your hair! And you—"

"I told you that I did not like to refuse, and I let him snip off a tiny

piece with a pair of pocket scissors which he had. Are you angry?"

"Of course not! You—were almost brought up together. You—"

"Then"—she paused—"he seemed to change. Suddenly, I found myself afraid—dreadfully afraid."

"Of Ferrara?"

"Not of Antony exactly. But what is the good of my trying to explain? A most awful dread seized me. His face was no longer the face that I have always known; something—"

Her voice trembled, and she seemed disposed to leave the sentence unfinished, then:

"Something evil, sinister, had come into it."

"And since then," said Cairn, "you have not seen him?"

"He has not been here since then—no."

Cairn, with his hands resting upon the girl's shoulders, leant back in the seat, and looked into her troubled eyes with a kind of sad scrutiny.

"You have not been fretting about him?"

Myra shook her head.

"Yet you look as though something were troubling you. This house"—he indicated the low-lying garden with a certain irritation—"is not healthily situated. This place lies in a valley; look at the rank grass—and there are mosquitoes everywhere. You do not look well, Myra."

The girl smiled—a little, wistful smile.

"But I was so tired of Scotland," she said. "You do not know how I looked forward to London again. I must admit, though, that I was in better health there; I was quite ashamed of my dairymaid appearance."

"You have nothing to amuse you here," said Cairn tenderly; "no company, for Mr. Saunderson only lives for his orchids."

"They are very fascinating," said Myra dreamily. "I, too, have felt their glamour. I am the only member of the household whom he allows amongst his orchids."

"Perhaps you spend too much time there," interrupted Cairn; "that superheated, artificial atmosphere—"

Myra shook her head playfully, patting his arm.

"There is nothing in the world the matter with me," she said, almost in her old bright manner, "now that you are back."

"I do not approve of orchids," jerked Cairn doggedly. "They are parodies of what a flower should be. Place an orchid beside a fine rose, and what a distorted, unholy thing it looks!"

"Unholy?" laughed Myra.

"Unholy—yes! They are products of feverish swamps and deathly jungles. I hate orchids. The atmosphere of an orchid-house cannot possibly be clean and healthy. One might as well spend one's time in a bacteriological laboratory."

Myra shook her head with affected seriousness.

"You must not let Mr. Saunderson hear you," she said. "His orchids are his children. Their very mystery enthalls him—and really, it is most fascinating. To look at one of those shapeless bulbs, and to speculate upon what kind of bloom it will produce, is almost as thrilling as reading a sensational novel! He has one growing now—it will bloom some time this week—about which he is frantically excited."

"Where did he get it?" asked Cairn, without interest.

"He bought it from a man who had almost certainly stolen it. There were six bulbs in the parcel; only two have lived, and one of these is much more advanced than the other; it is so high."

She held out her hand, indicating a height of some three feet from the ground.

"It has not flowered yet?"

"No. But the buds—huge, smooth, egg-shaped things—seem on the point of bursting at any moment. We call it the 'mystery,' and it is my special care. Mr. Saunderson has shown me

how to attend to its simple needs, and if it proves to be a new species—which is almost certain—he is going to exhibit it, and name it after me. Shall you be proud of having an orchid named after—?”

“After my wife?” Cairn concluded, seizing her hands. “I could never be more proud of you than I am already.”

IV.

Dr. Cairn walked to the window, with its old-fashioned leaded panes. A lamp stood by the bedside, and he had tilted the shade so that it shone upon the pale face of the patient—Myra Duquesne.

Two days had wrought a dreadful change in her. She lay with closed eyes and sunken face, upon which ominous shadows played. Her respiration was imperceptible. The reputation of Dr. Bruce Cairn was a well-deserved one, but this case puzzled him. He knew that Myra Duquesne was dying before his eyes; he could still see the agonized face of his son, Robert, who at that moment was waiting, filled with intolerable suspense, downstairs in Mr. Saunderson's study; but, withal, he was helpless. He looked out from the rose-entwined casement across the shrubbery to where the moonlight glittered among the trees.

Those were the orchid-houses, and with his back to the bed, Dr. Cairn stood for long, thoughtfully watching the distant gleams of reflected light. Craig Fenton and Sir Elwin Groves, with whom he had been consulting, were but just gone. The nature of Myra Duquesne's illness had utterly puzzled them.

Downstairs, Robert Cairn was pacing the study, wondering if his reason would survive this final blow which threatened. He knew, and his father knew, that a sinister something underlay this strange illness—an illness which had commenced on the day that Antony Ferrara had last visited the house.

The evening was insufferably hot; not a breeze stirred in the leaves; and despite open windows, the air of the room was heavy and lifeless. A faint perfume, having a sort of sweetness, but which yet was unutterably revolting, made itself perceptible to the nostrils. Apparently it had pervaded the house by slow degrees. The occupants were so used to it that they did not notice it at all.

Dr. Cairn had busied himself that evening in the sick-room, burning some pungent preparation, to the amazement of the nurse and of the consultants. Now the biting fumes of his pastiles had all been wafted out of the window and the faint sweet smell was as noticeable as ever.

Not a sound broke the silence of the house; and when the nurse quietly opened the door and entered, Dr. Cairn was still standing staring thoughtfully out of the window in the direction of the orchid-houses. He turned and, walking back to the bedside, bent over the patient.

Her face was like a white mask; she was quite unconscious, and so far as he could see showed no change either for better or worse. But her pulse was slightly more feeble, and the doctor suppressed a groan of despair, for this mysterious progressive weakness could only have one end. All his experience told him that unless something could be done—and every expedient thus far attempted had proved futile—Myra Duquesne would die about dawn.

He turned on his heel and strode from the room, whispering a few words of instruction to the nurse. Descending the stairs, he passed the closed study door, not daring to think of his son who waited within, and entered the dining-room. A single lamp burned there, and the gaunt figure of Mr. Saunderson was outlined dimly where he sat in the window-seat. Crombie, the gardener, stood by the table.

“Now, Crombie,” said Dr. Cairn quietly, closing the door behind him,

"what is this story about the orchid-houses, and why did you not mention it before?"

The man stared persistently into the shadows of the room, avoiding Dr. Cairn's glance.

"Since he has had the courage to own up," interrupted Mr. Saunderson, "I have overlooked the matter, but he was afraid to speak before, because he had no business to be in the orchid-houses." His voice grew suddenly fierce. "He knows it well enough!"

"I know, sir, that you don't want me to interfere with the orchids," replied the man, "but I only ventured in because I thought I saw a light moving there—"

"Rubbish!" snapped Mr. Saunderson.

"Pardon me, Saunderson," said Dr. Cairn; "but a matter of more importance than the welfare of all the orchids in the world is under consideration now."

Saunderson coughed dryly.

"You are right, Cairn," he said. "I shouldn't have lost my temper for such a trifle, at a time like this. Tell your own tale, Crombie; I won't interrupt."

"It was last night, then," continued the man. "I was standing at the door of my cottage smoking a pipe before turning in, when I saw a faint light moving by the orchid-house—"

"Reflection of the moon," muttered Saunderson. "I am sorry. Go on, Crombie!"

"I knew that some of the orchids were very valuable, and I thought there would not be time to call you; also I did not want to worry you, knowing you had worry enough already. So I knocked out my pipe and put it in my pocket, and went through the shrubbery. I saw the light again—it seemed to be moving from the first house into the second. I could not see what it was."

"Was it like a candle, or a pocket-lamp?" jerked Dr. Cairn.

"Nothing like that, sir; a softer

light, more like a glow-worm, but much brighter. I went around and tried the door, and it was locked. Then I remembered the door at the other end, and I cut round by the path between the houses and the wall, so that I had no chance to see the light again, until I got to the other door. I found this unlocked. There was a close kind of smell in there, sir, and the air was very hot—"

"Naturally, it was hot," interrupted Saunderson.

"I mean much hotter than it should have been. It was like an oven, and the smell was stifling—"

"What smell?" asked Dr. Cairn. "Can you describe it?"

"Excuse me, sir, but I seem to notice it here in this room to-night, and I think I noticed it about the place before—never so strong as in the orchid-houses."

"Go on!" said Dr. Cairn.

"I went through the first house, and saw nothing. The shadow of the wall prevented the moonlight from shining in there. But just as I was about to enter the middle house, I thought I saw—a face."

"What do you mean—you *thought* you saw?" snapped Mr. Saunderson.

"I mean, sir, that it was so horrible and so strange that I could not believe it was real—which is one of the reasons why I did not speak before. It reminded me of the face of a gentleman I have seen here—Mr. Ferrara—"

Dr. Cairn stifled an exclamation.

"But in other ways it was quite unlike the gentleman. In some ways it was more like the face of a woman—a very bad woman. It had a sort of bluish light on it, but where it could have come from I don't know. It seemed to be smiling, and two bright eyes looked straight out at me."

Crombie stopped, raising his hand to his head confusedly.

"I could see nothing but just this face—low down, as if the person it belonged to was crouching on the

floor; and there was a tall plant of some kind just beside it—”

“Well,” said Dr. Cairn, “go on! What did you do?”

“I turned to run,” confessed the man. “If you had seen that horrible face, you would understand how frightened I was. Then when I got to the door I looked back.”

“I hope you had closed the door behind you,” snapped Saunderson.

“Never mind that, never mind that!” interrupted Dr. Cairn.

“I closed the door behind me—yes, sir—but just as I was going to open it again I took a quick glance back, and the face had gone! I came out, and I was walking over the lawn, wondering whether I should tell you, when it occurred to me that I hadn’t noticed whether the key had been left in or not.”

“Did you go back to see?” asked Dr. Cairn.

“I didn’t want to,” admitted Crombie, “but I did—and—”

“Well?”

“The door was locked, sir!”

“So you concluded that your imagination had been playing you tricks,” said Saunderson grimly. “In my opinion you were right.”

Dr. Cairn dropped into a chair.

“All right, Crombie; that will do.”

Crombie, with a mumbled “Good-night, gentlemen!” turned and left the room.

“Why are you worrying about this matter,” inquired Saunderson, when the door had closed, “at a time like the present?”

“Never mind,” replied Dr. Cairn wearily. “I must return to Half Moon Street now, but I shall be back within an hour.”

With no other word to Saunderson, he stood up and walked out to the hall. He rapped at the study door, and it was instantly opened by Robert Cairn. No spoken word was necessary; the burning question could be read in his too-bright eyes. Dr. Cairn laid his hand upon his son’s shoulder.

“I won’t excite false hopes, Rob,” he said huskily. “I am going back to the house, and I want you to come with me.”

Robert Cairn turned his head aside, groaning aloud, but his father grasped him by the arm, and together they left that house of shadows, entered the car which waited at the gate, and, without exchanging a word en route, came to Half Moon Street.

V.

Dr. Cairn led the way into the library, switching on the reading-lamp upon the large table. His son stood just within the doorway, his arms folded and his chin upon his breast.

The doctor sat down at the table, watching the other. Suddenly Robert spoke.

“Is it possible, sir—is it possible”—his voice was barely audible—“that her illness can in any way be due to the orchids?”

Dr. Cairn frowned thoughtfully.

“What do you mean exactly?” he asked.

“Orchids are mysterious things. They come from places where there are strange and dreadful diseases. Is it not possible that they may convey—”

“Some sort of contagion?” concluded Dr. Cairn. “It is a point that I have seen raised, certainly, but nothing of the sort has ever been established. I have heard something to-night, though, which—”

“What have you heard, sir?” asked his son eagerly, stepping forward to the table.

“Never mind at the moment, Rob. Let me think.”

He rested his elbow upon the table, and his chin in his hand. His professional instincts had told him that unless something could be done—something which the highest medical skill in London had thus far been unable to devise—Myra Duquesne had but four hours to live. Somewhere in his mind a memory lurked, evasive, taunting him. This wild suggestion

of his son's, that the girl's illness might be due in some way to her contact with the orchids, was in part responsible for this confused memory; but it seemed to be associated, too, with the story of Crombie, the gardener, and with Antony Ferrara. He felt that somewhere in the darkness surrounding him there was a speck of light, if he could but turn in the right direction to see it.

So, whilst Robert Cairn walked restlessly about the big room, the doctor sat with his chin resting in the palm of his hand, seeking to concentrate his mind upon that vague memory which defied him, whilst the hand of the library clock crept from twelve towards one, whilst he knew that the faint life in Myra Duquesne was slowly ebbing away in response to some mysterious condition utterly outside his experience.

Distant clocks chimed *one!* Three hours only!

Robert Cairn began to beat his fist into the palm of his left hand convulsively. Yet his father did not stir, but sat there with a black-shadowed wrinkle between his brows.

"My God!"

The doctor sprang to his feet, and with feverish haste began to fumble amongst a bunch of keys.

"What is it, sir? What is it?"

The doctor unlocked the drawer of the big table, and drew out a thick manuscript written in small and exquisitely neat characters. He placed it under the lamp and rapidly began to turn the pages.

"It is hope, Rob!" he said, with quiet self-possession.

Robert Cairn came round the table and leant over his father's shoulder.

"Sir Michael Ferrara's writing!"

"His unpublished book, Rob. We were to have completed it together, but death claimed him; and, in view of the contents, I—perhaps superstitiously—decided to suppress it. Ah!"

He placed the point of his finger upon a carefully drawn sketch, de-

signed to illustrate the text. It was evidently a careful copy from the ancient Egyptian. It represented a row of priestesses, each having her hair plaited in a thick queue, standing before a priest armed with a pair of scissors. In the centre of the drawing was an altar, upon which stood vases of flowers, and upon the right ranked a row of mummies, corresponding in number with the priestesses upon the left.

"My God!" repeated Dr. Cairn. "We were both wrong! We were both wrong!"

"What do you mean, sir? For Heaven's sake, what do you mean?"

"This drawing," replied Dr. Cairn, "was copied from the wall of a certain tomb, now reclosed. Since we knew that the tomb was that of one of the greatest wizards who ever lived in Egypt, we knew also that the inscriptions had some magical significance. We knew that the flowers represented here were a species of the extinct sacred lotus. All our researches did not avail us to discover for what purpose or by what means these flowers were cultivated. Nor could we determine the meaning of the cutting off"—he ran his finger over the sketch—"of the priestesses' hair by the high priest of the goddess."

"What goddess, sir?"

"A goddess, Rob, of which Egyptology knows nothing; a mystical religion the existence of which has been vaguely suspected by a living French savant. But this is no time—"

Dr. Cairn closed the manuscript, replaced it, and relocked the drawer. He glanced at the clock.

"A quarter past one!" he said. "Come, Rob!"

Without hesitation, his son followed him from the house. The car was waiting, and shortly they were speeding through the deserted streets, back to the house where death, in a strange guise, was beckoning to Myra Duquesne. As the car started—

"Do you know," asked Dr. Cairn,

"if Saunderson has bought any orchids—*quite* recently, I mean?"

"Yes," replied his son dully. "He bought a small parcel a fortnight ago."

"A fortnight!" cried Dr. Cairn excitedly. "You are sure of that? You mean that the purchase was made, that the purchase was made since Ferrara—"

"Ceased to visit the house. Yes. Why, it must have been the very day after!"

Dr. Cairn clearly was labouring under tremendous excitement.

"Where did he buy these orchids?" he asked evenly.

"From someone who came to the house—someone he had never dealt with before."

The doctor, his hands resting upon his knees, was rapidly drumming with his fingers.

"And—did he cultivate them?"

"Two only proved successful. One is on the point of blooming—if it is not blooming already. He calls it the 'mystery.'"

At that, the doctor's excitement overcame him. Suddenly leaning out of the window, he shouted to the chauffeur:

"Quicker! Quicker! Never mind risks. Keep on top speed!"

"What is it, sir?" cried his son.

"Heavens! What is it?"

"Did you say that it might have bloomed, Rob?"

"Myra"—Robert Cairn swallowed noisily—"told me three days ago that it was expected to bloom before the end of the week."

"What is it like?"

"A thing about four feet high, with huge egg-shaped buds."

"Merciful God, grant that we are in time!" whispered Dr. Cairn. "I could believe once more in the justice of Heaven if the great knowledge of Sir Michael Ferrara should prove to be the weapon to destroy the fiend whom we raised! He and I—may we be forgiven!"

Robert Cairn's excitement was dreadful.

"Can you tell me nothing?" he cried. "What do you hope? What do you fear?"

"Don't ask me, Rob," replied his father; "you will know within five minutes."

The car indeed was leaping along the dark suburban roads at a speed little below that of an express train. Corners the chauffeur negotiated in racing fashion, so that at times two wheels thrashed the empty air; and once or twice the big car swung round as upon a pivot only to recover again in response to the skilled tactics of the driver.

They roared down the sloping narrow lane to the gate of Mr. Saunderson's house with a noise like the coming of a great storm, and were nearly hurled from their seats when the brakes were applied, and the car brought to a standstill.

Dr. Cairn leapt out, pushed open the gate, and ran up to the house, his son closely following. There was a light in the hall, and Miss Saunderson, who had expected them, and had heard their stormy approach, already held the door open. In the hall:

"Wait here one moment," said Dr. Cairn.

Ignoring Saunderson, who had come out from the library, he ran upstairs. A minute later, his face very pale, he came running down again.

"She is worse," began Saunderson. "But—"

"Give me the key of the orchid-house!" said Dr. Cairn tersely.

"Orchid-house!"

"Don't hesitate. Give me the key!"

Saunderson's expression showed that he thought Dr. Cairn to be mad, but nevertheless he plunged his hand into his pocket and pulled out a key-ring. Dr. Cairn snatched it in a flash.

"Which key?" he snapped.

"The Chubb. But—"

"Follow me, Rob!"

Down the hall he raced, his son beside him, and Mr. Saunderson more

slowly following. Out into the garden he went and over the lawn towards the shrubbery.

The orchid-houses lay in dense shadows, but the doctor almost threw himself against the door.

"Strike a match!" he panted. Then: "Never mind, I have it!"

The door flew open with a bang. A sickly perfume swept out to them.

"Matches! Matches, Rob! This way!"

They went stumbling in. Robert Cairn took out a box of matches, and struck one.

"Your knife, boy—quick! *Quick!*"

As the dim light crept along the aisle between the orchids, Robert Cairn saw his father's horror-stricken face, and saw a vivid green plant growing in a sort of tub, before which the doctor stood. Four huge, smooth, egg-shaped buds grew upon the leafless stems; two of them were on the point of opening, and one already showed a delicious, rosy flush about its apex.

Dr. Cairn grasped the knife which Robert tremblingly offered him. The match went out. There was a sound of hacking, a soft swishing, and a dull thud upon the tiled floor.

As another match fluttered into brief life, the mysterious orchid, severed just above the soil, fell from the tub. Dr. Cairn stamped the swelling buds under his feet. A profusion of colourless sap was pouring out upon the floor.

Above the intoxicating odour of the place, a smell like that of blood made itself perceptible.

With fingers quivering, Robert Cairn managed to light a third match. His father, from a second bulb, tore out a smaller plant and ground its soft tentacles beneath his feet. The place smelt like an operating theatre. The doctor swayed dizzily as the third match became extinguished, and clutched at his son for support.

"Her life was in it, boy!" he whispered. "She would have died in the hour that it bloomed! The priestesses—were consecrated—to this. Let me get into the air—"

Mr. Saunderson, silent with amazement, met them.

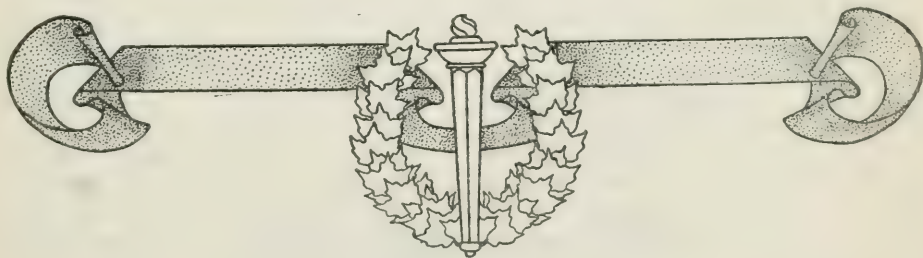
"Don't speak," said Dr. Cairn to him. "Look at the dead stems of your 'mystery.' You will find a thread of bright hair in the heart of each!"

Dr. Cairn opened the door of the sick-room and beckoned to his son, who, haggard, trembling, waited upon the landing.

"Come in, boy," he said softly, "and thank God!"

Robert Cairn, on tip-toe, entered. Myra Duquesne, pathetically pale, but with that dreadful, ominous shadow gone from her face, turned her wistful eyes towards the door, and their wistfulness became gladness.

"Rob!" she sighed, and stretched out her arms.



A STAR SHOT

BY GEORGE C. WELLS

FORTY-ODD years ago there was much excitement and alarm in the Canadian towns and villages along the United States border. Four years previously a Fenian "army," under "General" O'Neill, had invaded Canada at Fort Erie, with the announced intention of delivering Ireland from the Saxon yoke, though the connection was not very obvious; but, after one or two skirmishes, had gone back sadder and a trifle wiser. Another, under "General" Spear, which had made a short excursion into the Province of Quebec, had retreated when it found the Canadian troops mustering, and, on re-entering United States territory, had been promptly disarmed and dispersed by the American soldiers. Now the attempt was to be renewed, and the work was to be done effectually this time—the mistakes of former invasions were to be avoided and Canada was infallibly to be conquered. Horrible visions of rapine and slaughter danced before the eyes of the frontier residents, and active measures were taken to give the coming marauders a warm if not very hospitable reception.

The town of B——, situated at the foot of the Thousand Islands, boasted a company of militia and a company of the Grand Trunk Rifle Brigade, which was composed of employees of the Grand Trunk Railway, at that time Canada's chief commercial enterprise. This company had been raised by the Grand Trunk, with its general superintendent as colonel, for the express purpose of protecting

its property in case the invasion materialized. Captain X——, who commanded the Grand Trunk riflemen in B——, was the star shot of the town and was reputed to be capable of doing wonders with the Enfield rifle then in use. How he undertook something that proved considerably beyond his powers will now be related.

Sentries were posted every night on the outskirts of the town and at points commanding a good view of the St. Lawrence. Their instructions were to fire if they saw anything suspicious and failed to receive a satisfactory answer to their challenge. Being more or less nervous, according to temperament, under unusual conditions, there were frequent "alarms and excursions" on this account, but after a few days' experience very little attention was paid to the signals except that the guard turned out, as a matter of duty, whenever a shot was heard.

One dark, still night in October, however, something happened that stirred up the whole town and furnished a topic of conversation for many days after—it is one of the "old stories" which those who participated (now becoming few), like to relate as one of them did to the writer.

There was a regular sentry-post at the Devil's Rock, a large flat stone on the river bank about half a mile west of the town. This stone bears to this day a curious mark, said by the superstitious to be the imprint of the Evil One's hoof, made as he stepped across the river. (It is only about a

mile and a half wide there.) On this particular night word passed around quickly that Private H——, stationed at the Devil's Rock, had noticed a suspicious-looking light off the head of Big Island, that he had signalled his suspicions by discharging his firearm, that the guard on reaching his post all agreed with him that a vessel was moored off the island—of course, crowded with Fenians, whose number grew every time the story was repeated, and that they were about to attack the town. Every available soldier jumped into his regimentals (with more or less alacrity), tore himself away from his weeping family and made for his appointed post—at the river-front, at the railway station, or elsewhere. The "home-guard," composed of more or less (rather more) ancient citizens armed with more or less (rather less) effective weapons, collected in the Court House Square and with quavering voices discussed various projects for defence. Well was it, in all probability, that there turned out no necessity for the bearers of these venerable pistols, muskets, and "blunderbuses" to discharge them, for fearful execution would surely have been done to those *behind* the guns.

Captain X——, hurrying to the point whence the alarm had come, found an excited group discussing the situation. There was no doubt about it: the light was plainly visible just above the island, where a lamp hung at a vessel's masthead would appear. It burned steadily, but there was no sound and the guard's challenge was unanswered.

"Hail them again," said the Captain, "and say if they don't answer we'll fire."

Again no answer.

Six men were lined up with loaded rifles.

"Ready! Present! Fire!"

A crashing volley broke the stillness, but produced no effect on the mysterious vessel. Of course, it was heard in town and faces grew white and teeth chattered as the words were uttered, "They've begun fighting!"

Another volley, and again no result.

"Here! McBurney," said Captain X——, "you're a good shot—see if you can hit that lamp."

McBurney took careful aim and fired. The light still shone serenely. Again he fired, and still it shone.

"Try yourself, Captain," said McBurney. "You're the best shot in town."

The Captain, somewhat fearful of his reputation, but seeing a splendid chance to increase it if he could succeed in extinguishing the lamp, took a rifle and carefully sighting it, fired—with no better success than the private. Again and again he tried, becoming, with every failure, more and more desperately determined to succeed, and forgetting the Fenian invasion and everything connected with it in the excitement of his pursuit.

Suddenly one of the men said, "Captain, that light is higher above the island than it was when we began to shoot."

The Captain lowered his rifle, looked at the mark steadily, and said he believed it was lower. Then exclaimed a sergeant, with that delightful freedom of speech and disregard of discipline which sometimes prevails in volunteer ranks:

"Why, Billy, you've been shooting at a star!" And so he had. Never afterward did he care to be referred to as a "star shot."



TWILIGHT AND I WENT HAND IN HAND

By L. M. MONTGOMERY

TWILIGHT and I went hand in hand,
As lovers walk in shining Mays,
O'er musky, memory-haunted ways,
Across a lonely harvest-land,
Where west winds chanted in the wheat
An old, old vesper wondrous sweet.

Oh, Twilight was a comrade rare
For gypsy heath or templed grove,
In her gray vesture, shadow-wove;
I saw the darkness of her hair
Faint-mirrored in a field-pool dim,
As we stood tip-toe on its rim.

We went as lightly as on wings,
Through many a scented chamber fair,
Among the pines and balsams, where
I could have dreamed of darling things,
And ever as we went I knew
The peeping fairy-folk went too.

I could have lingered now and then
By gates of moonrise that might lead
To some forgotten spiceried mead,
Or in some mossy, cloistered glen,
Where silence, very still and deep,
Seemed fallen in enchanted sleep.

But Twilight ever led me on,
As lovers walk, until we came
To hills where sunset's shaken flame
Had paled to ashes dead and wan;
And there, with footsteps stolen-light
She left me to the lure of night.





WINTER
LANDSCAPE

From the Painting by Maurice Cullen
Exhibited by the Canadian Art Club

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

GERMANY VERSUS BRITAIN IN THE FAR EAST

BY JOHN STUART THOMSON

AUTHOR OF "CHINA REVOLUTIONIZED," "THE CHINESE," ETC.

GREAT BRITAIN, the naval arbiter of peace and commerce in Europe, and largely the protector of the world's maritime lines for America's foreign commerce, has for decades looked upon the autocratic German Kaiser, not as the guardian of unselfish peace, but as the provocative member of European discord and over-armament. In his ambition to at once push Pan-Germanism as far as the Mediterranean and Suez, he has for years kept 2,000,000 German soldiers practically on a mobilized war-footing, and urged or permitted the Austrian Emperor to encroach three times in the Slavic Balkans, tearing treaties of neutrality to shreds. When Austria "gobbles" up the Balkan Slav, the Kaiser plans to then gobble up Austria, as Frederick the Great once tried, and push German railways through to the Persian Gulf, which is the Inner Gate of India, in the meantime blockading Britain's outer food gate, Suez.

I personally am pro-German in this railway extension, if it is to be an investment and not a provocative occupation. I, of course, have more sympathy academically with our second cousins, the Germans, as a people, than I have with the partially Oriental Slavs. "Scratch a Russ and find a Tartar." However, I agree with the British diplomats and econ-

omists that German expansion must be by the peaceful methods of emigration and investment, and not by a general war of aggression, which will destroy the peace of Europe, and disturb world-trade and economical industry. Germany can never righteously or successfully occupy French countries like Alsace-Lorraine, Hungary, Slav, or Polish countries.

Britain, the most powerful peace-policeman on the high seas, has been ready for decades, with a preponderating navy, to compel Germany to cease her provocative attitude, and continual conscription and war-mobilization, which has so often threatened civilization with an Esdraelon and the Deluge, really aimed, like the old Holy Alliance, at Anglo-American constitutionalism and democracy. It is inspiring to Americans to know that the head of the British naval defence policy, the First Lord of the Admiralty, is by blood half an American, for Winston Churchill is the son of the lady who was Miss Jennie Jerome, of Madison Square, New York city.

Just as America struck Spain hardest in the Far East and not in Spain, so Britain will give Germany one of her first reformatory and punitive lessons in far-away China. Hong Kong is Britain's impregnable naval, dock and arsenal base there. I know

every foot of the fortified mountainous island, which holds the ten commercial seas safe for Britain and America. There Britain keeps a navy at all times at least one battleship stronger than Germany's and Austria's Far East fleet. Britain relies on Japan as the second line of her defence in the Far East, and the protector of China from general disintegration.

One British fleet will forsake the Yang Tse River, interning the smaller gunboats at Hankow, and American gunboats have already relieved Britain and France from the chase of Chinese pirates up the Pearl and West Rivers of South China. At Tsing-Tau, Kiao-Chau colony, North China, Germany, at the point of the bayonet, has made China fortify her stronghold. Germany's and Austria's fleet of seventeen war vessels will doubtless shell Britain's nearby port of Wei-Hai-Wei, but this is expected, the British plan being not to defend Wei-Hai-Wei, notwithstanding the rich gold mines there. Already the Russian cruiser *Askold*, famous in the Russo-Japan war, and the German cruiser *Emsden*, have exchanged shots off Wei-Hai-Wei. The Germans have also taken merchantmen of several nations into Tsing-Tau, and disturbed Japan's immense shipping on those seas. The British battleship fleet will assist in finally sealing the Germans up in fortified Tsing-Tau, where eventually the Germans will blow up their fleet, just as the Russians blew up their fleet in blockaded Port Arthur harbour. Japan will take a large part in the blockade, and a main part in the land engagements with a first army of 50,000 men. It is a remarkable spectacle that the liberal parties of Japan and Britain are now lined up to drive German Imperialism out of China, and to restore the occupied territory to China.

Britain has encouraged Germany to invest hundreds of millions in the shipping, railways, mines, and cities

of the Far East, so as to endeavour to lead the Teuton democracy to ways of peace and industry, instead of mobilization and aggressive war. Britain's second and third Far East cruiser squadrons, augmented by the Australian fleet, which includes the fine battle cruiser *Australia*, and the Malayan fleet, which includes the modern Dreadnought *Malaya*, will then sail out of Sydney, Singapore, and Hong King, and catch many of the German trading vessels outside of the coal and oil ports of the Far East, all of which ports, except Manila, Britain owns. Already the fine German armoured cruisers *Scharnhorst* and *Gneissanau* have fled from Singapore to German East Africa, to intern. This second and third British Far East fleet will capture an immense marine and commerce, and drive German shipping from the high seas, east of Suez, freeing the seas for a possible American trade, preparation for which should be immediately undertaken, by the extension of present manufactures and the beginning of important new ones.

Germany has hundreds of millions invested in the railways and mines of Shantung, Kiangsu, and Honan Provinces of Northeast China. Britain may not be able to restrain China from declaring war on Germany and seizing these railways and mines, in revenge for what the Chinese call "the crime of 1897." Britain will send Japan in to seize the colony of Kiao-Chau, and Tsingtau port and city, and suspend the "Non-Partition of China" doctrine, and revive the "Spheres of Influence" doctrine for a season. The action is pregnant with vicissitudes. One of them is the possibility of Japan seizing the German Pelew and Caroline islands, on the flank of the Philippines, but this is not a danger as long as Britain holds her restraining influence upon Japan by the Anglo-Japanese alliance, which has been extended in time recently.

That Germany recognizes that her

goose is similarly cooked by Britain's navy on the Atlantic, I quote the significant and epochal advertisement in the New York newspapers of August 1st, reading as follows: "Special announcement. In view of the uncertainty of the present European situation, we have decided to postpone the sailings of the S.S. *Vaterland* from New York; the S.S. *America* from Boston; the S.S. *Imperator* from Hamburg; and for the same reason we have ordered the S.S. *President Grant*, which sailed from New York on Thursday, to return back to New York. Hamburg-American Line."

If Germany did not feel that the invincible British fleets, small as Britain is, would sweep Germany off the Atlantic as well as the Pacific, the Kaiser's favourite steamship line, in which he is a personal stockholder, would never insert such a significant and humiliating advertisement at the very beginning of the conflict. The Kaiser can clank his heavy sword and rattle glave and gun, but this advertisement of his Hamburg-American Line clanks out common sense, and naval and maritime defeat at the very dawn of the haughty conflict, launched against the rights of man to be free to trade in peace.

Most of these costly German ships of a tonnage of 25,000 will, under Article 56, of the London Naval Conference of 1909, which America signed, eventually fall as a prize to the allies, and Germany's immense foreign commerce and shipping, as well as her colonies in the Far East, Africa, etc., will depart from the earth, as a tragic memory of the folly of the personal wars of kings, oligarchism, and the egotism of a modern Attila, cursed again as "The Scourge of God." Whom the gods would destroy, they first make mad.

Britain, like America, busy always in industrialism, sincerely wants uninterrupted peace; the open trade door and civilization; but if Germany persists in egging on, in race pride, mobilization, over-armament, and

war, Britain, without any major loss to herself, is quite prepared on every sea of the globe to put a check to German belligerent activity, dynasticism, conscription, and provocative over-armament. Only last May, the leading business man and financier of Germany, Dr. Jacob Riesser, president of the Hansa Bund of bankers and exporters; member of the Reichstag, and Professor of Finance in Berlin University, wrote me in intimation that Germany was determined to attack Britain's wide-flung guardianship of commerce on the high seas, and Britain's colonies as a corollary thereof, in the ambition, as he phrased it, to "secure a place in the sun." Soon may Germany covet a place in the shade, where to cogitate, and resolve on the limitation of absolutism and feudalism.

Britain does not oppose Germany's peaceful advance to the Mediterranean, through Austria, when Germany has the emigration to populate those countries with a majority of Teutons, who will keep the peace, and allow minorities to live, but Britain does oppose Germany's warlike incursion into Slav, Polish, French, Belgian, and Netherlands countries, as it can be for no other purpose at present, except war, intimidation, provocation and disturbance.

Autocratic kings, who take their decree from Jupiter and their uniforms from the histories of absolute Rome, are disturbers and not sincere peacemakers. They are always clanking the sabre and over-arming. Those who follow them as blindly as Germany is now doing, are as quick to visit upon them revenge for defeat, whereas a defeated people clings the more closely to a constitutional king, who has not forced but followed a national issue. The former monarch is an egotist; the latter is a patriot. May the day soon come when our cousins in Germany will have a real Parliament which alone can declare war, and which will listen to the rights of minorities to live; in other

words, not destroy men for opinion's sake. Then the German people, the British people, and the American people will use their restricted war forces as policemen merely, and regulate peace and the open trade door over the whole globe; thus bringing in world-civilization and possibly world-Christianization.

However, as I explained, if the Kaiser now or in the future insists on continued war, Britain's navy by blockade can reduce his immense commercial and maritime expansion to very narrow Prussian limits, and the Germans will emigrate to South America, the United States, and Canada, where in the two latter countries we will teach them the doctrine of democracy and the rights of minorities. As it is, only one-fifth of one per cent. of the German blood in America is responding to the Kaiser's threat that he will confiscate the property of American Germans in Germany if they do not heed his clarion of Esdraelon and the Deluge. Germany in Europe will then become a second-rate power, and no one is to be blamed except the over-arming Kaiser.

Despite what some Germans say, Russia is not a menace to civilization through over-armament. Russia has not the railways, the money, the manufacturing, the navy, or the national disposition to mobilize against minority nations. She has room enough to satisfy her. Only by the greatest urgency is France now able to get Russia's practical help in saving civilization from provocative Germany. The German Emperor, with his strategic central position, never needed over 500,000 troops to protect Pan-Germanism from aggression. When he added 2,000,000 more soldiers, he intended to assail world civilization, and especially the navies of Britain and France, and America afterwards, renewing the Philippines occupation, as an excuse. Sir Edward Grey, the British Foreign Minister, has revealed the fact that the Kaiser informed Britain that he did

not want to colonize Germany's immense colonies in Africa; that what he wanted was France's rich colonies in Africa and China. That was an intimation that he would later reach out from captured Indo-China for America's Philippines. The Kaiser wants trade without paying for it by investment and wise rule. In other words, Alexander, Caesar, Attila, and Napoleon are his models.

Britain and America are tired of war and panic. We want order and the open trade door policy everywhere, for the German people as well as every other people, including ourselves, now that our commercial opportunities awaken in a new and wider dawn. Every time hereafter that Germany or Mexico, or any other power, clanks the sabre of disorder and intemperate riot in the fields of commerce and civilization, the police fleet of Britain, America, and the English-speaking colonies will respectively be found there, to call out "Order, gentlemen." At least that is my observation of recent events in the Far East, Mexico, and Europe. As it is now, the cheers of ninety per cent. of Americans shows that Americans do not consider that little Britain alone should be expected to stop the avalanche hurled against civilization, peace, commerce, the open door, and free seas to all comers.

However, if there are Americans who are inclined to over-value the German side of the excuses, let me give a concrete instance of what they may expect, if Germany instead of enlightened Britain preponderates on the high seas, and along the trade routes, from the Yang Tse River to the Red Sea, and the Amazon.

Britain's colonies in the Far East are free trade and "open door" to America and to everyone else. There is no preference in railway rates, storage, customs, privileges, loans, or diplomacy. Britain insists on the open door in China for benefit of all. Britain's preponderating navy provokes America nowhere; rather does

she open to them her monopoly of coal and oil ports along the trade routes of the world. Her navy has for years escorted Americans through the Suez Canal against German menace.

Germany took Tsing-Tau port and Kiao-Chau colony in North China in 1897. She at once erected there a tariff and rate wall that an American manufacturing giraffe cannot look over, much less jump over. If an American salesman, who has sold goods at a dozen ports of China and the Far East, ever sold anything except himself at German Tsing-Tau, I will give him a medal. If Germany, instead of Britain, won the high seas, that is what Americans might expect in the Far East, as well as the loss of their base there, the Philippines, after some trumped-up excuse. Let us not forget how Admiral Von Diederichs held up his hand against Admiral Dewey, and how Britain's Admiral Chichester, with his cruiser, the *Immortalité*, pulled down Diederich's obstructive hand, and waved Dewey onward to the epochal Manila blockade to the tune of the "Star Spangled Banner," played by the band of the *Immortalité*. That was not merely an instance of the corroboration of the blood and language bond. It was common sense, for these two alone guard the open trade door in vast, potential China, India, the Philippines, etc.

Oligarchism in Germany, whatever may be its diplomatic protestations, really hates America just as much as it hates democratic Britain. A democratic or a constitutional Germany would divide America, and take the sporting awards of competition in a manly way. Oligarchic Germany would throttle them, as it throttled Luxemburg, Alsace-Lorraine, etc. At least that has been my observation and experience in German China. It is from concrete, particular examples alone that we can consistently argue *à fortiori*. If the Kaiser had his way, he would go on from victory to victory, and seize and arm Russia and

China as satrapies. Esdraelon and the Deluge would be followed by the chaos of man. Egotism would dethrone the altars of our God, who gave us free will as the dearest sign of service. Those who do not believe this, should visit Alsace and Kiao-Chau.

I have had the views of Governor-General Idenburg of the Netherlands-Indies; Governor-General Sarraut of French Indo-China (countries of 65,000,000 population); Governor-General Wingate of British Africa, and they will welcome that day of enlightenment when America comes to the East and Far East, to participate, as an economical partner with Britain, in the opening of the world to commerce, and in withstanding German aggression while it is on an oligarchic, absolute, conscriptive, overarmament basis of commercial exclusiveness. Only America and Britain stand for the open door in the ports of the world, and therefore they ought to stand together in many ways. America's opportunity to take Germany's place in commerce, finance, and maritime interests is now immense and urgent. Let us wake up, and thus help onward the free progress of the world. Commerce is one of God's brightest angels. Militarism is an agent of Lucifer's. Our duty is to withstand it.

A word of description regarding the main German and British strongholds in the Far East may be in order. Kiao-Chau Bay, where Tsing-Tau city is located, and which could block our way to Peking, is a bottle-shaped stronghold like Port Arthur. It is fifteen miles long, and in places fifteen miles wide, surrounded by fortified hills 600 feet high. The entrance to the commercial harbour of Ta-Pu-Tto, where the floating Tsing-Tauer dock is anchored, is two miles wide. German railways run inland, north, west, and south to rich coal, iron, and other mines. From Chinese or Japanese attack on the land side, forts on mountains 3,000 feet high, would give moderate protection.

Regiments of See Soldaten (marines) and artillery companies, make up a guard of 6,000, and the crews of the seventeen war vessels furnish 11,000 more artillery. From the ocean, the hill forts are moderately powerful, and are now being rapidly strengthened by enforced Chinese labour. Britain at present perhaps hardly needs to risk her Far East fleet in either attack or blockade. She will use her fleet in sweeping the high seas, for the needs of free commerce are pressing. The defence against attack at Tsing-Tau is by means of mines, as well as hill forts. If Japan undertakes the attack, as an ally of Britain, because Germany has assailed her commerce she could easily blockade the port; and in time, by using her experienced Port Arthur veterans, she could take the forts by land, probably needing three men to German's one. The German ships have rushed out, planted mines, and seized British and Russian shipping off Wei-Hai-Wei, but they are now probably lying under the forts in the bottle, ready for the making of history by spectacular sieges of fortresses again by Japan.

Hong Kong, Britain's impregnable base, is a long, irregular island, lying off hot South China. Its many fortified hills are 1,500 to 1,800 feet high, and the higher hills of the mainland of China, one mile away, are also heavily fortified. The hills are all steep; the beaches and valleys are narrow, and the forts are masked with imported fir trees. As the harbour is between the mainland and the island, there are two entrances. Blocking the western entrance are the fortified Stonecutters and Green Islands, and the forts on Mount Davis, High West, etc., on Hong Kong Island, and on the mainland hills. Guarding the eastern entrance are powerful forts on the Junk Bay Mountains of the mainland; on Junk Island, and on Pettinger Peak. The Yee-maan Pass is so narrow that torpedo runways, cut at tide-water

through the rock, would shoot against and catch every warship, even if ships ran at a mile a minute. Moreover, mines are used. Even if a ship by a miracle made the harbour of Victoria the guns of the Kowloon Hills of the mainland, and of Victoria Mountain, Wanchai Mountain, Bremer Mountain, etc., on the island, would rain an iron hail upon her decks. The many landings and bays on the south side of the island, at Taihowan, Shekiwan, Aberdeen, Deep Water, where the famous Golf Club lies; Stanley and Tytam, are all swept by guns on Lamma Island, Aberdeen Island, and Mounts Pekfulum, Kellett, Gough, and Tytam, etc.; altogether a fortress more strongly fortified than a dozen Gibaltars, as it is also more picturesque. Protected in this wonderful inner harbour, lie vast arsenals, ship-building plants, and three large docking systems, each capable of docking and repairing Dreadnoughts. Two of these docks, the Kowloon on the mainland, and the Butterfield and Swire on the island, are private. One is Government, the Admiralty Dock, on the island, in the centre of Victoria city. Britain has a railway running from the mainland. Kowloon, to Canton, and thence on to Hankow. Landings could hardly be made, and Hong Kong rushed, as all the hills are guarded on the land side. The nucleus of the defence is a force of garrison artillery; English Foresters, and Boluchi Indian regiments of 6,000 men, as well as a trained volunteer artillery regiment. There are also companies of Chinese engineers, who are most efficient, having been trained since the 1900 campaign. Therefore, though Britain always counts on the navy as her first line of defence at Hong Kong, her second line, the forts; and her third line, the infantry, are a formidable aggregation, quite capable of withstanding any ordinary attack which may be sent against them, even though Hong Kong lies many thousands of miles from Britain, Canada, and Australia.

The plan was to make this, the world's third commercial port, and one of the world's greatest strongholds, quite capable of taking care of itself, as Britain's base in the Far East.

Britain's second base in the Far East, Singapore, the "Gate of the Equator," cannot be passed by any fleet, nor would any fleet dare to rush the narrow strait under the guns of Blakan Island, and Fort Canining on Singapore Island.

There are many Germans in trade at Hong Kong, and the British docks are guarded against attack by spies. Mirs Bay, the British possession in the Hong Kong purlieu, where Admiral Dewey outwitted to defeat Admiral Montojo, is Britain's outer line of defence in South China, and would probably be held against a German or Austrian landing. It is not essential, however, to the inner line of Hong Kong's defence. Hong Kong is the strongest post of the white man's forward line in the Far East. American defence and docking facilities and shipbuilding in the Philippines cannot compare with it. Its food supplies from rich Canton and the West River section are well secured. Its docks and shipbuilding plants also surpass Japan's works. Indeed they are a repetition in personnel, etc., of the famous Clyde marine works. The American colony at Tsing-Tau city is nil. The American colony at Hong Kong is a large one, and the intercourse with Manila is frequent and intimate.

Much of America's tin, silk, tea, rubber, seasamum salad oil, matting, rice, spices, gunny bags, Java coffee, and sugar comes through Hong Kong, and until the Canadian cruiser *Rainbow* and the British Far East fleet sweep the Pacific clean, these imports will be delayed. The straw-braid that used to come from Tsing-Tau will be stopped, and the price of our next "new June straw" will go up. The hides and wool of China will be delayed, and our shoes and

carpets will therefore cost more. Therefore, reasoning *cap-à-pie*, the American consumer can hardly be enthusiastic for the Kaiser's personal war against commerce, intercourse, and mankind.

America must at once arrange to take Germany's place on the high seas. I beg to express the warning that while America delays in securing a merchant marine, Japan, "the little yellow man," is busy in buying up all the bottoms that he can secure, octogenarians included. If not competed with, Japan will secure much of the carrying trade, and use the information on American invoices against American manufacturers, for he, too, is an ambitious manufacturer.

The Panama Canal Act for years has permitted the purchase of five-year-old foreign bottoms. As it has not been availed of by American companies, it must therefore be adjudged a failure.

The American-built Pacific Mail and Great Northern liners cannot extend through the Panama Canal for two reasons. First, Congress practically prohibits railroad-owned ships from the canal, and second, public sentiment would probably oppose the general use on the Atlantic, in competition with white men, of Asiatic crews, now used on the Pacific ships of all nations. The German lines' operation losses are enormous. They are seeking loans of millions to carry them along, hoping against hope. German ships could not be tricked into American dummy ownership during the war, and after the war, be re-transferred to the German flag. The allies would carefully watch such bogus and immoral registration, and have a good cause in international law. America signed the London Naval Conference in 1909, which would prevent it buying the marine of a defeated power any time after declaration of war. British bottoms are for sale, and more and more will be for sale, because of the commercial

disturbance and the employment of Britain's naval reserve on warships. Then why does not American money grasp at the opportunity? Because American owners have preferred to invest in shipping that flies foreign flags, where the salaries of officers and wages of crews are lower. Therefore, private ownership seems to be a failure, though personally I hope it will come in, in time. Subsidy seems to be repugnant to the present state of American feeling, though I think America should pay generously for mail service. What is at least an initial way out? The British Government and private capital are in partnership in the Cunard and P. & O. and other lines. The American Government is a successful steamship owner and operator in the Panama steamship line. Why cannot the Government extend the nuclei of Government lines? This will take care in itself of Government insurance of cargoes, now practised by Britain. I hope Congress will authorize the Government to purchase vessels

not over ten years old; and to rapidly go into steamship building, and radiate a nucleus service into all fields, including the Far East, South America, South Africa, Australia, as well as Europe. Absurdly high wages to officers and crews, especially where they are foreigners, should not be expected, nor should Lascar and Oriental crews be hired, except on vessels plying to India, China, and Insulinde. By offering a twenty per cent. increase over wages now paid on European ships, America ought to be able to recruit and keep a maritime service. If there is difficulty in securing officers, navy officers should be drafted temporarily, so as to establish the lines at once. America should not delay in getting back on all the seas, and remain there, second to Britain; and in belligerent Germany's place. In time, doubtless, private American capital will see its patriotic duty, and fill out these initial Government lines, or indeed take them over under suitable guarantees that are not necessarily paternal.



THE ROAN MARE

BY VIOLET JACOB

WHILE the little country town emptied itself from the fair the stream of outgoing people left a young man standing high and dry in the yard of one of its numerous inns. The ebbing wave had left its mark in every street; and straw, litter, and mud were everywhere. Men were carrying away hurdles and women were collecting with a view to descriptive gossip. The cream of the town vagabondage, which had risen to the surface, was subsiding once more.

Tom Gaitskell now found himself with fifty miles between him and home, and no means of getting there but the couple of newly-bought horses on his hands. He had come to Salington fair on purpose to buy the roan mare whose muzzle was touching his elbow, and it had never occurred to him how impossible it would be to find some respectable man to take his cattle home. His own return place on the coach was secured and paid for, but that vehicle was by this time rolling along some miles out of Salington with his seat empty. This angered Tom, who was a thrifty youth of moderate means and practical habits. He had not brought his own servant with him, for the man, who was his general factotum in the stable, was ill, and he had trusted to finding a temporary substitute.

He whistled dubiously between his teeth as he ran his eye for the hundred and fiftieth time over the roan, and in spite of his difficulty, he was humbly grateful to Providence which

had permitted him, by a good fortune he had hardly expected, to become her owner. He had known of her and coveted her ceaselessly for some time and the sight of his old saddle upon her back made everything else insignificant.

He smiled as he remembered the words of his rich neighbour, Sir William Headley, whose large property marched with his own little place. In a moment of candour he had confided to him that he meant to buy the mare, and Headley, who also knew her by reputation, had raised his black eyebrows incredulously with the particular expression that had so often irritated poor Tom, and remarked that she would fetch a larger price than Gaitskell supposed. He was one of those superior beings whose whole lives seem to be one long comparison between themselves and the less favoured in purse and in wisdom. There were no comparisons and no envyings in Tom's life. He was a modest, resolute, healthy young fellow who took things as he found them and made the best of them. He made the best of Headley, too, which was just as well, because they lived side by side in times when the country was the country, and the dwellers therein were more dependent upon one another than they are now, when railways have swallowed distance and motor cars have destroyed privacy.

Gaitskell's valise had gone on by the coach and the prospect of an immediate ride on his new acquisition, even along the high road, was enough

to keep him in a good temper. He knew of a road-side inn which would divide his journey into two convenient parts, and he threw his leg across the saddle and took up the halter dangling from the head of the elderly hackney which had been thrown in as a makeweight during the complications of the difficult bargain he had struck. He heaved a sigh as he thought of the lean days coming after his extravagance, but it was a solitary one, for the mare was under him and was conveying to him, by way of her velvet mouth and his own hand, some of the unutterable things that a good horse can convey to its rider the moment he is mounted.

They trotted along the dirty roads. There had been much rain of late and the mud made soft going for horses. The country opened out when they had left Salington behind them and they splashed on by flat water meadows and open spaces where the way ran straight and treeless. It was a dull bit of country, but he arrived at the Plough Inn as dusk fell; the sky had cleared after a wet yellow sunset and things looked more cheerful. In any case he was happy. He led the mare into a stall and attended to her himself, leaving the hackney in the hostler's hands; it was almost with reluctance that he left her and went into the house to see what fare he could get for himself.

He had never stopped at the place, though he had seen it once or twice from the top of a coach, a solitary red building of no pretension, with its signboard and device of a plough and horses swinging on the tall post which stood before it on a triangular plot of grass.

The landlord was a civil fellow, but the little wretched room, no bigger than a cupboard, which was all he had to offer his guest, made Tom decide that a night spent in one of the big chairs of the principal room below would be far preferable to the stuffy little garret above. A lady, it was explained to him, had arrived

and was in possession of the large bedroom; the second-best bedroom was under repair and the third was the uninviting chamber he had refused. The landlord was full of apologies, but the *Plough* was a small establishment at which the coaches did not stop.

Gaitskell was not much put out. He was a hardy fellow and principally concerned about his food, for he was hungry. When, after some delay, it was prepared, he ordered his wine and sat down eagerly to carve the roast duck before him.

He had scarcely got through his first helping when there was a rustle of skirts outside and a lady entered, followed by a maid-servant, who began to lay another place at the farther end of the board. Tom rose with a bow.

"Sit down, sir," said the new-comer, laying a little leather satchel on the table, "pray do not move. If you will be so good as to help me to a piece of that bird I shall be infinitely obliged. I have come some way and I am hungry."

Gaitskell fell upon the duck before him with knife and fork. It was difficult to say whether he was pleased or embarrassed, for on the one hand, the sudden picture framed by the jamb of the door had been attractive, and on the other, he was rather shy. Perhaps he was a little of both. He only raised his eyes again when he handed his companion her plate. The maid-servant was occupied at the cupboard.

The lady was very slim and very young—so young that Tom marvelled a little at the non-appearance of some parent or guardian who might be delayed upstairs from making a third at the meal. Not that the situation was disagreeable—far from it—for though Gaitskell was shy, he was not one of those cloddish individuals to whom the presence of a strange woman is a pretext for churlish hostility. He was susceptible to voices, too, and this voice had tones that

pleased him and that contrasted curiously with its owner's rather prim way of holding herself. She sat very upright in her high-backed chair, and the little brown velvet cape on her shoulders hung in the straight folds which suggested primness, too. But there was no primness in the brown eyes, bright and sparkling under drooping eyebrows. She had a pale skin and a touch of sunburn on face and hands which the young man, as he noticed these things, did not dislike. The hands attracted him; they were fine and nervous and he wondered what mishap had necessitated the strip of black plaster crossing the back of one of them at the base of the little finger.

Their conversation began with the usual commonplaces of roads and weather, and he soon gathered from it that she was a stranger to this part of the country. Once or twice he smiled inwardly at her unconscious display of the feminine ignorance of locality, which comes from a purely personal point of view. The roads were hateful because they had inconvenienced her, but where, or through what they led was a matter of indifference, so long as she reached her destination. She could not understand, she said, how anyone possessing a comfortable fireside could leave it willingly, and Tom, who began to feel very human sentiments rising towards her, hoped that no sad or unwelcome duty had drawn this flower of delicacy from the sheltered border which was so manifestly its proper place. Her words did not agree with the sun's touch on her hands, but in his mind's eye, the young man could see her sitting, hatless and gloveless, perhaps with a poetry-book on her knee, among the lilies and daisies of a garden, and all was plain to his fervent mind; for it is possible to be alike thrifty, practical, and something of a horse-coper, and to find room for a streak of the romantic in the mixture. He was guilty of spinning out the talk towards the end of

supper, so as to keep her at the table. Probably he would not see her tomorrow morning, possibly never again. A vague rebellion went through his heart, and his spirits dropped. Then he remembered the precious mare in the stable. He had actually forgotten her for the last half-hour.

While he was wondering at himself his companion got up and stood as if irresolute, her little satchel in her hand. Tom rose, too.

"Sir," she began. "I hardly like to ask, and yet we have dined so pleasantly together that I feel I might—would you—will you do me a service?"

"Anything—anything you please, madam," stammered Gaitskell, flushing, and feeling as if someone had given him a ten-pound note.

"It is only this small bag," she continued, letting the fire of her eyes run over him in little flames; "I am obliged to start again from here before morning, and I am going to my room for a couple of hours' sleep. You see I am quite alone, and its contents are so valuable that it terrifies me to think of keeping it with me when I am absolutely unprotected."

Tom's heart stirred within him again.

"It's monstrous to think of you in such a situation!" he burst out, "you who ought never—"

But she cut him short.

"Well, sir," she observed with a smile, "in any case it cannot be avoided. We have to do as we may rather as we would in this world; and it will be less monstrous if you will help me. The landlord told me you mean to spend the night in this room. If you will keep my little bag in your possession while I snatch a rest I shall be grateful indeed."

"Oh, with pleasure!" cried Gaitskell. "It is a small thing you ask."

"But you may get your throat cut," she said demurely. "You should remember that."

"Madam, I am not in the habit of

letting my throat be cut," replied he.

"Oh, I am sure that you are equal to anything," rejoined the young lady, with an amused look which somehow nettled Tom.

"May I suggest that though I do not have my throat cut I may yet disappear with your property? Do not forget that."

"Come, sir," said she, "it is too late for jesting. Besides, I know all about you, Mr. Gaitskell. The landlord—"

"But the landlord doesn't know me!" cried he, "at least, I have never stopped here before. My mere name can tell him little."

"Sir, I am really tired, and longing to rest. Will you, or will you not, oblige me in this?"

"Give me the bag, madam," exclaimed Tom; "it shall not leave my body till you claim it again."

"I knew I was right in asking you," she said, as she held it out to him, "and now, sir, good-night. I will come in when I am ready to start and take it back."

She gave him her hand and turned towards the door. He held it open.

"I shall sleep in security now," she said as she passed out.

Gaitskell put the bag in an inner pocket and buttoned up his coat. It was September, and a fire burned in the grate, so he drew up an armchair and put his feet on the fender. He had a lot to think of. The underlying joy in his new acquisition made a delightful background to the figure of his new acquaintance. He did not mean to keep awake, for he was a light sleeper, and the faintest movement in the room would rouse him. Besides which, no one could possibly suspect him of having the bag. The eight-day clock had struck ten just after his companion left him. He was telling himself that she would probably be starting again soon after midnight when he fell asleep.

The fire was dull when he awoke and the inn as silent as death. There was no movement of departure above

or below, and he laid his hand on his pocket and felt the bag in its place. He opened the door and thrust his head out, listening. Silence everywhere.

He went back and threw on some coals. He had the curious sensation of having been roused by something definite, though he could not tell what it was. An intolerable restlessness was on him and he longed to go out to look at his mare; though, of course, the doors were locked and he might rouse the whole place in unfastening them. He went to the window, unlatched it quietly, got through, drawing down the sash behind him, and slipped round to the stable. From the distance, up the road along which he had come that day, floated the retreating sound of horse's hoofs.

As he approached the building in which he had left the mare, a puff of wind clapped the doors to. That surprised him, as he remembered fastening it as he came out. He struck a light and entered, to find the stable empty. The rug he had borrowed for the mare lay on the ground and his saddle and bridle had disappeared from the peg on which he had set them. The hackney had vanished, too.

For a moment Tom stood absolutely bewildered; then a cry of rage broke from him and he dashed out into the darkness and listened; the sound of hoofs came to him again, more faintly now. He rushed back into the stable and groped about for a lantern. There was a chance, only a chance, but he would try it.

His hands were cold and he was shaking with anger and excitement. That he had been robbed was perfectly certain and some hint of unusual movement must have come to him through the muffled cloak of sleep. It was probably the step of his precious mare that had brought him back to consciousness.

He found the lantern where he had left it when he went in to supper, and dashed with it into the adjoin-

ing building, which was the landlord's own stable. As he held it up the light fell on a gaunt bay with a well-bred head which was dozing in the stall. It was the work of a moment to snatch up his host's saddle lying on the corn bin and to choose a bridle from a couple hanging on pegs. He crammed the bit into the bay's mouth and dragged the surprised beast into the yard. There was not a trace of the vehicle which must have brought the strange young lady to the inn, but Tom was not thinking of her nor of her property, which was bulging out the breast of his coat. He merely stopped to pick up an ash-plant from a corner, and mounting, started off down the road.

It was a light night, and Gaitskell, who had an instinctive observation of outdoor things, remembered that the broad grass-strip by the wayside was good going. He rode on to it and kicked the bay into a canter. If once the thief knew himself to be pursued, the start he had got and the pace of the mare would allow him to laugh at his pursuer, but if the latter could gain on him unheard, the business might take a different turn. The bay seemed to be no slug, and he was thankful to find him perfectly sound. He pulled up after a little and was rewarded by hearing the steady trot of eight hoofs not far ahead. The thief was not pressing the pace, no doubt believing himself to have got away in absolute security. Tom's heart beat like a hammer, and he pressed his knees into the saddle flaps. The moon was coming out from behind a cloud and was sailing on her mighty voyage, an almost perfect globe. A cross road was close before him, and he could see the horseman, who had turned sharply to the left, almost broadside on at the other side of its hedge. The bay neighed loudly and further concealment being impossible, Tom stuck in his heels and tore round the corner.

As he did so the rider in front looked round, and then, leaning over

the mare's neck, went off at a gallop. The hackney was struggling alongside, an encumbrance to the mare, and Gaitskell was near enough to see that the thief was trying to cast off its halter, which was evidently knotted into the mare's rein.

For a few minutes they raced along. Tom gaining a little, thanks to the way in which the hackney was hampering its companion. They had turned off the high road, and the one they were on grew worse at each stride, for the rain had washed the levels and filled the hollows with boggy mud.

Suddenly the roan's foot went into a treacherous hole full of stiff mire and she lurched forward and fell, shooting her rider a yard in front of her, and Gaitskell, almost alongside, was carried on a couple of horse's lengths before he could pull up.

When he did so, the mare was on her legs again, and the hackney's halter, which had either come loose, or was broken by the wrench, was dangling free. The thief had rolled over like a shot rabbit, but he was up, a short, slight figure, and as Gaitskell made a snatch at the roan and caught her, the youth, for he seemed no more—seized the hackney by the mane and swung himself on to its neck. He was off like an arrow, leaving Tom standing by his recovered treasure.

It was only when the young man had examined the roan and found her unhurt that he had time to take in the strangest part of his strange adventure, and to remember that when his enemy's hand clutched the hackney's mane, the moon, riding high above them, had showed him a black strip across his knuckles below the little finger!

Gaitskell stood open-mouthed, watching the rider disappear. He had no mind to pursue, nor could he have done so, with the landlord's beast on his hands; he was so thankful to get his mare back that he scarcely considered the loss of the other horse. He was not more than a mile and a

half at most from the *Plough*, and he resolved to return there, to rouse his host and to make his way on homeward without delay.

A couple of hours later found him again on his road. He had got no information from the astonished landlord, who could only tell him that the young lady had arrived in a chaise that afternoon; she had taken her room for one night, informing him that she expected to be met by her father and to continue her journey.

The autumn and winter passed by uneventfully for Tom Gaitskell. His efforts to trace the rascal who had made so bold a bid to rob him of his beast were of no avail, but though he never heard either of the thief or of the hackney again, he took his loss with a philosophy which was helped on by the many good days with hounds that he enjoyed on the mare. Sir William Headley had a good deal to say about the episode, which, as he pointed out, was a thing that could never have happened to him; but Tom bore even that with equanimity, reflecting that his neighbour had little chance of patronizing him in the hunting-field, because the latter seldom saw more of him nowadays than his coat-tails. Sir William explained that he looked upon hard riding as unsuitable, as his neck had been made more valuable by the fact that he was engaged to be married. The wedding was to take place in the late spring and was to be a grand affair.

The rooks were cawing one Sunday morning, and the first white wood-anemones were starring the coverts between the hazel roots when Gaitskell sat in his place in church. His spotless white stock was frayed and his bottle green Sunday coat shabby, and though he was aware how badly he needed a new one, he was also aware how little money he had to pay for it. He sighed, for the economies he had foreseen were in full swing, and he was far too modest to suspect that few people who saw his open

face and handsome figure would trouble themselves to think of his clothes.

On the farther side of the aisle from his seat was the square family pew of Sir William Headley, with its crimson cushions and footstools and its table in the middle, on which lay a row of prayer-books with the Headley arms stamped in gilt upon the leather.

Sir William was on his knees, his eyebrows raised as usual, and his fine voice giving a distinction to the "amens" as they came. On either side of him knelt a lady, for his intended bride had been brought by a relation to make the acquaintance of her future home, and was staying in the neighbourhood. The wedding was six weeks off.

Tom had come in late, and as a prayer was going on, had tip-toed quietly to his place, and when he had settled himself, his glance strayed across the aisle to the Headley pew, parallel with his own. Miss Jane Lambert, the future Lady Headley, was the nearest to him of the group it contained, for Sir William's carved arm-chair was at the end of the table, and its owner would have thought it little less than sacrilege to sit anywhere else.

Tom could not judge whether she was pretty or plain, for all he could see was the brown hair under her beaver hat and a pair of slender hands covering her face. She was simply, almost shabbily dressed, and Gaitskell felt a certain pity for this young creature, at least fifteen years the junior of the superior being with whom she was to pass her life. He had heard that she was poor, and it had been reported that her father was under some obligation to Sir William, though he did not know whether to believe that or not.

Tom wondered if she was happy. He could not imagine any woman being happy with Headley. Perhaps the square pew contained a tragedy, but equally, perhaps not. In all probability she had jumped at the chance

offered to her and was, even now, thinking less of her prayers than of the splendours and luxuries to come.

He looked at the engagement ring on her bare hand, and then his attention fell on a deep scar close to it, red on the smooth skin; and his mind flew back to the *Plough Inn*—to a muddy cross-road—to a slight, boyish figure whose hand clutched a horse's mane as it swung itself on to the beast's back in the moonlight.

At this moment Sir William's impressive voice rolled out on the top of the "amen," the congregation rose, and the eyes of Jane Lambert and Tom Gaitskell met.

There was no doubt now.

Gaitskell sat by the fire in the dusk of the following evening. The lights were not lit, but he had come in early, and he lay back in his chair with his hands in his pockets considering.

The complicated part was that he had property of hers in his possession, for her little leather satchel was still lying in the pocket of the coat he wore at this moment. He did not know, to this day, how much it contained; for the small heavy packet inside it was sealed, and it had not entered his calculations to break the seal of anything not belonging to himself. Many and many a time he had been on the point of locking the bag up in his strong box, but some feeling into which he had never inquired closely had always stopped him. The thing was heavy against his side now. He took it out, turned it over and put it back. "It shall not leave my body until you claim it again," he had said to her. Of course, he ought to see her and restore it—

He looked up as his servant came in saying something unintelligible about "a lady," to find the knotty question solved, for Jane Lambert stood before him in her little brown cape.

He jumped up, too much astonished to offer her a chair.

"Nobody knows I have come," she said breathlessly, without pause or

greeting. "Mr. Gaitskell, I have come to bring you the price of the horse."

She held a packet out to him. He put his hands behind his back.

"Take it, sir, I beg of you to take it! If you knew how I have schemed and pinched to bring you this you would not have the heart to refuse it. Oh, you are hard!" she cried, as he made no movement. Her voice shook a little.

"You did me a service, or what you thought was a service," she continued, "and I cheated you. I have often thought of it since and hated myself for what I had to do. And now I have brought you this and you will not take it!"

Though he could scarcely see her face in the dusk he knew that she was crying.

"You know I have had everything against me," she broke out; "there is only my father, and I am obliged to obey him. He used to help my uncle until he had an accident, and since then I have had to take his place. It is a large business, carried on abroad, and the horses are shipped to France. Nobody on earth could suspect that my uncle is its agent. I can ride well, you see, and no one suspects a girl. I was brought up to it."

"You were brought up to steal horses? You?"

"Yes."

"Poor child!" he cried.

"I have often enjoyed it," she said, simply, drying her eyes. "But not all of it. And I hated cheating you. Now, sir, I must go. Once more I implore you to take the money! I have been laying plans to find you all this time, and when I saw you in church yesterday I felt as if fate, for once, had some concern for me."

"But you said you knew all about me. You told me that at the inn."

"I knew your name," answered Jane, "because I asked the landlord. The rest was nonsense. That is the horrible part of my life—I have to say things that are not true."

"And I, too, have something to give you," he said, taking the little leather satchel from his pocket.

"There is nothing in it but a piece of lead," said she. "I think that was the worst part of all."

"It has been in my coat ever since!" said Tom.

There was a silence. Then she laid the packet she had brought on the table.

"I am going," said she, groping towards the door.

The fire had burned up and the flame lit the room. He could see the tears falling; one glittered on the brown cape. He stood irresolute. Then he sprang towards her and took her hand—the hand with the scar—holding it between his own as he might have held the hand of a hurt child.

"You know without being told that I will never betray you!" he cried. "Thank God, there will be no more need for these dreadful things now!"

She turned vehemently towards him.

"There are worse things than stealing horses!" she cried, "at least they will be worse for me! Ah, Mr. Gaitskell! perhaps the kindest act you could do for me would be to tell the truth to Sir William—to tell it to everyone you meet! to tell every soul that sat in that church yesterday! There would be prison for me—perhaps transportation—but there can be worse things than that, too! My tongue is tied!" she exclaimed. "My father is a crippled old man. How could I let him suffer? There is no help for it. Give me my little bag."

"Let me keep it," begged Tom. "Let me have it to look at sometimes! It will remind me—"

But he did not say what it would remind him of, for he broke off short and threw his arms round her. He kissed her passionately.

"I must go," she said, as she released herself, "but I will not forget. I shall never forget."

There was a movement in the house. Someone had entered the hall and

was speaking quietly to the servant. Then a door shut.

Jane stood still, and to both of them came, for the first time, the sense of their unusual situation. They had been too much occupied by the naked truths of life to think of its conventions. A shyness came over them.

"Wait," said Tom, "stay where you are. Perhaps it may be some message, and the messenger will go in a moment. I will go to see."

"No, no, don't leave me alone!" said Jane nervously.

Her face paled as a step came to the threshold; but it was only the servant who had brought her in, holding a letter.

"Sir William Headley was here, sir," said he. "He wrote this in the other room. He told me to take him there."

They could hear the visitor walking away from the house. The letter was folded and sealed with one of Gaitskell's wafers. He opened and read it:

"Sir,

"I had taken the trouble to walk to your house in order to bring you a personal invitation to meet the future Lady Headley; but the fact that you sit with undrawn curtains has revealed to me that I might have spared myself the effort. The tableau which you were good enough to arrange for me also suggests an acquaintance of some standing. I am unable to repeat my invitation, as from tonight the lady I mentioned no longer exists; and I will sign myself,

"Your obliged servant,

"WILLIAM HEADLEY."

Gaitskell glanced at the unshuttered window, which he had completely forgotten. It was quite true. Not a blind was drawn. It was now dark outside and the firelight must have turned the room and its occupants into an illuminated picture for the eye of anyone passing outside.

"Read this," he said.

She obeyed.

"Oh, Jane! Jane! take me instead!" cried Tom.

Then she drew a breath of relief.



THE KITCHEN'S
QUEEN

From the Painting by Anna Airy, A.R.E.
Exhibited by the Canadian National Exhibition

SAM SLICK LETTERS

BY A. WYLIE MAHON

A MOST interesting collection of Judge Haliburton's unpublished letters has just come to light. They cover the years from 1837 to 1847, the most fruitful literary period in the life of this most distinguished man of letters that Canada has produced, the father of American humour, as Artemus Ward called him, the creator of the immortal Samuel Slick of Slickville. These letters were written to his most intimate friend, Judge Parker, of the Supreme Court of New Brunswick, who was a real Jonathan to his David.

The relationship existing between these two most notable colonials of their day, as revealed in these letters, was very beautiful. Those were the good old days when friends took time to keep their friendship in repair, when letter-writing was not a lost art but one of the most interesting forms of literary expression.

Although a long stretch of the tides of the Bay of Fundy rolled between Windsor, Nova Scotia, the home of Judge Haliburton, and St. John, New Brunswick, the home of his friend, and although the means of communication in those days were irregular and uncertain, these two friends loved to share with each other their fruits and flowers. One year Judge Haliburton found it necessary to send a basket of green gages before they were ripe, for he feared that there might not be another opportunity. It was, he tells his friend, vexatious that his "plumbs"—plums were "plumbs" then—would not ripen in time to go by the Bay packet. If the plums were not to blame for not

regulating themselves by the packet's sailing the vessel was to blame for not regulating her sailing by his green gage trees.

These two families had much in common. They were both interested in education and art, in law and literature, in church and state, as well as in horticulture. The letters breathe a spirit of the warmest and purest friendship. Over and over again the writer, who was then making for himself a great name in the literary world, urges his friend to visit him, that they may again look into each other's faces and hear each other speak, and, we may add, crack jokes together such as no other jokesmiths have ever surpassed, and make puns which for their very atrociousness Charles Lamb himself might well hide his diminished head.

Judge Haliburton and his charming wife, who was as fond of art and literature and landscape-gardening as he was himself, had converted their spacious grounds into a thing of beauty, a kind of glorious fairyland, where great banks of beautiful acacias blossomed, and gorgeous flowers bloomed, and long tree-lined avenues led around Piper's Pond, the weird haunted spot, where a poor bugler met his sad fate in the long ago, and where, it is said, the strains of his sad piping still float out on the midnight air, to the quaint, one-storied house, where the immortal Sam Slick books, so full of worldly wisdom and quaint conceits and cute sayings and irresistible humour, were written—a house which for over fifty years has attracted a throng of tourists.

When Judge Parker was recovering from a somewhat serious illness Judge Haliburton wrote him in the following encouraging, comforting strain:

"After a very severe and trying fever, which I had in 1829 at Annapolis, I found a very beneficial change in my constitution. Renewed health brought an increase of appetite and strength. I grew stouter and stronger and have enjoyed better health ever since. About forty years of age is one of the periods that the constitution suffers a sort of fermentation in the blood, like other liquors, which if it passes off quietly is more apt to be beneficial than otherwise, at least such is one of my crotchets, and I think there is something in it. I trust in God you will find it so, and that you may be long spared to your family and friends, and to the Province, to which you are so useful in the sphere in which you are placed. I cannot bear to see you write in so sad a strain, and as good spirits contribute more than anything else to convalescence, you must look to the sunny side and cheer up."

This last sentence is a summing-up of Sam Slick's optimistic philosophy of life. In one of his books he encourages a man who was down and out, who complained that it was vain to swim forever against the stream, with this happy advice: "Try an eddy; you ought to know enough of the stream of life to find one, and then you would work up-river as if at flood-tide. At the end of the eddy is still water."

Judge Parker, having heard that some of the members of the Haliburton family were down with scarlet fever, wrote to the Judge, expressing his sympathy, and received the following answer:

"It is not scarlet fever we had—young ladies are more subject to that complaint in garrison towns than in the country—but a scarlet rash that looks like it and is called, I believe, scarletina. It did not last long or leave any bad effects, and, thank God, we are all in good health, jogging on in the old way, a pretty dull unvarying round, but perhaps better for the body and the mind than a gayer and more dissipated one."

Haliburton's notorious propensity for punning reveals itself in this let-

ter in his reference to the epidemic of scarlet fever amongst the young ladies of garrison towns. He seemed incapable of restraining himself from breaking out into punning even on the bench, where he tried to be as serious as a judge, but very often tried in vain. The late Mr. F. Blake Crofton, in his interesting brochure, "Haliburton: the Man and the Writer," tells how a man once begged exemption from jury duty on the ground of having a certain skin disease vulgarly known as the itch. "Scratch that man," promptly directed the Judge. This must have destroyed the dignity of the court for the time being.

In a letter of July 2nd, 1839, Haliburton tells his friend that one of his children is about to leave for Boston, and another for Scotland:

"It is the first dispersion of the flock, one of those epochs in a man's life that makes him feel old; the next is—off the scene. Sic transit."

He makes an amusing reference to what he may expect when his children return, one speaking broad Scotch and the other the Yankee dialect. His only consolation is that this will not be so bad as if one member were to contract both dialects, such as we find sometimes in Boston when a Scotch girl takes on the Yankee dialect without successfully throwing off her mother-tongue.

These letters contain some interesting references to the literary work that the Judge was doing. In a letter of March 24th, 1838, he says with reference to the first series of "The Clockmaker":

"My book has had a prodigious run. In "Blackwood's Magazine" for November, under the title "The World We Live In," you will see a remarkably flattering notice of it."

The Judge was quite right in calling it a flattering notice, for after several pages of quotations from "The Clockmaker," the writer in *Blackwood's* concludes:

may be, that I have little to say
that will interest you, & resume
myself for a good long talk for
when you return to dear little
home, little things will begin to
be magnified to your optics
to things as large as "a piece
of chalk" as the Yankees so
elegantly express it—

All my girls write in
the most and most affectionate
regards to my Father & your
self & believe me dear Father
yours always Th. H. Hurlbut

"The writer of *The Clockmaker* is evidently a capital fellow. We want such to throw a new life even into European literature. Our writers are sinking into insipidity. We say let the writer of Slick's aphorisms try his powers on a subject adequate to their capacity. Let him leave Nova Scotia and come to England. Let him take in hand the sullen vulgarity of our ambitious rabble of legislative tinkers."

A further reference to his books in this letter runs:

"By the last packet I received a letter from Colonel Fox, informing me that Bentley, the publisher, had at his suggestion presented me with a very elegant piece of plate as a token of the estimation in which my talent is held in the motherland, and concluding by a wish to make my acquaintance if circumstances should take me to England. Shortly afterwards I received another letter from him, containing the key of the box in which he had forwarded the salver, and another from Bentley, offering for another volume. I have another volume ready for the press, which is not so local as the other, and I think better suited for English readers. We are no judges of these things ourselves, but I think it better than the first. I intend, therefore, to go home with it and see it through the press myself, and while abroad will lay up materials for *The Clockmaker* in England, which, if this work takes, I will write as soon as I return."

In a letter of June 3rd, 1844, Haliburton writes to his friend, who was experiencing some great sorrow in his family:

"The truth is that a desolate heart, blasted hopes, and a dreary future have taught me that we have little to expect here, and that though the form and mode of affliction may vary, come it must in some shape or another, and that none of us can hope for exemption from a lot common to all. I enter into your experience most fully and feel for you most sincerely."

We come upon passages like this in these letters, which remind us that there is a serious side to the life of the humourist which we are in danger of overlooking. Those like F. Blake Crofton, who have represented Haliburton as a man who "loved fun and creature comforts," and have

failed to grasp the serious side of his life, have done the great humourist and satirist an injustice. We are apt to think that the features of his life, which Joseph Howe brings out in his "Toast to Tom Haliburton," which begins:

"Here's health to thee, Tom! May the mists of this earth
Never shadow the light of that soul,
Which so often has lent the mild flashes
of mirth
To illumine the depths of the bowl,"

is about all there was of worth in Haliburton's life. We have in these letters a revelation, not unlike what we find in Mark Twain's *Autobiography*. A man may present a smiling face to the world and yet have a serious mood deep down in his soul where the best part of his life is lived.

This interesting letter-writer tells us how he saved himself from fits of depression:

"I keep busy—I have to do so— if I am not occupied I become gloomy. I have another book written in two volumes. I thing it my best decidedly. It is a second and last series of the 'Attaché,' and terminates my clockmaking. Whether I shall hereafter write again I know not."

The great humourist's method of curing himself of the blues by keeping busy was a substantial part of Sam Slick's philosophy. Sam never tired of teaching that the bread of idleness is apt to be stale and sometimes a little grainsour. Haliburton's latest book is always his best. It is said that most preachers think in the same way about their sermons.

One of these letters contains a model apology for not acknowledging his friend's letters more promptly which those who are similarly afflicted should commit to memory for handy reference. He says:

"Your kind letter and its accompaniment met me on my return from the Shore Circuit, to put me to shame. If you were not the kindest as well as the best of friends my fortunate habit of procrastination would have forfeited for me your good opinion, as it has one by one most of my friends. I have neither wanted

time nor opportunity nor inclination to write, nor a faithful monitor to remind me daily that I should write to you, and I have always most sincerely promised myself to do so to-morrow, but, alas, to-morrow has its to-morrow, till to-day and to-morrow cease to be. If you were disposed to censure you could not do so so severely as I do myself, because I feel that I give good ground to distrust my sincerity when I defer that which can be done so easily and which always gives me pleasure to do. Blame me, my dear fellow, as much as you please, for I deserve it for the habit, but pray think kindly of me, notwithstanding, for of all my early and later friends there is none to whom my heart turns so warmly and affectionately as to you."

Sam Slick says that Nova Scotians yield to laziness and procrastination without any loss of self-esteem. In

this ample apology the Judge classes himself with his procrastinating countrymen, except that he suffers somewhat in self-esteem.

These letters are gracious and full of charm and as free from restraint and reticence as the most ideal love-letters. The distinguished writer knows his friend and is not afraid to let himself go when writing to him. In one of his books he says that reserve is a line-fence which neighbours have to keep up to prevent encroachments. There was no line-fence of reserve between these two friends. These charming letters reveal an earnest, thoughtful man, a friend with a tender heart and a serious outlook upon life.



CURRENT EVENTS

BY LINDSAY CRAWFORD

THE European conflagration is blazing as fiercely as ever. Over the graves of the uncoffined dead the battle-line stretches like an envenomed serpent from the North Sea to the Vosges Mountains, twisting in tortuous convolutions as the surging tide of conflict ebbs and flows over the desolated Kingdom of Belgium and the steel-girt confines of northern France. It is a war without a parallel in the history of the human race. No historian has ever recorded a conflict of such appalling proportions or of such enthralling interest for this and coming generations of men. No painter or poet has ever conceived of a breaking up of the fountains of civilization so awe-inspiring and so far-reaching in its paralyzing effects. The soil of Belgium and France is dyed red with the blood of hundreds of thousands of brave soldiers who but yesterday were in the prime of manhood—living links in the great chain of human activity. Butchered to avenge the death of an Archduke and to satisfy the insatiate lust for power of an Emperor! And the tide of battle still ebbs and flows.

The one insistent fact that emerges from the death-struggle is that this war may last another year. Germany has shot her bolt, it is true, and is on the defensive, but a wounded tiger is a foe not to be despised. On the defensive she can hold out for a long time and inflict terrible losses on the attacking forces of the Allies. On her own soil, surrounded on all sides by implacable enemies determined never to stay their march until the last vest-

ige of Prussian militarism and her power for further mischief are destroyed for ever, one of two things may happen. Brought into immediate contact with the devastating horrors of war in their own land, listening daily to the plaint of German refugees and homeless mothers and sisters drinking to the dregs the cup of misery which was brutally forced to the lips of the Belgian people, the German soldiers no longer keyed up by the romance of war in an enemy's country, may turn and rend the bureaucracy and the war lord. They lack initiative and become an unthinking disorganized rabble when deprived of leadership. This war is thinning the ranks of German officers and there is no available source of supply such as Britain, France, and Russia can draw upon. Anything may happen when the German army is fighting on and living on its own soil. On the other hand, the momentum of military discipline may keep the German soldier in the firing line until Berlin resounds to the tramp of alien armies. Britain is taking no risks. Whether long or short, Kitchener is making ready against every emergency. His "Million Army" is in the making, and when victory is attained no power on earth will rob the Allies of the right to dictate terms. The Germany of Bernhardt, and Nietzsche, and Kaiser Wilhelm must be wiped off the face of the earth. For the German people, conciliation and goodwill if they elect to tread the broad highway of peace with the nations of the earth; for German ambition and haughtiness

arrogance, war to the death. This is the irrevocable decision of the British nation, and the lion and her whelps have both the will and the power to execute their decrees over the prostrate body of the Prussian eagle. From the ends of the earth the call of the Motherland has brought to her aid the sturdy sons of pioneer fathers who have blazed the way for Empire through jungle and forest. Canada has thirty-two thousand of the best she breeds on English soil sharpening their swords for the final assault on the enemy's wavering ranks. Australia and New Zealand have mobilized their fighting men, and South Africa is already in the field against the Germans who have invaded the Union. From far and near the vanguard of civilization is closing in on the butchers who make war on helpless women and children, and great will be the retribution for the cumulative wrongs done to Belgium.

The paucity of news from the front is relieved occasionally by tales of British and Irish heroism that give the lie to the oft-repeated assertions of the decadence of the fighting breeds of the Empire. Who can read without a thrill of pride of the Balaklava charge of the British cavalry brigade that went in two thousand strong and mustered two hundred when the blood-stained squadrons reformed. Four times like a whirlwind they swept through the enemy right up to the guns, sabering the artillerymen at their post. "All that is left of them"—noble two thousand! Regiments that left the British Isles a thousand strong came out of Mons but a mere hundred. What deeds of untold valour lie behind these figures! English, Irish, Scottish—their sacrifices will be remembered among the annals of this century for all time.

The London Chronicle quotes a letter sent to his mother by a private in the Royal Irish Regiment. In the course of it, describing the Germans, he writes: "We are keeping them on the move anyhow, though there's a powerful sight of them, and they al-

ways seem to be able to get fresh men from somewhere to take the place of those we kill.

"There's plenty of hard fighting coming our way these days, and though we suffer cruelly once in a while, we always let them know that we haven't lost our fighting powers, whatever else we may have lost in Paddy's land.

"You couldn't help laughing at some of the tales the German prisoners have about us. When they knew that they had been captured by an Irish regiment they wanted to know why it was that we were not at home taking part in the civil war that was going on.

"Says I to one of them that came off with the blarney in his queer English: 'This is the only war we know or want to know about for the time being, and there's mighty little about it that's civil, to my thinking, with the way you're behaving yourselves in it.'

"I see men of the other Irish regiments now and again, and they're terribly put out over the way these German heathens are destroying churches and sending priests out to starve by the roadside in order that the Germans may be free to live in their swinish way in the houses and churches and sacred buildings.

"There's not a man in any of the regiments—Protestant or Catholic—that doesn't mean to make the Germans pay for this; and, with all their bitterness against our faith, there are Protestants from the north who are far wilder than we are about it, and declare they won't stand by and see such things done by dirty Germans without making a row about it."

An Irish Guardsman writing home says: "We have been under fire two or three times, and have made them run away twice, though they have been about ten to our one. They use the Maxim a terrible lot. They almost rely on it."

The famous cavalry charge of the German Guards against the 12th British Infantry Brigade ended in a des-

perate bout of hand-to-hand fighting, men and horses mixed up in a seething mass of hacking and thrusting men, the German cavalry finally retreating in wild disorder, the boys of the 12th hastening their exit with the bayonet. It was after this fierce encounter that *The Times's* correspondent came across an English soldier sitting by the roadside outside Mons.

"I began to talk to him," writes the correspondent, "and asked him if his wound was hurting him. 'It's not that,' he said, with a doleful shake of his head, 'but I'm blest if I haven't been and lost my pipe in that last charge.' I gave him mine, and he was instantly comforted."

The Munster Fusiliers covered themselves with glory at Charleroi in the retreat on Paris. Two wounded Munster Fusiliers now in Tralee give a thrilling narrative of the battle. The dash of the Munsters to save the guns, they say, was a particularly brilliant piece of work. "The horses were shot from under our men, and then the Uhlans tried to capture our battery. It was then that the Munsters stuck to the guns. They dashed forward with fixed bayonets, put the Germans to flight, captured some of their horses, and as we had not horses enough to draw all the guns we made mules of ourselves, for we were not such asses as to leave the guns to the enemy. We brought them back five miles. On the road to Charleroi the Germans had machine guns mounted on the roofs of the steepest houses and stables." In the course of a letter to his mother in Ireland, Private N. Crowley, of the Munster Fusiliers, who is in an English hospital, writes: "We pulled the guns right through the Germans, firing and swiping all round us. You can tell the neighbours they should be proud of the brave old Munster Fusiliers."

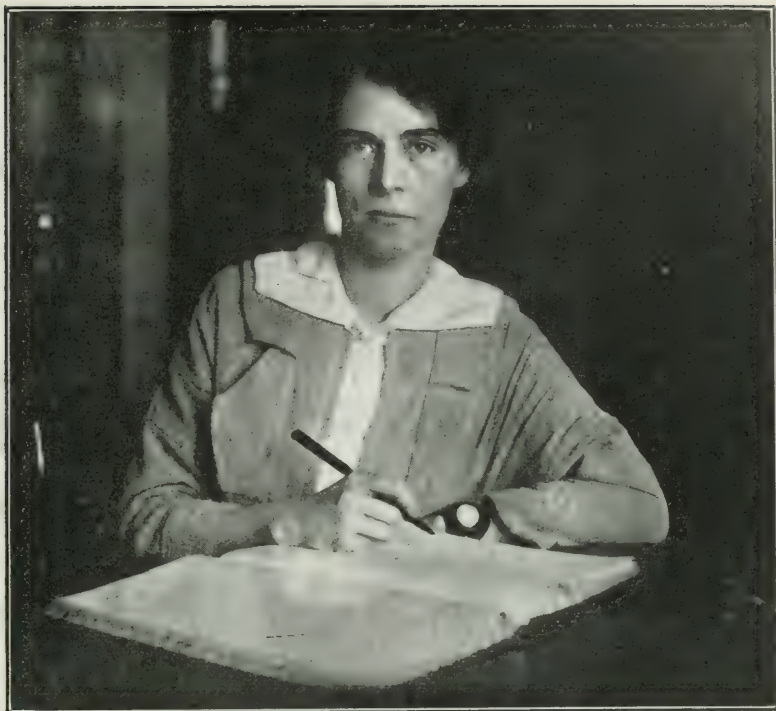
The daring and dash of the British soldiers, their *sang froid*, adaptability, and lively spirits under the most depressing circumstances have won the admiration of the whole world.

"It's a long, long way to Tipperary," the price of victory will be staggering when the bill is paid in full, but the nation that saved Europe at Waterloo will vindicate at the Wilhelmstrasse in Berlin the cherished hopes of peace-loving peoples of every race. Canada has not yet exhausted her resources and is rising nobly to the occasion. The ethical side of this war has taken deep root in the hearts of the people, and not until Germany has expiated her offence against civilization will the sword be sheathed. It is a terrible war, but liberty and peace are priceless possessions.

*

A MARRIED woman in Quebec has no civil rights save those enjoyed by minors and persons indicted for insanity, prodigality or for drunkenness.

But there is one woman in Quebec who is determined to fight for her rights. Mrs. Annie Macdonald Langstaff does not see eye to eye with the lawmakers of Quebec, and is carrying the war into the enemy's camp. Mrs. Langstaff rests her claim to equality of opportunity with men in her profession on her splendid record as a law student and a graduate of McGill University. She entered McGill in October, 1911, and took her degree of Bachelor of Civil Law on May 12 last. Having complied with all the necessary formalities, she applied for permission to enter for the preliminary Bar examinations, which every candidate must pass at least three years before applying to take the final Bar examination for admission to practise in the courts. The preliminary examinations were held in Quebec recently, and, the application of Mrs. Langstaff having been refused by the Bar authorities, she petitioned the Superior Court for a writ of mandamus to summon the Bar of Quebec to show cause why it should not be ordered to grant the application made. The contention of Mrs. Langstaff's counsel is that there is nothing in the Bar Act to say that



MRS. ANNIE MACDONALD LANGSTAFF

Who is fighting for Woman's Rights in Canada

women^t shall not be admitted to practise.

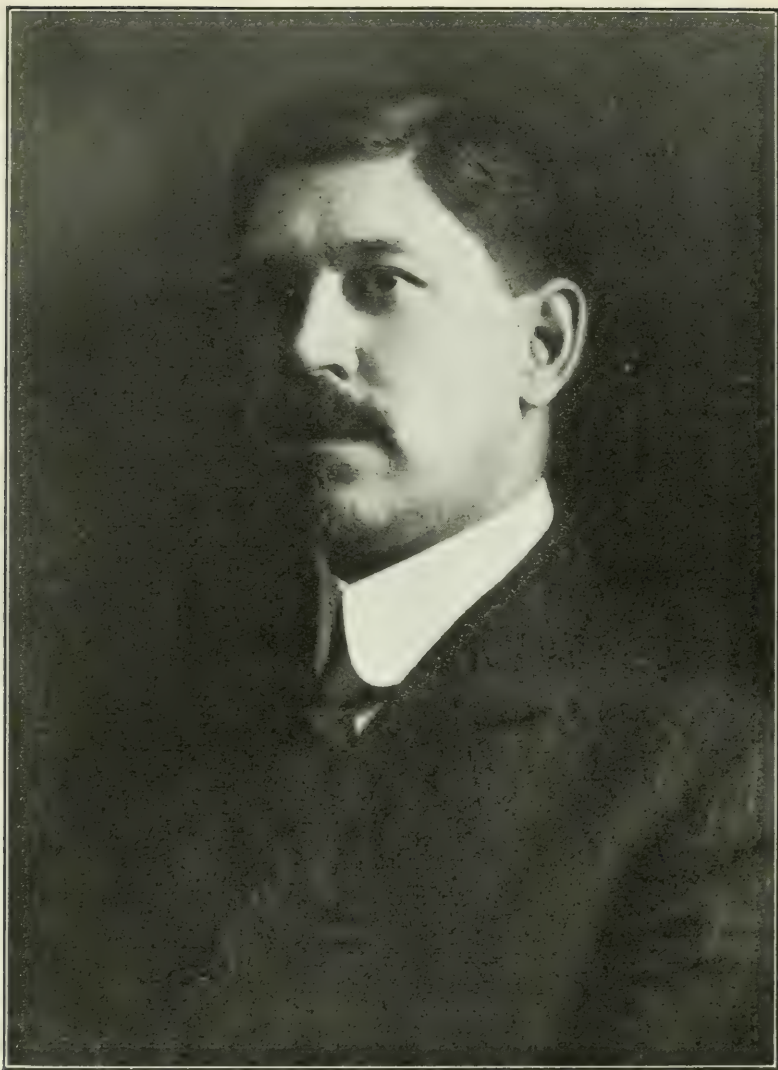
At McGill Mrs. Langstaff took first rank in honours and came fourth in general standing. She also led the class this year on criminal law, and on company law last year. It is not quite clear what motive the Bar of Quebec has in refusing Mrs. Langstaff's petition. Frenchmen, as a rule, are chivalrous, and the last in the world to harbour sex prejudice to the extent of shutting themselves out from the society and comradeship of women. A good deal depends on the personnel of the Quebec Bar.

Mrs. Langstaff is not the first lady to knock at the doors of the Canadian legal profession. A New Brunswick student, Miss Mabel French, attracted public notice several years ago by reason of her successful fight to have herself legally declared a "person" in her native Province, after which she

was admitted to the bar. Later Miss French went to Vancouver, and in the face of much opposition gained admittance to the bar of British Columbia. Miss French was the first woman to practise law in the Province of British Columbia.

It is not known yet whether Mrs. Langstaff, like Miss French, has decided to declare a moratorium in her own interest, but it may be taken for granted that every recourse known to the profession will have to be tried before Mrs. Langstaff succeeds in convincing the Quebec courts that the words "he," "his," or "him" apply to her within the meaning of the Statutes of Quebec.

The contention of Mrs. Langstaff's counsel is that there is nothing in the Bar Act to say that women shall not be admitted to practise. The statutes of Quebec governing the question of admission of candidates to the prac-



MR. SAMUEL W. JACOBS, K.C., MONTREAL

A champion of Jewish Rights in Canada

tise of law were evidently drafted before the present difficulty had been foreseen. While the words "he," "his," and "him" are used throughout the passages referring to admission of candidates, this in itself indicates no intention to exclude women. These words are used in all codes of law in the Province to avoid awkward phraseology and verbosity; but in each and every code they are inter-

preted to include women as well as men. Thus in the Civil Code the word "he" always includes "she," except when the sense obviously indicates the contrary, as in articles dealing with duties and liabilities of husbands.

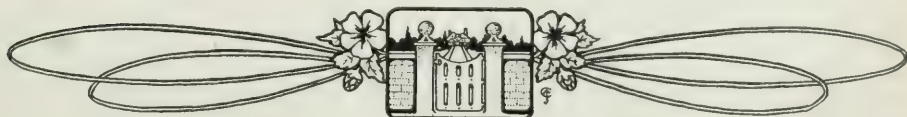
Article 4,531 of the Revised Statutes, which deals specifically with the qualifications necessary for admission to practise the profession of law, does not declare that the can-

didate must be of the male sex, while certain other sections of the statutes dealing with such questions as qualifications of electors in Provincial contests and requirements of candidates for certain municipal or provincial offices declare particularly that these candidates must be "male."

Article 4,531 reads as follows: "No one shall be admitted to practise the profession (of law) unless he is a British subject, has attained the full age of twenty-one years, and has studied regularly and without interruption during ordinary office hours under indentures entered into before a notary as clerk or student with a practising advocate for a space of four years." If the candidate has graduated from one of the recognized law schools the term of indenture is reduced to three years.

Mrs. Langstaff is fortunate in having the legal assistance of one of the ablest lawyers at the Bar. Mr. Samuel Jacobs, K.C., is head of the legal firm in which Mrs. Langstaff studied for three years. New York State retained Mr. Jacobs when Harry Thaw escaped into Quebec. Still on the sunny side of forty, this able advocate is in the front rank of his profession. That he will make a hard fight for his client in this test case goes without saying. Apart from his legal practice, Mr. Jacobs is known from Halifax to Vancouver as the friend and counsellor of his race. He takes a prominent part in the work of the Baron de Hirsch Institute, Montreal, which is largely responsible for the Jewish settlements which are scattered all

over the country. His acceptance of the presidency of this institute was particularly gratifying to all his colleagues on the board. The Jewish Colonization Society, of which Mr. Jacobs is honorary secretary, has planted thousands of good citizens on the land in Canada, and added materially to the wealth of the Dominion. In all this work Mr. Jacobs takes an untiring interest. Up in the beautiful Laurentian Hills, near Ste. Agathe, is the Mount Sinai Sanatorium for the relief of Hebrew consumptives. Charminglly situated in its own grounds is the modern and extensive hospital recently built there through the voluntary contributions of the Jewish community in Canada. In this philanthropic undertaking Mr. Jacobs has been indefatigable. He is virtually the father confessor of the Jewish race in Canada. To him they unfold their troubles and difficulties, and thousands of immigrants owe to his advice and assistance their first successful start in the land of their adoption. Born in this country, Mr. Jacobs is intensely Canadian, and his influence during a general election extends far beyond his own Province. He has travelled extensively, speaks several languages, and is well read. He is a familiar and popular figure in Quebec courts, where his eloquence, subtlety of argument and profound knowledge of the law have more than once called down the encomiums of the Bench. Will the honour be his of opening to woman the locked and bolted door of the Quebec Bar?



The Library Table

SEEDS OF PINE

BY JANEY CANUCK. Toronto: Hodder and Stoughton.

ONE takes up this book with a similar sensation to that with which one resumes a pleasant journey. It is as if Mrs. Murphy, after rest and refreshment, has started again along the trail on which she halted with the completion of "Janey Canuck in the West" and "Open Trails." But this time the trail leads farther northward, into that tremendous country lying beyond Edmonton. We read the book and feel that, immense and new as that country is, we are familiar with it, for we have here seen it in many moods and fancies. Mrs. Murphy has the knack of putting one on familiar terms with her subject, and she has a rare facility in handling those little things which so very often become the big things. The book is full of colour and incident, and we open it at random and take this paragraph as an instance:

"We are invited to the tent of Mrs. Jack Fish, who receives us seated. This is not owing to any lack of hospitality on her part, but because she is very old and quite blind. The Oblate Brothers say she is over a hundred years old, and truly she might pass for the honourable great-grandmother of all Canada. Her son, with whom she lives, minds a wood-pile on the Athabasca, but in the winter he has a house of logs at Tomato Creek, to which he retires. All Indians live in tents from preference and not from the sordid reason assigned them by the would-be poet who declares that 'Itchie, Mitchie lives in a tent' for 'He can't afford to pay the rent.' There are no rented houses in this country, and no man has ever heard of a land-

lord. Every person holds his house, or his several houses, in fee simple. In Great Britain these houses would be designated as 'shooting boxes.' Neither would it be a sign of mental superiority on the part of the traveller to consider Jack Knife's job a menial one. Banking situations or provincial politics may have an importance in the fence country, but in boreal regions the prime test of intelligence is a knowledge of how to handle a boat or an axe."



CHILDREN OF THE DEAD END

BY PATRICK MACGILL. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

THE public has had a surfeit of works purporting to be autobiographical, but rarely, if ever, has it been called upon to read such a work as Mr. MacGill now puts before it. Adventures of tramps on land and sea, of workers and shirkers of many kinds, are plentiful, but the "Children of the Dead End" is something unique. "No doubt I shall have some readers weak enough to be shocked by my disclosures," says the author, but the justification for such a book is that it does shock its readers. Anyone who can go through this narrative unshocked is singularly heartless. It is Mr. MacGill's just claim to admiration that he has dared to produce and publish a work so strangely different from the flabby conventionalities of the age; one that ventures to expose to the light of day the dark deeds of smug saints and the hypocrisies of their pseudo civilization.

The opening chapters of the book scarcely prepare the reader for the

scenes to follow. The charming pictures of rural life in the pleasant Irish glen are over only too quickly, and many a reader will regret that more cannot be learnt of its inhabitants. Dermot Flynn, whose aphorisms and repartees are replete with shrewd wisdom, hits off very happily the characteristics of the folks he lived amongst. The schoolmaster, who, it was thought, "could talk a lot of wisdom if he was not so short of breath"; Old Nan, who collected rags and bottles, "which she paid for in blessings and sold for pence"; Farley McKeown, the rich usurer, and others, are real portraits. Children are shown to have been the chief asset of the poor in the glen, and are brought into the world to earn money for their parents, a matter Dermot, as one of the sufferers, has some very bitter words to say about. When only twelve years old, his mother tells him: "Dermot, darling! Come next May, ye must go beyond the mountains to push yer fortune, pay the priest, and make up the rent for the Hallow E'en next coming." So the poor child is sent away into the world to work, to slave, to sin, without a helping hand, or a warning word from anywhere. He can find no solution for the mysterious problems of life, and has to bid farewell to all he believed in. His innocence was ignorance, and knowledge only shows how deceived he had been. By the light of experience he sees that his belief in the goodness of things is a mistake, and that what he deemed fair is foul. His ideals are destroyed, his feelings disgusted, and he becomes sick of life. "That night," he says, "I turned into bed without saying my prayers, and I determined to pray no more. I had been brought up a Catholic, and to believe in a just God. . . . God behind His million worlds had no time to pay any particular attention to me. This thought I tried to drive away . . . for anything out of keeping with my childish creed entered my mind like a nail driven into the flesh."

THE HOUSE IN DEMETRIUS ROAD

By J. B. BERESFORD. Toronto: S. B. Gundy.

THERE is something about the title of this book that grips one. It is to our mind even a better title than "The House of Seven Gables" or "The House of a Thousand Candles." The word "House" has appeared on the title pages of a great many books. We have had "The House of Windows," "The House on the Hill," "The House by the River," and, of course, "The House that Jack Built." But there is an air of peculiar charm and mystery about "The House in Demetrius Road," and those same qualities distinguish the book. Imagine two men living in the same house with a woman with whom both are in love. One of them is married to the woman. The conditions are unusual and at times the situations are intense and dramatic. There is no exhibition of commonplace drama, but there is on the other hand a splendid revelation of suppressed passion.

*

OLD MOLE

By GILBERT CANNAN. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

THIS is a charmingly written novel, and "Old Mole" is a charming character. Imagine a middle-aged bachelor, the master of the sixth form at Thrigsby Grammar School, a man of peculiar ways, of excellent disposition, and impeachable conduct, sympathizing with a young woman in tears, with whom he happened to be sharing a compartment in a railway carriage. He extended a fatherly hand, but the young woman misconstrued his meaning, and the more he tried to re-establish himself the worse the situation became, until at length, when the train stopped, the terrified lady screamed, and an over-gallant gentleman on the platform seized the schoolmaster and cast him ignomini-

ously from the compartment. "Old Mole" naturally regarded it as an unfortunate episode, but merely an episode; but next day he had his eyes opened to human tendencies when he gradually realized that the scandal had dogged his heels and that it would be necessary for him to resign in order that the dignity and respectability of the school could not be challenged. It so happened, however, that that very evening the schoolmaster and the same young woman, who happened to be on the way to join an uncle who conducted an itinerant theatrical show, met in an unfrequented street and "took up" with each other at once. The result was that "Old Mole" joined the company and married the girl, all of which gives rise to some charming bits of writing by the author. In time, however, the girl runs away from "Old Mole," who reverts to his former condition, and we leave him in a philosophical mood, convinced after all that there are worse conditions in life than that of the bachelor.

*

THE RAGGED-TROUSERED PHILANTHROPISTS

By ROBERT TRESSAL. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

THIS is an age when workers in art, in particular, strive to get back to the source of things, to test their products by the rigid standard of essentials. We find painters, for instance, doing work that looks like the kind of crude drawings we imagine decorate the inside of caves in which people lived thousands of years ago. A Parisian seamstress recently created a sensation by writing a brief biographical sketch. It was praised largely because of its simplicity, and it was accepted as the naïve expression of a simple personality. More recently still we have examples of men

who suddenly enter the literary field from the foundry or the factory. One of these is the book before us, and what makes it valuable is the conviction it carries of being the truth. The author was a house painter and sign writer, a Socialist, to be sure, and while he was alive he made it a practice to record his impressions and observations of the life about him. He left a manuscript, more or less heterogeneous, but an editor was found to undertake the task of putting the material into shape for publication. The result is an intensely realistic picture of life in the building trade in England. The dialogue is at times rough and unpleasant, but one feels as if one is listening to real men and not to beings of someone's imagination.

*

—"Manitoba Memories" is the title of a beautiful little volume of verse by Alexander H. Sutherland. It is published only for private circulation.

*

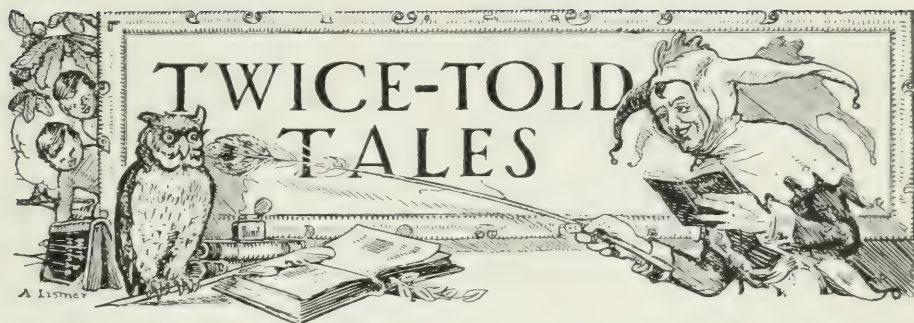
—*The Studio* for September has a splendidly illustrated article on the work of the American painter, F. C. Frieseke, one of the most interesting and vivid artists of a school that is not too impressionistic to be enjoyed by fairly cultured eyes. Among other things in this excellent number are some reproductions of paintings by Maurice Cullen, A. Y. Jackson, and William Brymner, three Canadian Painters.

*

—"Fish and How to Cook It" is the title of a valuable booklet issued free on application to the Department of Naval Service, Ottawa.

*

—The Canadian Woman's Annual and Social Service Directory for 1915 is being issued under the capable editorship of Emily P. Weaver, A. E. Weaver, and E. C. Weaver. (Toronto: William Briggs).



TURN ABOUT'S FAIR PLAY

A little boy was given two images of plaster, coated on the outside with pink sugar. He wanted to eat the images, but he was warned on no account to do so.

"They are poison," he was told. "If you eat them it will kill you."

However, the boy was dubious. He had been cheated before this by grown-up people. Finally he had a young friend to spend the day with him and that night it was discovered that one of the images had disappeared. His mother, nearly frantic, rushed to him.

"Harold," she said, "where is that pink image?" Harold frowned as he answered defiantly: "I gave it to Richard and if he's alive to-morrow I'm going to eat the other one myself."

*

Lucille (earnestly): "Karl, I want to ask you one question."

Karl (also earnestly): "What is it, sweetheart?"

Lucille (more in earnest than ever): "Karl, if you had never met me, would you have loved me just the same?"—*Life*.

Dentist: "Have you been anywhere else?"

Patient: "I went to see the chemist in our village."

Dentist: "And what idiotic advice did he give you?"

Patient: "He told me to come and see you, sir."—*London Opinion*.

*

A LAUDABLE RESOLVE

A New York tailor was praising Andrew Carnegie's extremely well-cut clothes.

"The moving pictures of Mr. Carnegie at French Lick Springs," he said, "show how excellent his clothes are. It takes, let me tell you, very excellent clothes indeed to withstand the ordeal of a set of moving pictures."

"I once ventured to tell Mr. Carnegie that he displayed remarkably good taste in dress. He beamed—the compliment pleased him—and he said:

"From youth up I was determined never to belong to that class of self-made men who look as if they had made their clothes also.'"

EGGED ON TO IT

A farmer in one of the neighbouring townships, who had gone into scientific poultry raising, hit upon the scheme of marking each egg with certain data in indelible ink. His idea was to find which variety of chickens laid best, and then, when the eggs were hatched, attach a tag to the chicken's leg. He soon found that his hired man was negligent about properly inscribing the eggs. One day not an egg was marked, and the farmer read him the riot act.

The hired man listened in sullen silence until the boss finished. Then he said:

"See here. You'll have to get another man."

"Why, Jim, you're not going to leave me after working for me six years?"

"Yes, I am," returned the hired man. "I've done all sorts of odd chores for you without a whimper, but I'm durned if I'm going to stay here and be secretary to any durned hen."

*

Mark Twain, so the story goes, was walking on Hannibal street when he met a woman with her youthful family.

"So this is the little girl, eh?" Mark said to her as she displayed her children. "And this sturdy little urchin in the bib belongs, I suppose, to the contrary sex."

"Yassah," the woman replied, "yassah, dat's a girl, too."

*

John Fox, the author, was sitting in an editor's office a short while ago when a young novelist entered.

"Mr. Fox," said the novelist eagerly, "I value your opinion very much. Now, I want you to tell me candidly what you think of my new book."

Mr. Fox smiled one of his rare smiles.

"No, no," he said hurriedly; "let us remain friends."—*Lippincott's*.

YEAR IN AND YEAR OUT

A woman who never had a garden was unexpectedly afforded the opportunity to possess one wherein she could do just as she pleased. It was, therefore, with careful study that she perused the seed catalogues.

One day her husband came home and found her deep in its illustrated pages. She had a long list of names written on a sheet of paper, which, she announced, contained the seeds which she wished her husband to procure for her.

"You want these flowers to bloom this summer, don't you?" asked her husband, after looking at the list.

"Why, yes."

"Well, then, it may interest you to learn that those you have put down here don't bloom until the second summer."

"Oh, that's all right," said the wife. "I am making up my list from a last year's catalogue."—*Exchange*.

*

Saunders, a Highland keeper, made surliness almost an art. A gentleman said to him one glorious autumn morning:

"Fine day, Saunders."

Saunders grunted.

"Saunders, I said, 'fine day,' " the gentleman persisted.

"Verra weel, verra weel," said Saunders. "I dinna want tae argue."

*

At a dinner which J. Henry Harper, author of "The House of Harper," once gave to William Black, the English novelist, William Cullen Bryant, responding to a toast on poetry, remarked that though the novelist had laid society under great obligations, the poet must not be forgotten, since it was to him that we are indebted for some of our labour-saving devices. "What," he asked in his gravest manner, "could be more useful, more winning, more worthy of being remembered than that immortal song"—here the audience waited in breathless silence — "beginning, 'Thirty Days Hath September'?"



GRANDMOTHER

From the Painting by Jacob Maris in the National Art Gallery of Canada



THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

XLIV

TORONTO, DECEMBER, 1914

No 2.

HERE AND THERE IN BELGIUM

BY ESTELLE M. KERR

ETCHINGS BY DOROTHY STEVENS

IT was in Dieppe that the spirit moved us to go to Bruges, a place seemingly not far away, if one followed the coast-line on the map. The voice of the spirit must have been loud indeed, for it moved us in spite of the tremendous difficulties that railway transportation put in our way. For it was made clear that the quickest route was to return to London and re-cross the channel to Ostend. We elected to take the only other way left open to us, and this necessitated our spending the night in Paris. The attractions of that city were such that we missed our train, and another day, as well as all our cash, was spent, but at last we arrived at Bruges, in the rain, tired and bedraggled, only to find that our baggage had been left on the frontier. It is true that when we passed the boundary, two individuals in cocked hats had opened the door of our compartment and addressed us volubly in Flemish, but we had paid little attention and had refused to obey their gesticulations and leave the comfort-

able seclusion of the train. However, luggage has a habit of turning up in times of peace, so we sighed to think we had never overcome our objection to hand luggage, and made our way to *L'Aigle d'Or*, where mine host himself took our shoes to be dried by the kitchen fire and brought us afternoon tea and a delicious confection called *biscuit de Bruges*.

We leaned out of our window and looked into the rain-splashed square. I, the scribe, was somewhat depressed at its appearance, but the etcher wanted to get to work at once, for directly opposite was the famous belfry that has watched over the square for six hundred years. This fact, extracted from my guide-book, cheered me. I was also pleased to learn that the bronze gentlemen on the monument beneath us were Peter de Connick, dean of the Guild of Weavers, and John Breidel, dean of the Guild of Butchers, who roused the citizens of Bruges on the famous occasion known as Bruges Matins, and killed two thousand Frenchmen.



Etching by Dorothy Stevens

THE HOTEL DE VILLE, BRUGES

Next to our *Golden Eagle* were the *Cow* and a number of other cheap cafés and insignificant shops, but about all the buildings there was an air of bygone splendour: and when the guide-book assured us that from the windows of the building on our right lords and ladies of the Flemish court used to watch the tournaments and pageants in the square below, and that the knightly Maximilian, when he fell from favour, was imprisoned there by the burghers of the town, we looked at it with new interest. Then when the chimes, the best chimes in Belgium, began to strike, we were properly thrilled. We were less enthusiastic when they rang again a quarter of an hour later: and when far into the night, they still kept ringing, we called forth all sorts of maledictions on Maximilian or whoever it

was that put them there. We were even ready to believe the guide-books of Malines and Antwerp when they afterwards assured us that it was their cathedral that possessed the best chimes in Belgium.

Early next morning we were aroused by an unusual commotion. It was Saturday and the town was filled with country-folk bringing wares to market. The fruit and vegetables were piled on two-wheeled carts drawn by strong dogs. Sometimes two or three dogs were driven together, but more often one harnessed to one side, aided his mistress, who pulled on the other side. When they reached their accustomed place the dog went to sleep in the shade of the cart, while his mistress seated herself on a camp-stool and proceeded tranquilly with her knitting until a customer arrived.



THE FAMOUS BELFRY OF BRUGES

The milk-vendors, passing on their morning rounds, were particularly picturesque, with their carts filled with bright copper cans and drawn by sturdy Flemish dogs. Sometimes an equally sturdy Flemish girl, her

fair hair showing beneath a white cap, walked beside, and the housewives brought their pitchers to be filled.

The Saturday market included clothing of every description, sabots, cheap pottery, and quantities of brass



THE CHURCH OF ST. NICHOLAS, GHENT

and copper carefully dinted to persuade the innocent tourist that it was really old. The people conversed in flat Flemish, but changed to a mongrel French and sometimes to broken English when we approached. But we weren't going to waste the lovely morning bargaining with them, and the etcher was keen to set up for work.

"Why don't you climb the tower while I lay the ground for my etching," she suggested. "You might write a poem about it," she added maliciously, "Longfellow did."

I started up the dark stairs, which wound higher and higher, till my brain began to reel. What was the poem? Ah, yes, "Excelsior." More turns—would I, too, be found, half buried by a faithful hound, or would I fall to the bottom?

Unpleasant sounds of fat French breathing suddenly warned me that someone was behind. He was gaining on me. Soon he would clutch me, if I did not make my presence known. What could I say? All my French had left me. I could not even remember a sensible word of English, but



MALINES

Showing Tower of the Cathedral at St. Rombaut. This fine old structure was damaged by Germans in September

I managed to stammer out "Excelsior!" Just in time! The bulky mass swerved to one side with a "Pardon, mademoiselle," squeezed past me as I flattened myself against the wall, and went puffing on, while I staggered behind, but ever upward, into the light.

The view was almost worth the effort, for in the distance modernism vanished and Bruges revealed itself as a mediæval city of houses with high-pointed gables and red-tiled roofs, intersected by canals and narrow streets, above which, from among trees and gardens, rise venerable

buildings, while beyond the stone gateways of the town stretch the wide and fertile plains of Flanders. Then the chimes pealed forth, and the hour struck—one, two, three—would they never cease? I put my fingers in my ears, but the whole earth seemed to reverberate. At last they reached twelve, and I breathed once more. But no; still another, a bell, was struck by hand with one sharp note. This was the signal given by the watchman that all is well; I was surprised to find two old men living up there, like the keepers of some remote lighthouse, for they rarely descend to earth. They look after the vast machinery of the chimes and give the signal of fire—a flag by day and a light by night—to all parts of the city. They also warn the inhabitants of the approaching enemy, and in their spare time, with true Belgian thrift, they cobble shoes, while other odd coins come their way in the tourist season.

"Ah, madame is English? She would like to see the 'House of the Seven Towers,' where King Charles II. lived in exile? It is there, and yonder is the Guildhall of the Archers of St. Sebastian, where Charles had the golden Bird of Honour hung around his neck."

Poor Charles! He and his court were always in debt; they could not even pay for their meals during their stay in Bruges, and he had to leave his furniture behind him for arrears in rent, but he was well liked there nevertheless, for he entered into the sports of the people, and was playing tennis when the news of the death of Cromwell was brought to him. The town is still a resort for impecunious English gentry, and perhaps it is the cheap living as much as the beauty of Bruges that attracts such a large colony of artists there every summer.

I would have lingered in the tower, but a sound warned me that the chimes were about to ring again and I fled down, down, into the dark,

with the bells ringing in my ears.

In the square below the etcher was at work, seated at a table in front of a café. The people glanced at her as they passed by, but she was undisturbed, for artists are no novelty in Bruges. As I approached, however, an old woman planted her hands on the little iron table and thrust her face close to that of the etcher, who recoiled a little, but went on with her work.

"*Qu'est-ce que vous faites là?*" said the old woman.

"*Rien du tout,*" replied the etcher, who prides herself on her French accent. Whereupon the old woman broke out in a strong Irish brogue.

"Aha! I knew you were not French. If you were French you would be more polite!"

I walked about the town, and everywhere I saw artists painting—painting the canals and the red-roofed houses, the stone bridges and the swans, painting the historic buildings, the quaint narrow streets and the cobble-paved squares. In the Place du Bourg, beneath the shade of the trees, were a group of German art students, mostly girls, who were studying with a popular artist from Munich. They were daubing away vigorously, but their work was interspersed with a good deal of laughter. It was clear that they liked to be near one another, in order to carry on the arts of painting and conversation at the same time.

I sat down near the Statue Van Eyck, in the shade of which were women selling flowers, while rows of potted geraniums and pansies were laid out on the pavement. Now and then a black-robed nun or a barefooted Carmelite passed by, and between the trees and the group of artists I could get a glimpse of the beautiful Hotel de Ville. I tried to imagine the scene in the days when the Flemish court was the most magnificent in Europe, and when the Count of Flanders, attaining to office, would show himself at the window opposite



Etching by Dorothy Stevens

A GLIMPSE OF THE CATHEDRAL OF NOTRE DAME AT ANTWERP

me, and there swear to guard the rights and privileges of the city. The facade is ornamented with niches containing statues of these Counts, which were destroyed during the Revolution by the French, *sans culottes*, but afterwards replaced. In the Belgian town-halls the art is expended on the exterior, and within there is little worthy of notice—very nice, too, for a lazy tourist on a sunny day! But I wandered in later, and there saw an indifferently painted fresco of the return from the Battle of the Golden Spurs, that famous fight in which the hardy peasants overthrew the knights of France which Philip, the Fair, had sent to avenge the blood of the Frenchmen who had died on Bruges Matins.

The old square has seen much, but never an afternoon more peaceful than the one I spent in the shadow of the Statue Van Eyck. Yet, looking closer, I perceived that here, too, were signs of strife. A bearded artist, whom I recognized as a well-known French landscape painter, was standing near me with an easel under one arm and a half-finished canvas under the other. He frowned severely on the group of chattering students and then at his canvas. Clearly the German girls were in possession of his position. He frowned a while longer, then turned on his heel and departed. Shortly afterwards the etcher came in sight. I hailed her, and she sat down behind me.

"I've got a plate ready for the Hôtel de Ville," she said. "Charming, isn't it?"

"But there isn't a foot of ground vacant," I objected.

"Oh, I'll sit down right in front of those girls. I don't take up much room."

This was true. Hunched up on a low stool with her plate in her lap, no one could say she obstructed the view—at least, the German girls didn't. But soon a troop of children coming from school spied her. Now, artists who painted impressionistic pictures

on large canvases were quite common, but a lady who drew in gold lines on black was a novelty. In vain did the artists behind scold and entreat them—the children would not go. One by one the students gathered up their paints and left. Then did the bearded artist appear from behind the Statue Van Eyck, and with a malicious smile on his face set up his easel. Had he perchance bribed the children? I wonder. Did the old Place du Bourg on that day witness a battle in which a company of Germans were put to flight single-handed by a Frenchman, and was my little friend, the etcher, his unconscious ally?

In the evening we found some entertainment in a café called *Vieux Bruges*, the walls of which are decorated with enormous paintings representing the old landmarks of the town. You can see all Bruges without going outside its doors. There was also an excellent orchestra, led by an Austrian with long gray hair and still longer side-whiskers, who bowed to the ground and kissed his hands impressively to the ladies after each selection. He looked such a perfect old scoundrel that we were not surprised on hearing, at the beginning of the war, that he had skipped, owing money to nearly everyone in town. To pay for this entertainment we had to order coffee or a *liqueur*, which cost about ten cents, and just as we were getting change from the waiter, out went the lights and a moving picture representing a drama of American cow-boy life flashed on the screen.

During our stay in Bruges we became *habitués* of this place, as were nearly all the foreign artists. We got to know them by sight, and I even recognized an acquaintance amongst the members of an art class from New York, brought there by William Chase, and the etcher was hailed with delight by a youth she had known in her student days in London.

"What are you painting Bruges, too, Mr. Cohen?" she asked.

"Not exactly. I'm pointing out places of interest to the Freekirkers. Sort of Cook's tour, you know, but religious. And, by the way, my name's not Cohen now, I've changed it to Vivian Guy. Pretty thing in names, don't you think so?" and he hurried off to join his party, who were eyeing us disapprovingly.

The atmosphere of Bruges, however, is one of busy industry, and even the artists are up and at work in the early morning. For real frivolity you must go to Ostend, and as the etcher refused to leave Bruges when the sun was shining, even that had its sombre side. The bathing and the parade of fashion is not remarkable in rainy weather. The long line of bathing wagons that have since been so useful in sheltering refugees, were drawn up along the shore, and the pedestrians were hurrying to cover. The enormous Kursall was half deserted, but around the tables sat chic Parisiennes, handsome Russians, and charming English ladies, sipping tea, while waiters hurried about with trays of tempting French pastries.

The town of Ostend is devoid of beautiful architecture, having been thoroughly shelled by various besiegers and swamped eight times by waves, but the buildings along the wide dyke are very pretentious, and while you can get a room at Bruges for four francs, you can pay four pounds a day at Ostend.

It was late at night when we arrived in Ghent, and we took a ramshackle bus to a hotel, which was crowded, owing to the exhibition then in progress, but the clerk directed us to lodgings nearby, and we found ourselves in front of a little café. A fat old woman with a bristly gray mustache showed us in, eyeing us grimly and speaking as few words as possible. She lighted a candle and led us down a long, dark passage and up a steep and narrow flight of stairs into an enormous bedroom, where she set the candle down and left us. In the dim light we could see three large

armoires that might contain—well, anything and lots of it. In one corner was the bed, a huge four-poster, with pictures of the deathbeds of celebrities, only in those pictures there are always a lot of people gathered to see them die, while there were only two of us. Clutching each other's hands, we took the candle and peered under the big black bed, behind the curtains, and into first one *armoire* and then another, and found them to be full of emptiness. But the third (you know in the fairy-tales something always happens)—well, the third *armoire* was locked! The key was in the lock, so we turned it and stepped back a pace. The door with surprising alacrity swung wide open, the huge *armoire* fell over with a terrible crash, extinguishing the candle and pinning the etcher firmly to the floor.

"Are you hurt?" I cried, and a small voice answered:

"No, it didn't fall on me. I'm inside, but I can't lift it. You try."

But the old woman had heard the crash, and came running up with another candle.

"*Mon dieu!*" she cried. "It always does that! That is why I keep it locked. Did you not see there were other *armoires*, two of them, and had you so many gowns?" She glanced contemptuously at our hand-bags.

With a great deal of pulling and pushing we raised it again and set it in place. Then the old woman laughed so heartily that we saw she was not an ogre after all, and when we told her we were tired and cold she made us a delicious cup of chocolate, and we slept peacefully in the bed, where somebody's ancestors must have died. In the morning we ventured to ask her the sum she demanded for so much space, and when she told us it was thirty cents a day each, we almost embraced her.

The morning light made our lodgings look quite cheerful, and we set out early to see the town. We were prepared for the wonderful mediæval

buildings and were not disappointed. But modern Ghent is a flourishing place as well. It is a flower-garden where industry flourishes between the azalias and orchids, for the Belgium flower trade amounts to millions and millions of francs, and for flax and lace it is equally renowned.

It is also a university town, and like all Belgium cities, has a splendid town-hall, but the etcher decided that the early Gothic church of St. Nicholas, the oldest in Ghent, was most worthy of her skill, and with part of a bridge in the foreground and some workmen drawing a barge along the canal, it made a most successful plate.

The Chateau des Contes, with its great moats, is one of the most picturesque places in Ghent, and it was here that I again met Mr. Co—, I mean Mr. Vivian Guy. He was personally conducting a party of Freekirkers around the mansion, calling upon them to admire certain views and talking volubly, especially when he noticed a tendency in one of the party to ask a question.

"Imagine the ladies of the Flemish court, as they sat with their embroidery."

"What date?" I interrupted, but he frowned at me, and when he had a chance he whispered:

"If you want to know anything try Baedeker. I make this up as I go along."

As soon as the etching was finished, we left Ghent and our draped bed and our bewhiskered hostess and the cheerful conversation of Mr. Vivian Guy, who amused us greatly when he wasn't busy with the Freekirkers. From there we went to Malines, where the town by the railway station was dull-coloured and frankly ugly, but the Malines of history, not far away, stood intact in all its dignified respectability, quiet to the point of stagnation. There is an old Flemish market-place framed in old Flemish buildings; an old Flemish moat reflects the old Flemish gable of a hospital, and

the streets are pervaded with a tomb-like silence.

The people were nearly all dressed in black and had a religious air. They eyed us askance and made us feel that our gowns were too bright, too stylish, and that we were altogether too cheerful for the place. The town was spotless, the buildings very white, and the roofs almost cerise, while the very cobble-stones looked as if they were polished daily. And visitors seemed so scarce, we were sure the hotels would welcome us with open arms. But this was not the case. Evidently the people of Malines thought we looked wealthy, for they asked very high prices. In despair we were about to seek lodgings in a convent, and asked a butcher—quite the most cheerful person we had seen—where we might find one. He called his wife, a still more cheerful person, and their little girl trotted after her, the smilingest one of the lot. Madame seemed to know at once that we were neither rich or proud, and said they would be delighted to have us stay with them. We followed her through the shop and up the stairs into a charming room, beautifully clean, and with a fine view of the square. So there we stayed. The etcher adopted the habit of shutting her eyes when she passed through the shop; until one day she bumped into a carcass of beef, after which she dashed through with slightly lowered lids, and probably, had we remained longer, she would have quite become used to the sight, possibly have painted it, as Rembrandt did.

Malines is the seat of the Primate of Belgium, and the palace of the Archbishop stands near the Cathedral of St. Rombaut. The tower is three hundred feet high and would have been still higher had not the sale of indulgences come to a slump while the building was in progress.

The etcher chose the view of St. Rombaut's from across the square, showing the tower with its dial of wrought iron belonging to the larg-

est clock in Belgium, some say in the world. The church was damaged by the Germans in September, but it is to be hoped that a monument of such beauty and historical interest will not be lost to the world, and that the celebrated pictures in Malines by Rubens and Van Dyck have been preserved.

We were glad to leave the too sacred precincts of the town of Malines and set out for the busy metropolis of Antwerp, where we arrived in the rain, and, leaving our luggage this time at a high-class pension, started out to see the town on foot. We had got thoroughly chilled in the train, and the gowns that had attracted so much attention at Malines, looked quite bedraggled. The heat from a baker's shop attracted us, and we paused over the grating to warm our feet. Oh, but it felt good! Suddenly the etcher screamed and bounded away. I, too, felt a prick on my ankle; we looked down and saw a fat cook prodding at us with a long fork! Our dignity was wounded; our pride was hurt, so with one lordly gesture I turned and called a cab. When we got out of the baker's sight we were careful to impress the driver with the fact that we had engaged him for one hour only, knowing their wily ways of charging double fare if you kept them a minute over time. There was such a lot to see, but first—always first in Belgium, we went to the town hall. The etcher was disappointed, for here was a building in the style of the Italian Renaissance; but for pure Flemish character it made up within what it lacked without, and its mural decorations by Leys are remarkable productions of Belgian pictorial art.

The etcher was not enthusiastic about Rubens as an architect, judging by his house and the Jesuit church he designed, but the whole town of Antwerp is stamped with this great master's personality. There was a statue in his honour, a street named after him, or a painting by his hand which ever way we turned; lesser artists

shone in his reflected glory, and people gained distinction through having been his friends.

The beautiful Gothic architecture of the Cathedral of Notre Dame left nothing to be desired, unless it were that the other tower which now rises to only one-third of its projected height, be completed. In the tower are very fine chimes, more careful of their voices than their cousins at Bruges, for they ring only once a week, on Friday at noon.

Much has been written of the wonderful pictures by Rubens in this cathedral, which were graciously unveiled for us to see. These pictures are now sheltered in England, absent from their places for the second time, for they were taken as loot by the French *sans culottes* during the Revolution, but restored to Antwerp by Louis XVIII. at the request of the Duke of Wellington.

The etcher picked out the view of the cathedral she thought best for an etching. It is unfortunate that so many of these wonderful buildings are so tightly pressed on all sides by mean shops and dwellings. That of Notre Dame is particularly crowded, but the tower can always be seen, exquisite, against the sky.

"Now to the Musée Plantin," we told the driver. It lacked ten minutes of the hour, and the museum, our guide-book told us, was not far away, but he turned in a contrary direction and, after following a circuitous route, brought us to another church. We assured him we had no wish to visit it, but he begged, entreated, even commanded us to enter. Meanwhile I studied my map.

"Musée Plantin, vite!" I cried. "No, not that way," for he again tried to take a roundabout road. We arrived at the museum three minutes after our time was up, paid for one hour, with a generous tip, and ran hastily into the museum. He yelled and stormed with rage, called us cheats, collected as much of the populace as he could, and followed us to

the steps, but as it was not a free day the door was closed in his face.

Thus do I, after the manner of my countrymen, tell tales of foreign travel. I once asked a young girl who had just returned from a continental tour, if she had visited Antwerp?

"I'm not sure, but I think so," she said, and then, after a pause, "Oh, yes; that was the place where mother lost her bracelet."

It is hard to think that anyone who has visited the Plantin Museum could forget it, it represents so faithfully the home and printing establishment of a Flemish patrician; and when you have entered into the pleasant quietude of the place, you feel as if the history of the world, which commenced about 1575, had come to a full stop in 1650. The bread in the ovens of the Pompeian bakers has not remained more completely undisturbed than this dead printing-office. The forms are left in the presses, the type in their cases, and the proofs on the tables. But this is an illusion, the work of loving care, for the press was in use during the eighteenth century, but what was cheap and modern has been discarded and only the best remains. You look from the leaded windows of the proof-reader's room, framed in Virginia creeper, to the lovely courtyard with its wonderful old vine, and cannot help contrasting this peaceful place with the noise and hurry and dirt of our modern printing-offices.

It was hard to drag me away from this wonderful place, but the etcher clamoured for lunch, and so, first peeping out to see that our enemy the

cabbie was not in sight, we stepped back into the present century.

Not only in old masters is Antwerp rich; for, besides Rubens and Van Dyck, she lays claim to Quentin, Metsys, Van Eyck, Jordaens, and the two Teniers. She has given birth also to several modern artists of note, including Leys, Alma Tadema, and Aery Schaeffer, while the galleries are rich in the work of the greatest of all modern Belgian artists, Alfred Stevens. During the few days we spent in Antwerp, many hours were devoted to the art galleries, and so we missed several of the sights that are starred in Baedeker.

The etcher has never recovered from her disappointment in not having time to make at least one etching of the picturesque Musée Steen, on the banks of the Scheldt. This wonderful old castle was the scene of the Spanish Inquisition, and has all kinds of blood-curdling dungeons in its depths. It is now a museum of antiquities, including a fine collection of old weapons and instruments of torture.

All good things must end, even our little trip through the Flemish part of Belgium. There, amongst a forest of masts and funnels, our ship was waiting to take us across the Atlantic, and we sailed regretfully down the Scheldt, past the green lowlands of Holland and out to the open sea, leaving behind us a train of memories and chords of sympathy that are now throbbing for the people of whom Caesar wrote:

"Amongst the barbarians, the Belge are the bravest."



BROOD OF THE WITCH-QUEEN

BY SAX ROHMER

VII.—THE CORD

NOT the least of the trials which Robert Cairn experienced during the time that he and his father were warring with their supernaturally equipped opponent—Antony Ferrara—was that of preserving silence upon this matter which loomed so large in his mind, and which already had changed the course of his life.

Sometimes he met men who knew Ferrara, but who knew him only as a man about town of somewhat evil reputation. Yet even to these he dared not confide what he knew of the true Ferrara; undoubtedly they would have deemed him mad had he spoken of the knowledge and of the deeds of this uncanny, this fiendish being. How would they have listened to him had he sought to tell them of the den of spiders in Port Said; of the bats of Méydûm; of the secret incense and of how it was made; of the numberless murders and atrocities, wrought by means not human, which stood to the account of this adopted son of the late Sir Michael Ferrara.

So, excepting his father, he had no confidant; for above all it was necessary to keep the truth from Myra Duquesne—from Myra around whom his world circled, but who yet thought of the dreadful being who wielded the sorcery of forgotten ages, as a brother. Whilst Myra lay ill—not yet recovered from the ghastly attack made upon her life by the man whom she trusted—whilst, having plentiful

evidence of his presence in London, Dr. Cairn and himself vainly sought for Antony Ferrara; whilst any night might bring some unholy visitant to his rooms, obedient to the will of this modern wizard; whilst these fears, anxieties, doubts, and surmises danced, impish, through his brain, it was all but impossible to pursue with success his vocation of journalism. Yet for many reasons it was necessary that he should do so, and so he was employed upon a series of articles which were the outcome of his recent visit to Egypt—his editor having given him that work as being less exciting than that which properly falls to the lot of the Fleet Street copy-hunter.

He left his rooms about three o'clock in the afternoon, in order to seek, in the British Museum Library, a reference which he lacked. The day was an exceedingly warm one, and he derived some little satisfaction from the fact that, at his present work, he was not called upon to endure the armour of respectability. Pipe in mouth, he made his way across the Strand towards Bloomsbury.

As he walked up the steps, crossed the hallway, and passed in beneath the dome of the reading-room, he wondered if, amid these mountains of erudition surrounding him, there was any wisdom so strong as that of Antony Ferrara.

He soon found the information for which he was looking, and, having

copied it into his note-book, he left the reading-room. Then, as he was recrossing the hall near the foot of the principal staircase, he paused. He found himself possessed by a sudden desire to visit the Egyptian Rooms upstairs. He had several times inspected the exhibits in those apartments, but never since his return from the land to whose ancient civilization they bore witness.

Cairn was not pressed for time in these days, therefore he turned and passed slowly up the stairs.

There were but few visitors to the grove of mummies that afternoon. When he entered the first room he found a small group of tourists passing idly from case to case; but on entering the second, he saw that he had the apartment to himself. He remembered that his father had mentioned on one occasion that there was a ring in this room which had belonged to the Witch-Queen. Robert Cairn wondered in which of the cases it was exhibited, and by what means he should be enabled to recognize it.

Bending over a case containing scarabs and other amulets, many set in rings, he began to read the inscriptions upon the little tickets placed beneath some of them; but none answered to the description, neither the ticketed nor the unticketed. A second case he examined with like results. But on passing to a third in an angle near the door, his gaze immediately lighted upon a gold ring set with a strange green stone, engraved in a peculiar way. It bore no ticket, yet as Robert Cairn eagerly bent over it, he knew, without the possibility of doubt, that this was the ring of the Witch-Queen.

With his eyes fixed on the gleaming stone, he sought to remember. That he had seen this ring before, or one exactly like it, he knew, but strangely enough he was unable to determine where and upon what occasion. So with his hands resting upon the case, he leant, peering down at the singular gem. And as he stood

thus, frowning in the effort of recollection, a dull, white hand, having long, tapered fingers, glided across the glass until it rested directly beneath his eyes. Upon one of the slim fingers was an exact replica of the ring in the case!

Robert Cairn leapt back with a stifled exclamation.

Antony Ferrara stood before him!

"The Museum ring is a copy, dear Cairn," came the huskily musical, hateful voice; "the one upon my finger is the real one."

Cairn realized in his own person the literal meaning of the overworked phrase, "frozen with amazement." Before him stood the most dangerous man in Europe—a man who had done murder and worse, a man only in name, a demon in nature. With his long, black eyes half closed, his perfectly chiselled ivory face expressionless, and his blood-red lips parted in a mirthless smile, Antony Ferrara watched Cairn—Cairn whom he had sought to murder by means of hellish art.

Despite the heat of the day he wore a heavy overcoat, lined with white-fox fur. In his right hand—for his left still rested upon the case—he held a soft hat. With an easy nonchalance he stood regarding the man who had sworn to kill him—and the latter made no move, uttered no word. Stark amazement held him inert.

"I knew that you were in the Museum, Cairn," Ferrara continued, still having his basilisk eyes fixed upon the other from beneath the drooping lids, "and I called you to join me here."

Still Cairn did not move, did not speak.

"You have acted very harshly towards me in the past, dear Cairn; but because my philosophy consists in an admirable blending of that practised in Sybaris with that advocated by the excellent Zeno; because whilst I am prepared to make my home in a Diogenes tub, I, nevertheless, can enjoy the fragrance of a rose, the flavour of a peach—"

The husky voice seemed to be hypnotizing Cairn; it was a siren's song, thralling him.

"Because," continued Ferrara evenly, "in common with all humanity, I am compound of man and woman, I can resent the enmity which drives me from shore to shore, but being myself a connoisseur of the red lips and laughing eyes of maidenhood—I am thinking more particularly of Myra—I can forgive you, dear Cairn—"

Then Cairn recovered himself.

"You white-faced cur!" he snarled through clenched teeth; his knuckles whitened as he stepped around the case. "You dare to stand there mocking me!"

Ferrara again placed the case between himself and his enemy.

"Pause, my dear Cairn," he said, without emotion. "What would you do? Be discreet, dear Cairn, reflect that I have only to call an attendant in order to have you pitched, ignominiously, into the street."

"Before God I will throttle the life from you!" said Cairn, in a voice savagely hoarse.

He sprang again towards Ferrara. Again the latter dodged around the case with an agility which defied the heavier man.

"Your temperament is so painfully Celtic, Cairn," he protested mockingly. "I perceive quite clearly that you will not discuss this matter judiciously. Must I then call for the attendant?"

Cairn clenched his fists convulsively. Through all the tumult of his rage the fact had penetrated—that he was helpless. He could not attack Ferrara in that place; he could not detain him against his will. For Ferrara had only to claim official protection to bring about the complete discomfiture of his assailant. Across the case containing the duplicate ring, he glanced at this incarnate fiend, whom the law which he had secretly outraged now served to protect. Ferrara spoke again in his musical voice.

"I regret that you will not be reasonable, Cairn. There is so much that I should like to say to you; there are so many things of interest which I could tell you. Do you know in some respects I am peculiarly gifted, Cairn? At times I can recollect, quite distinctly, particulars of former incarnations. Do you see that priestess lying there, just through the doorway? I can quite distinctly remember having met her when she was a girl; she was beautiful, Cairn. And I can even recall how, one night beside the Nile—but I can see that you are growing impatient! If you will not avail yourself of this opportunity, I must bid you good-day."

He turned and walked towards the door, Cairn leapt after him; but Ferrara, suddenly beginning to run, reached the end of the Egyptian Room and darted out on to the landing before his pursuer had time to realize what he was about.

At the moment that Ferrara turned the corner ahead of him, Cairn saw something drop. Coming to the end of the room, he stooped and picked up this object, which was a plaited silk cord about three feet in length. He did not pause to examine it more closely, but thrust it into his pocket and raced down the steps after the retreating figure of Ferrara. At the foot, a constable held out his arm, detaining him. Cairn stopped in surprise.

"I must ask you for your name and address," said the constable gruffly.

"For Heaven's sake, what for?"

"A gentleman has complained—"

"My good man," exclaimed Cairn, and proffered his card, "it is—it is a practical joke on his part. I know him well!"

The constable looked at the card, and from the card, suspiciously, back to Cairn. Apparently the appearance of the latter reassured him—or he may have formed a better opinion of Cairn from the fact that half-a-crown had quickly changed hands.

"All right, sir," he said, "it is no

affair of mine; he did not charge you with anything—he only asked me to prevent you from following him.”

“Quite so,” snapped Cairn irritably, and dashed off along the gallery in the hope of overtaking Ferrara.

But, as he had feared, Ferrara had made good use of his ruse to escape. He was nowhere to be seen, and Cairn was left to wonder with what object he had risked the encounter in the Egyptian Room—for that it had been deliberate, and not accidental, he quite clearly perceived.

He walked down the steps of the Museum, deep in reflection. The thought that he and his father for months had been seeking the fiend Ferrara, that they had sworn to kill him as they would kill a mad dog, and that he, Robert Cairn, had stood face to face with Ferrara, had spoken with him, and had let him go free, unscathed, was maddening. Yet, in the circumstances, how could he have acted otherwise?

With no recollection of having traversed the intervening streets, he found himself walking under the archway leading to the court in which his chambers were situated; in the far corner, shadowed by the tall plane-trees, where the worn iron railings of the steps and the small panes of glass in the solicitor's window on the ground floor called up memories of Charles Dickens, he paused, filled with a sort of wonderment. It seemed strange to him that such an air of peace could prevail anywhere, whilst Antony Ferrara lived and remained at large.

He ran up the stairs to the second landing, opened the door, and entered his chambers. He was oppressed to-day with a memory, the memory of certain gruesome happenings whereof these rooms had been the scene. Knowing the powers of Antony Ferrara he often doubted the wisdom of living there alone, but he was persuaded that to allow these fears to make headway would be to yield a point to the enemy. Yet there were

nights when he found himself sleepless, listening for sounds which had seemed to arouse him; imagining sinister whispers in his room—and imagining that he could detect the dreadful odour of the secret incense.

Seating himself by the open window, he took out from his pocket the silken cord, which Ferrara had dropped in the Museum, and examined it curiously. His examination of the thing did not serve to enlighten him respecting its character. It was merely a piece of silken cord, very closely and curiously plaited. He threw it down on the table, determined to show it to Dr. Cairn at the earliest opportunity. He was conscious of a sort of repugnance; and prompted by this, he carefully washed his hands as though the cord had been some unclean thing.

Then he sat down to work, only to realize immediately that work was impossible until he had confided in somebody his encounter with Ferrara.

Lifting the telephone receiver, he called up Dr. Cairn, but his father was not at home.

He replaced the receiver, and sat staring vaguely at his open note-book.

II.

For close upon an hour Robert Cairn sat at his writing-table, endeavouring to puzzle out a solution to the mystery of Ferrara's motive. His reflections served only to confuse his mind.

A tangible clue lay upon the table before him—the silken cord. But it was a clue of such a nature that, whatever deductions an expert detective might have based upon it, Robert Cairn could base none. Dusk was not far off, and he knew that his nerves were not what they had been before those events which had led to his Egyptian journey. He was back in his own chamber—scene of one gruesome outrage in Ferrara's unholy campaign. For darkness is the ally of crime, and it had always been in the darkness that Ferrara's activities

had most fearfully manifested themselves.

What was that?

Cairn ran to the window, and, leaning out, looked down into the court below. He could have sworn that a voice—a voice possessing a strange music, a husky music, wholly hateful—had called him by name. But at the moment the court was deserted, for it was already past the hour at which members of the legal fraternity desert their business premises to hasten suburbanward. Shadows were creeping under the quaint old archways; shadows were draping the ancient walls. And there was something in the aspect of the place which reminded him of a quadrangle at Oxford, across which, upon a certain fateful evening, he and another had watched the red light rising and falling in Antony Ferrara's rooms.

Clearly his imagination was playing him tricks, and against this he knew full well that he must guard himself. The light in his rooms was growing dim, but instinctively his gaze sought out and found the mysterious silken cord amid the litter on the table. He contemplated the telephone, but since he had left a message for his father, he knew that the latter would call him up directly he returned.

Work, he thought, would be the likeliest antidote to the poisonous thoughts which oppressed his mind, and again he seated himself at the table and opened his notes before him. The silken rope lay close to his left hand, but he did not touch it. He was about to switch on the reading-lamp, for it was now too dark to write, when his mind wandered off along another channel of reflection. He found himself picturing Myra as she had looked the last time that he had seen her.

She was seated in Mr. Saunderson's garden, till pale from her dreadful illness, but beautiful—more beautiful in the eyes of Robert Cairn than any other woman in the world. The

breeze was blowing her rebellious curls across her eyes—eyes bright with a happiness which he loved to see.

Her cheeks were paler than they were wont to be, and the sweet lips had lost something of their firmness. She wore a short cloak, and a wide-brimmed hat, unfashionable, but becoming. No one but Myra could successfully have worn that hat, he thought.

Wrapt in such love-like memories, he forgot that he had sat down to write—forgot that he held a pen in his hand, and that this same hand had been outstretched to ignite the lamp.

When he ultimately awoke again to the hard facts of his lonely environment, he also awoke to a singular circumstance; he made the acquaintance of a strange phenomenon.

He had been writing unconsciously!

And this was what he had written:

"Robert Cairn, renounce your pursuit of me, and renounce Myra; or to-night—"

The sentence was unfinished.

Momentarily he stared at the words, endeavouring to persuade himself that he had written them consciously, in idle mood. But some voice within gave him the lie. So that with a suppressed groan he muttered aloud:

"It has begun!"

Almost as he spoke there came a sound from the passage outside, that led him to slide his hand across the table and to seize his revolver.

The visible presence of the little weapon reassured him, and, as a further sedative, he resorted to tobacco—filled and lighted his pipe—and leaned back in the chair, blowing smoke-rings towards the closed door.

He listened intently, and heard the sound again.

It was a soft *hiss*!

And now he thought he could detect another noise—as of some creature dragging its body along the floor.

"A lizard," he thought. And a

memory of the basilisk eyes of Antony Ferrara came to him.

Both the sounds seemed to come slowly nearer and nearer, the dragging thing being evidently responsible for the hissing, until Cairn decided that the creature must be immediately outside the door.

Revolver in hand, he leapt across the room, and threw the door open.

The red carpet to right and left was innocent of reptiles.

Perhaps the creaking of the revolving-chair as he had prepared to quit it, had frightened the thing. With the idea before him, he systematically searched all the rooms into which it might have gone.

His search was unavailing, the mysterious reptile was not to be found.

Returning again to the study he seated himself behind the table, facing the door—which he left ajar.

Ten minutes passed in silence—only broken by the dim murmur of the distant traffic.

He had almost persuaded himself that his imagination—quickened by the atmosphere of mystery and horror wherein he had recently moved—was responsible for the hiss, when a new sound came to confute his reasoning.

The people occupying the chambers below were moving about, so that their footsteps were faintly audible; but, above these dim footsteps, a rustling—vague, indefinite—demonstrated itself. As in the case of the hiss, it proceeded from the passage.

A light burned inside the outer door, and this as Cairn knew must cast a shadow before any thing or person approaching the door.

Sssf! Sssf! came, like the rustle of light draperies.

The nervous suspense was almost unbearable. He waited.

What was creeping slowly, cautiously, toward the open door?

Cairn toyed with the trigger of his revolver.

"The arts of the West shall try

conclusions with those of the East," he said.

A shadow . . .

Inch upon inch it grew, creeping across the door until it covered all the threshold visible.

He raised the revolver.

The shadow moved along.

Cairn saw the tail of it creep past the door, until no shadow was there!

The shadow had come—and gone; but there was *no substance!*

"I am going mad!"

The words forced themselves to his lips. He rested his chin upon his hands and clenched his teeth grimly. Did the horrors of insanity stare him in the face!

That recent illness in London—when his nervous system had collapsed, utterly—from which, despite his stay in Egypt, he never had fully recovered. "A month will see you fit again," his father had said; but—perhaps he had been wrong—perhaps the affection had been deeper than he had suspected; and now this endless carnival of supernatural happenings had strained the weakened cells, so that he was become as a man in a delirium!

Where did reality end and phantasy begin? Was it all mere subjective?

He had read of such aberrations.

And now he sat wondering if he were the victim of a like affliction—and while he wondered he stared at the rope of silk. That was real.

Logic came to his rescue. If he had seen and heard strange things, so, too, had Sime in Egypt—so had his father, both in Egypt and in London! Inexplicable things were happening around him; and all could not be mad!

"I'm getting morbid again," he told himself; "the tricks of our damnable Ferrara are getting on my nerves—just what he desires and intends."

This latter reflection spurred him to new activity; and, pocketing the revolver, he switched off the light in the study and looked out of the window.

Glancing across the court, he thought that he saw a man standing below, peering upwards. With his hands resting upon the window-ledge, Cairn looked long and steadily.

There certainly was someone standing in the shadow of the tall plane-tree, but whether man or woman he could not determine.

The unknown remaining in the same position, apparently watching, Cairn ran downstairs, and, passing out into the court, walked rapidly across to the tree. There he paused in some surprise; there was no one visible by the tree, and the whole court was quite deserted.

"Must have slipped off through the archway," he concluded; and, walking back, he remounted the stairs and entered his chambers again.

Feeling a renewed curiosity regarding the silken rope which had so strangely come into his possession, he sat down at the table, and, mastering his distaste for the thing, took it in his hands and examined it closely by the light of the lamp.

He was seated with his back to the windows, facing the door so that no one could possibly have entered the room unseen by him. It was as he bent down to scrutinize the curious plaiting that he felt a sensation stealing over him, as though someone were standing very close to his chair.

Grimly determined to resist any hypnotic tricks that might be practised against him, and well assured that there could be no person actually present, in the chambers, he sat back, resting his revolver on his knee. Prompted by he knew not what, he slipped the silk cord into the table drawer and turned the key upon it.

As he did so a hand crept over his shoulder—followed by a bare arm of the hue of old ivory—a woman's arm!

Transfixed, his eyes fastened upon the ring of dull metal, bearing a green stone inscribed with a complex figure vaguely resembling a spider which adorned the index finger.

A faint perfume stole to his nos-

trils—that of the secret incense; and the ring was the ring of the Witch-Queen!

In this incredible moment he relaxed that iron control of his mind which, alone, had saved him before. Even as he realized it, and strove to recover himself, he knew that it was too late; he knew that he was lost!

Gloom—blackness, unrelieved by any speck of light, murmuring, subdued, all around—the murmuring of a concourse of people. The darkness was odorous with a heavy perfume.

A voice came—followed by complete silence.

Again the voice sounded, chanting sweetly.

A response followed in deep male voices.

The response was taken up all around—what time a tiny speck grew, in the gloom—and grew, until it took form; and out of the darkness the shape of a white-robed woman appeared—high up—far away.

Wherever the ray that illumined her figure emanated from, it did not perceptibly dispel the stygian gloom all about her. She was bathed in dazzling light, but framed in impenetrable darkness.

Her dull gold hair was encircled by a band of white metal—like silver, bearing in front a round, burnished disk, that shone like a minor sun. Above the disk projected an ornament having the shape of a spider.

The intense light picked out every detail vividly. Neck and shoulders were bare, and the gleaming ivory arms were uplifted, the long slender fingers held aloft a golden casket covered with dim figures, almost undiscernible at that distance.

A glittering zone of the same white metal confined the snowy draperies. Her bare feet peeped out from beneath the flowing robe.

Above, below, and around her was—Memphian darkness!

The whole invisible concourse took up the chant, and the light faded, un-

til only a speck on the disk below the spider was visible.

Then that, too, vanished.

Silence—the perfume was stifling. A voice, seeming to come from a great distance, cried: “On your knees to the Book of Thoth! On your knees to the Wisdom Queen, who is deathless, being unborn, who is dead though living, whose beauty is for all men—that all men may die—”

A bell was ringing furiously. Its din grew louder and louder; it became insupportable. Cairn threw out his arms and staggered up like a man intoxicated. He grasped at the table-lamp only just in time to prevent it overturning.

The ringing was that of his telephone-bell. He had been unconscious, then—under some spell!

He unhooked the receiver, and heard his father’s voice.

“That you, Rob?” asked the doctor anxiously.

“Yes, sir,” replied Cairn eagerly; and he opened the drawer and slid his hand in for the silken cord.

“There is something you have to tell me?”

Cairn, without preamble, plunged excitedly into an account of his meeting with Ferrara.

“The silk cord,” he concluded, “I have in my hand at the present moment, and—”

“Hold on a moment!” came Dr. Cairn’s voice, rather grimly. Followed by a short interval. Then:

“Hallo, Rob! Listen to this, from to-night’s paper. ‘A curious discovery was made by an attendant in one of the rooms of the Indian section of the British Museum late this evening. A case had been opened in some way, and, although it contained more valuable objects, the only item which the thief had abstracted was a Thug’s strangling cord from Kundélee (district of Nursingpore).’”

“But, I don’t understand—”

“Ferrara meant you to find that cord, boy! Remember, he is unac-

quainted with your chambers, and he requires a *focus* for his damnable forces! He knows well that you will have the thing somewhere near to you, and probably he knows something of its awful history! You are in danger! Keep a fast hold upon yourself. I shall be with you in less than half an hour!”

III.

As Robert Cairn hung up the receiver and found himself cut off again from the outer world, he realized, with terror beyond his control, how in this quiet backwater, so near to the main stream, he yet was far from human companionship.

He recalled a night when, amid such a silence at this which now prevailed about him, he had been made the subject of an uncanny demonstration; how his sanity, his life, had been attacked; how he had fled from the crowding horrors which had been massed against him by his supernaturally endowed enemy.

There was something very terrifying in the quietude of the court—a quietude which to others might have spelled peace, but which, to Robert Cairn, spelled menace. That Ferrara’s device was aimed at his freedom, that his design was intended to lead to the detention of his enemy whilst he directed his activities in other directions, seemed plausible, if inadequate. The carefully planned incident at the Museum whereby the constable had become possessed of Cairn’s card; the distinct possibility that a detective might knock upon his door at any moment—with the inevitable result of his detention pending inquiries—formed a chain which had seemed complete, save that Antony Ferrara was the schemer. For another to have compassed so much would have been a notable victory; for Ferrara, such a victory would be trivial.

What, then, did it mean? His father had told him, and the uncanny events of the evening stood evidence of Dr. Cairn’s wisdom. The mysteri-

ous and evil force which Antony Ferrara controlled was being focused upon him!

Slight sounds from time to time disturbed the silence; and to these he listened attentively. He longed for the arrival of his father—for the strong, calm counsel of the one man in England fitted to cope with the Hell Thing which had uprisen in their midst. That he had already been subjected to some kind of hypnotic influence, he was unable to doubt; and having been once subjected to this influence, he might at any moment (it was a terrible reflection) fall a victim to it again.

Cairn directed all the energies of his mind to resistance; ill-defined reflections must at all costs be avoided, for the brain vaguely employed he knew to be more susceptible to attack than that directed in a well-ordered channel.

Clocks were chiming the hour—he did not know what hour, nor did he seek to learn. He felt that he was at rapier play with a skilled antagonist, and that to glance aside, however momentarily, was to lay himself open to a fatal thrust.

He had not moved from the table, so that only the reading-lamp upon it was lighted, and much of the room lay in half shadow. The silken cord, coiled snake-like, was close to his left hand; the revolver was close to his right. The muffled roar of traffic—diminished, since the hour grew late—reached his ears as he sat. But nothing disturbed the stillness of the court, and nothing disturbed the stillness of the room.

The notes which he had made in the afternoon at the Museum were still spread open before him, and he suddenly closed the book, fearful of anything calculated to distract him from the mood of tense resistance. His life, and more than his life, depended upon his successfully opposing the insidious forces which beyond doubt invisibly surrounded that lighted table.

There is a courage which is not physical, nor is it entirely moral; a courage often lacking in the most intrepid soldier. And this was the kind of courage which Robert Cairn now called up to his aid. The occult inquirer can face, unmoved, horrors which would turn the brain of many a man who wears the V.C.; on the other hand, it is questionable if the possessor of this peculiar type of bravery could face a bayonet charge. Pluck of the physical sort, Cairn had in plenty; pluck of that more subtle kind he was acquiring from growing intimacy with the terrors of the Borderland.

"Who's there?"

He spoke the words aloud—and the eerie sound of his own voice added a new dread to the enveloping shadows.

His revolver grasped in his hand, he stood up, but slowly and cautiously, in order that his own movements might not prevent him from hearing any repetition of that which had occasioned his alarm. And what had occasioned this alarm?

Either he was become again a victim of the strange trickery which already had borne him, though not physically, from Fleet Street to the secret temple of Méydûm, or with his material senses he had detected a soft rapping upon the door of his room. He knew that his outer door was closed; he knew that there was no one else in his chambers; yet he had heard a sound as of knuckles beating upon the panels of the door—the closed door of the room in which he sat!

Standing upright, he turned deliberately, and faced in that direction.

The light pouring out from beneath the shade of the table-lamp scarcely touched upon the door at all. Only the edges of the lower panels were clearly perceptible; the upper part of the door was masked in greenish shadow.

Intent, tensely strung, he stood; then advanced in the direction of the switch in order to light the lamp fixed above the mantelpiece and to illumin-

ate the whole of the room. One step forward he took, then—the soft rapping was repeated.

"Who's there?"

This time he cried the words loudly, and acquired some new assurance from the imperative note in his own voice. He ran to the switch and pressed it down. The lamp did not light!

"The filament has burnt out," he muttered.

Terror grew upon him—a terror akin to that which children experience in the darkness. But he yet had a fair mastery of his emotions; when—not suddenly, as is the way of a failing electric lamp—but slowly, uncannily, unnaturally, the table-lamp became extinguished!

Darkness! Cairn turned towards the window. This was a moonless night, and little enough illumination entered the room from the court.

Three resounding raps were struck upon the door.

At that, terror had no darker meaning for Cairn; and had plumbed its ultimate deeps; and now, like a diver, he arose again to the surface.

Heedless of the darkness, of the seemingly supernatural means by which it had been occasioned, he threw open the door and thrust his revolver out into the corridor.

For terrors he had been prepared—for some gruesome shape such as we read of in "The Magus." But there was nothing. Instinctively he had looked straight ahead of him, as one looks who expects to encounter a human enemy. But the hallway was empty. A dim light, finding access over the door from the stair, prevailed there, yet it was sufficient to have revealed the presence of anyone or anything, had anyone or anything been present.

Cairn stepped out from the room and was about to walk to the outer door. The idea of flight was strong upon him, for no man can fight the invisible—when, on a level with his eyes, flat against the wall, as though

someone crouched there—he saw **two** white hands!

They were slim hands, like the hands of a woman, and, upon one of the tapered fingers, there dully gleamed a green stone.

A peal of laughter came chokingly from his lips; he knew that his reason was tottering. For these two white hands which now moved along the wall, as though they were sliding to the room which Cairn had just quitted, were attached to no visible body; just two ivory hands were there—and *nothing more!*

That he was in deadly peril, Cairn realized fully. His complete subjection by the will-force of Ferrara had been interrupted by the ringing of the telephone-bell. But now, the attack had been renewed!

The hands vanished.

Too well he remembered the ghastly details attendant upon the death of Sir Michael Ferrara to doubt that these slim hands were directed upon murderous business.

A soft swishing sound reached him. Something upon the writing-table had been moved.

The strangling cord!

Whilst speaking to his father he had taken it out from the drawer—and when he quitted the room it had lain upon the blotting-pad.

He stepped back towards the outer door.

Something fluttered past his face, and he turned in a mad panic. The dreadful, bodiless hands groped in the darkness between himself and the exit!

Vaguely it came home to him that the menace might be avoidable. He was bathed in icy perspiration.

He dropped the revolver into his pocket, and placed his hands upon his throat. Then he began to grope his way towards the closed door of his bedroom.

Lowering his left hand, he began to feel for the door-knob. As he did so, he saw—and knew the crowning horror of the night—that he had **made**

a false move. In retiring he had thrown away his last, his only chance.

The phantom hands, a yard apart and holding the silken cord stretched tightly between them, were approaching him swiftly!

He lowered his head, and charged along the passage with a wild cry.

The cord, stretched taut, struck him under the chin.

Back he reeled.

The cord was about his throat!

"God!" he choked, and thrust up his hands.

Madly he strove to pluck the deadly silken thing from his neck. It was useless. A grip of steel was drawing it tightly—and ever more tightly—about him.

Despair touched him, and almost he resigned himself. Then:

"Rob! Rob! open the door!"

Dr Cairn was outside.

A new strength came—and he knew that it was the last atom left to him. To remove the rope was humanly impossible. He dropped his cramped hands, bent his body by a mighty physical effort, and hurled himself forward upon the door.

The latch, now, was just above his head. He stretched up—and was plucked back. But the fingers of his

right hand grasped the knob.

Even as that superhuman force jerked him back, he turned the knob—and fell.

All his weight hung upon the fingers which were locked about that brass disk in a grip which even the powers of darkness could not relax.

The door swung open, and Cairn swung back with it.

He collapsed, an inert heap, upon the floor. Dr. Cairn leaped in over him.

When he re-opened his eyes, he lay in bed, and his father was bathing his inflamed throat.

"All right, boy! There's no damage done, thank God!"

"The hands!"

"I quite understand. But *I* saw no hands but your own, Rob; and if it had come to—an inquest—I could not even have raised my voice against a verdict of suicide!"

"But I—opened the door!"

"They would have said that you repented your awful act, too late. Although it is almost impossible for a man to strangle himself under such conditions, there is no jury in England who would have believed that Antony Ferrara had done the deed."



THE KAISER'S LATEST ULTIMATUM

By VAN DE TODD

GOTT, Gott, dear Gott, attention please:
Your bardner Vilhelm's here,
Und has a word or two to say
 indo your brivate ear;
So durn away all udders now
 Und listen vell to me,
For vat I say concerns me much,
 Meinself und Shermamy.

You know, dear Gott, I vas your freindt, But listen, Gott, it must be mighty quick

Und from mein hour of birth
I quietly let you rule in Heffen,
Vile I ruled here on earth,
Und ven I toldt mein soldiers
Of bygone battle days,
I gladly split de glory,
Und half gave you of praise.

Your help to me you send,
Or else I haf to stop attack
And only blay defend.
So four and twenty hours I gif
To make de Allies run
Und put me safe into mein blace—
De middle of de Sun.

In every way I tried to prove
Mein heart to you vas true,
Und only claimed mein honest share
In great deeds dat ve do.
You could not haf a better freindt
In sky, or land, or sea,
Dan Kaiser Vilhelm number two,
De Lord of Shermamy.

If you do dis, I'll do my bart:
I'll tell de vorld dot fact,
But if you don't, den I must tink
It is an hostile act.
Den var at once I vill declare,
Und in mein anger rise
Und send mein Zepp'lin ships to wage
A fight up in de skies.

So vat I say, dear Gott, is dis,
Dat ve should still be freindts,
Und you should help to send my foes
To meet deir bitter ends.
If you, dear Gott, vill dis me do
I'll nothing ask again,
Und you and I will bardners be
For evermore, Amen!

Dis ultimatum now, dear Gott,
Is von of many more,
Mine mind is settled up to clean
De whole vorld off de floor.
Because you vas mein bardner, Gott,
An extra shance is giffen;
So help at vonce, or else I'll be
De Emperor of Heffen.



THE KAISER'S BATTLE CRY

Drawing by J. E. H. Macdonald.

THE OLD LOG HOUSE

BY NEWTON MAC TAVISH

PENCIL DRAWINGS BY HARLOW WHITE*

IT is towards the evening of an autumn day forty years ago. An old man, the oldest in the village, a pioneer indeed, enters the little log house that snuggles behind the poplars half-way up the hill. Like the man, the house is rich in years; like him, also, it is battered and weather-beaten. But these two, the dweller and the dwelling, present many points of picturesqueness. They began here together, when the great forest almost smothered them, before the place itself had even a name, and together they have settled down in serene and complacent age. Still they are not alone, for the room into which the man enters confines a low, peculiar, whirring, crooning sound. It is a sound not unfamiliar to the neighbour boy who is suffered to enter at will, lured thither by the sight of mink and muskrat swinging from a gun across the old man's shoulder. Yet in the gloom of the interior, where no object is sharply defined, the sound impresses the boy as something weird and uncanny. He knows, however, that it is a homely sound, and as his eyes become accustomed to the dim light, he distinguishes the bent form of an old woman spinning yarn. The woman, like the house and man, has stood against time and hard weather, but upon her face, even now, you can see shining the spirit

of benevolence. She calls the boy to her side, and bids him watch her transfer the yarn from the spinner to the winder. Then she turns the smaller wheel slowly, and when it clicks, as she explains, it warns her that it has revolved forty times, which is one skein. A wooden wheel that speaks when it has done its work! And still we wonder at our latest inventions. But no marvel of this new century, can take the place in that boyish imagination of the little wooden winding-wheel in the log house behind the poplars.

The old man has been visiting his traps. He throws the game into the woodshed, lays a couple of traps in a corner, and hangs the gun on pegs close to the ceiling. It is a bit chilly, he thinks, and the old woman, who is setting her wheels aside, enjoins him to start a fire. So he takes down from a rude shelf above a ruder fireplace two small articles. One looks like a piece of stone, the other like a piece of iron. And that, in fact, is what they are: the flint and steel of former days. He goes down upon his knees before the fender, sets out a few pieces of punk, above which he poises his hands, the flint in one, the steel in the other. There is a moment of hesitation, and then he strikes. The sound is sharp and brittle, as the flint and steel come together with a

* Harlow White came to Canada from England, and in the early seventies he painted and sketched much of what he saw then. The drawings here reproduced are from the originals in the John Ross Robertson collection.



A LOG SHANTY WITH LEAN-TO

From a pencil sketch made by Harlow White in 1872

quick, sliding motion. Down through the gloom shoots a point of flame, but the punk does not ignite. He strikes again, but misses fire. A third time he tries, and then the boy sees a fine spiral of smoke rise above the punk. Bending closer, the old man blows his breath upon the spot that has ignited, and soon a flame appears. The flame increases and bites into the dead branches laid for its feasting. It roars and snaps, and these sounds of burning take the place of the spinning-wheel's weird wail. It has a cheery sound, and it sends forth a pleasant, flickering glow. But that is not enough, for the old woman takes down a candle from the dresser-head and lights it at the fire. She sets it in the centre of the table, and begins to lay out the things for supper. She invites the boy to sup with them, but he must run across the road and ask permission.

It is quite dark outside now, and few things sound above the quiet of the village. But blackbirds chatter in the poplars, and someone is making a creaking noise with a pump. Very likely it is the shoemaker: he usually goes out at this hour to get water to

soak leather in over night. His is one of the few pumps in the village; most of the people go to the common spring near the mill.

The boy obtains permission to remain for supper with the old couple. He comes rushing back from his own home, and just as he is crossing the road he notices in the dusk a small group standing a few yards away. Curiosity causes him to stop and join them. The old mail-carrier has arrived, much later than usual, and as it promises to be a pitch black night he is borrowing a lantern from the teamster who lives in the house that used to be a tavern. The lantern is large and square, and on one side there is a door that opens. The boy sees the mail-carrier take off his dog-skin mittens, hold the lantern up level with his face, open the door and set a candle within. Then the carpenter and the doctor each strike a match, and when the carpenter's fails, the doctor thrusts his forward and lights the candle.

The flame inside now casts a pleasant glow upon the faces of the group: and, to this day, after forty years, the boy still visualizes each member—



A LOG CABIN

From a pencil sketch made by Harlow White in 1875

the mail-carrier, with his hooked nose and large iron-rimmed spectacles; the teamster, with fiery red beard and little peaked cap; the carpenter, in checked flannel shirt-sleeves and hairy neck; the weaver, with gray Scotch beard, dour expression and high cheek-bones; and, above all, with mild, congenial mien, the ample form of the doctor. The doctor is saying that the lantern will be useful on so dark a night, with the roads bad under the fall rains. He advises the carrier to keep to the new road over the "mountain," and to look ahead for the bridge crossing the Sable. The bridge was all right when he crossed it this morning on the way from attending the school-master's wife on the Boundary, but the water had been rising and the logs were not overly secure. The teamster thought that the township ought to be hauled up for not building a new bridge, and he said with no uncertainty that if he should break through with a load of quarry he would sue for loss of time as well as of material.

The boy turns towards the log house. He can see the firelight flickering within and smell already the

scones and potatoes frying over the coals. It is an appetizing smell, and he knows that they shall have tea and molasses also. But it is not for these things that he goes now into that homely abode; it is to hear the old man's tales of earlier days and see him skin the mink and muskrat. He looks on his host as on a great hunter, and likes the very sight of the steel traps, some of them with toothed jaws, and, above all, the huge bear-trap. He fancies himself a hunter, also a great hunter, with a gun of his own and top boots and a case shielding a blade pointed like a dagger.

As they draw up to the table, the old man points to honey in the place of molasses. Real wild honey! What a treat! The boy can hardly wait until they come properly to it. But the old woman covers his plate with potatoes hot from the pan and spreads his scone so that the butter melts before his very eyes. Still, there is honey ahead, real wild honey. And the old man recounts how he obtained it. He had been setting traps in the beaver meadow, and in making for the bush beyond had crossed the summer-fallow where the thistles were in



A LOG HOUSE IN WINTER

From a pencil sketch made by Harlow White in 1873

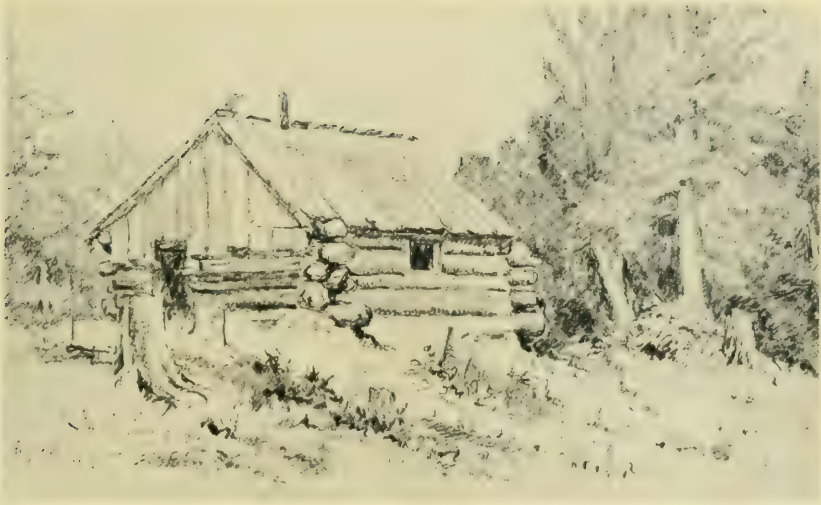
bloom. There he observed a great number of bees, and he remarked how they all seemed to fly in one direction. In other words, they made a bee-line towards a big hollow stump at the edge of the bush. Necessity had taught the old man that bees sometimes swarm in hollow trees; so that it was with the zest of the spoiler that he cut across the fallow ground and hastened to strike the stump with the butt of his gun. Then he put his ear against the bark, and heard, to his intense satisfaction, a buzzing chorus within.

To procure the honey intact demanded both courage and skill, qualities in which the old man was not lacking. And the result was a patent pailful of honey, which, when one comes to eating it, is as good as any tame honey ever produced. The boy realizes this fact, and he realizes also that it is an adventure not to be retold round the village. He chuckles to himself also over the big cupful of tea set in front of him, with cream from the brindle which he and the

other children drove with the village herd home from the bush.

Supper over, the old man skins the mink and muskrat and stretches each hide on a shingle rounded at one end. Then he tacks them to a beam above the fireplace, where they will remain until quite dry. These overhead beams support a remarkable variety of provisions drying there against the requirements of the oncoming winter. Strings of quartered apples, brown and shrivelled, stretch from beam to beam, and pieces of meat hang by cords tied to nails. Long strips of pumpkin provide a note of yellow, and a few ears of corn, like tubes of orange against the whitewashed logs, are retained there for spring planting.

The old woman, having washed the dishes and greased the good man's boots, gets out her knitting and joins the other two, who now are sitting before the fire. The old man is smoking, and his socks, as he thrusts his feet towards the fire, send up a visible volume of steam. He remembers the



AN ONTARIO CLEARING

From a pencil sketch made by Harlow White in 1875

time when life was not as comfortable as it is now, when they had no candles, even, and no floor but the bare earth. That was when the children were little, before some of them were born. But they grew up, all but one, and went their several ways, and oftentimes he wishes for the earthen floor and the windy chinks and his little ones again. One of the boys went to Michigan, another to Dakota, two to Manitoba, and one to the devil; while the two girls married young and went to live hundreds of miles away.

But they were good old days, those early pioneer days, when forty miles to mill, on foot, with a bag of wheat, was a nice little change of air. There was no doctor then, my boy, in case of sickness, no mail-carrier, no tavern, no store, no church, no nothing. But settlers came, for the land was good—Scotch settlers to the south, English to the east and west, Irish to the north. A saw-mill started, and they got planks for the floor and boards for the partition, the very same floor and partition that we now behold.

Hunting was not hunting in those days, for the game came right up to your very door. Deer passed by within gunshot every day, and bear and partridge, the wild turkey and wild pigeon, geese, ducks, and rabbits flourished on every hand.

Then came civilization, my boy, and school-teaching and church-going and what not. They had log houses everywhere, and good houses, too, as we see this one, the only one left. The old man would never forget the raising of his own house, this very house. There were no neighbours within miles in any direction, so that they had to invite help from the Boundary. And it was a fatal raising, for poor Neil McAlpin was struck dead by a beam falling, and his young widow, an old woman when her turn came, was laid to rest in the graveyard just the other day. They had chosen the site for the house because there was an abundance of spring water at hand. A clearing of a hundred and fifty feet square was made, so that if any tree should fall by wind or axe it



A TYPICAL ONTARIO LOG HOUSE

From a pencil sketch made by Harlow White in 1875

could not harm the house. In the middle of this clearing, with stumps sticking up all round, the house was built. It was twenty-two feet long by eighteen wide, as anyone could still see. Count the logs, my boy, and you will see that they are eight below the beams and four above. The roof is of split timber supported on rafters of unhewn saplings. Of course, it is covered with shingles now, and there is an upstairs also, something that had never been thought of until the children began to grow and the saw-mill to supply lumber. It was easy enough work to hew and notch the logs and with oxen draw them into position. It was easy enough work, also, to lay the lower ones. But when it came to placing them in position above the reach of a man standing it was not so easy. To do that they used forked poles. One of the end poles broke, allowing the log to slide quickly to the ground. Poor Neil had not time to move aside. His gravestone, which was not put there until he had been in the ground twenty years, bears an inscription which says that he died performing his duty.

It was the duty of the pioneer set-

tlar to help his neighbour. Had it not been so there would have been no neighbourhood, no common settlement. And the exigencies of neighbourhood brought forth those fine social qualities that were the distinguishing features of early days in Upper Canada. The old man, as he smokes by the fire, has no idea that the time will come when self-respecting men will think of killing a hog and not sending pieces of the fresh meat to their neighbours. And likewise as to beef and mutton. For fresh meat still is a delicacy—there is no butcher to call every day. Interdependence is the backbone of every community, and what affects one oftentimes affects all. The raising-bee, the quilting-bee, the sewing-bee, the paring-bee, the sawing-bee, the threshing-bee—all these festive occasions are customs of the day, yet the old man never dreams that they will not endure. For how can he foresee the things that will change the aspect of rural life? How can he predict the telephone, the electric railway, the motor-car, the gasoline engine? He is just an old pioneer, with flint and steel, candle and fireplace, muz-

zle-loader, and home-made bullets. He looks to the past, not to the future, little reckoning that the boy at his side will become the man of to-morrow. He has seen the flail give way to the threshing-machine driven by horses walking in a circle and a man standing in the middle wielding a long whip and emitting a longer whistle. He has seen the reaper supercede the scythe. He has seen oil actually burning in a lamp and shedding out an incredible light. He has seen wood burning in an iron stove set in the middle of the floor. He has heard of machines that knit, and of men riding on wheels propelled by themselves. As well might one think of flying. By many persons matches are used even in his time, and not long ago he heard a man say that you could get a gun that can be charged in a second. Of course, he doesn't believe that, nor does he see any sense in talking about being able to hear a person speaking a hundred miles away. And he would regard it

as sheer nonsense were anyone to tell him that some day the boy at his side would be able to leave to posterity the sound of his voice.

Thus we see the pioneer of the log house forty years ago. He is the father of his country, for out from his house and thousands of other log houses have gone forth young men and young women who are making the nation great. And the little boy who now rises from the fireplace, having listened to recollections of the past, looks forward into the future. He is of a later generation, and he must withdraw. And in good time, too, for the old woman is nodding over her knitting, and the old man's pipe has gone out.

The boy walks quietly across the floor, opens the door and passes out. The village is in darkness, except at the store, where the keeper is at this very moment putting up the shutters. He is a little later than usual, but, then, he is postmaster also, and the mail was behind time to-night. The



A LOG SHANTY

From a pencil sketch made by Harlow White in 1872

boy scarcely heeds these things. He crosses the road and pauses on his own doorstep. A dog howls somewhere down the concession. The night is very dark. Yet the sky is lighter than the earth, and against it, silhouetted in black, the boy sees through the poplars the outlines of

the log house. He sees the window, ruddy with the glow from fire and candle. He sees the old man rise, place his pipe on the shelf, and take down the big Book. There is only one book in that house, a book thumb-marked and dog-eared, and even a boy may guess its name.

NOEL

By LUCY BETTY McRAYE

THE old house knows bride and mother and wife.

It is the night before Christ's birth, the blessed time.

The old, old house remembers, all my wedded life:

(There are frost stars on the window, and the grass is white with rime;

Every bush and tree bears blossom, flowers of snow and sparkling leaves,

And the nests are empty under the eaves.)

Their father sits, with hands folded and crossed,

Bent over the crutch of his stick, warm at the hearth,

(The boughs are crystal, where the moonlight fires the frost,

And no footprint mars the even snow upon the garden path).

He does not speak (The moon is made of a shining piece of gold,

The moon is at full), he is grown so old.

My elder son watches his acres bloom,

Watches the waxen garlands of his orange trees,

Where the magnolia-scented air drifts in his room,

And my younger boy swings in his hammock upon torrid seas,

Warm blue seas of southern langour, under tropic skies, star-sewn . . .

The nests are empty, and the birds are flown.

I have two girls, each in her home will be

Decking the house with berries white and red.

Hanging with tinsel stars the Christmas-tree.

And stealing to fill the stocking a-dangle by each child's bed.

It is close on twelve, the holy stars assemble one by one . . .

The nests are empty, and the children gone.

And at the solemn hour of Jesu's birth

One only of my children will come home,

Leaving awhile his narrow bed in the warm earth,

Leaving awhile the playing fields of Heaven, he will come;

I shall hear a little footstep; I shall strain my ear to catch

His small, uncertain hand upon the latch.

My sons and my girls, know the best and worst,

Knowing evil and good, sin and sorrow and rest;

He was the flower of my springtime; he was my first,

In my first anguish I bore him, he only knew my breast.

I shall hear the church bells ringing, golden-tongued, a moment more,

Listen—is that my baby at the door?



THE DARK NIGHT

From the Painting by David Muirhead
in the National Art Gallery of Canada

THEIR VAGARY

BY ALAN SULLIVAN

SYBIL CANTLIE surveyed the mound of letters by her plate and glanced across the table at her husband. She liked this meal especially, not only for these daily invitational heralds, but for a certain inspiring freshness that seemed invariably to await her in the breakfast-room. Its daintiness and crisp individuality always greeted her with charm and matutinal vigour.

John Cantlie, however, subdivided his attention between marmalade and *The Morning Post*. His dual absorption established at once an Anglo-Saxon atmosphere. It suggested that Sybil, complete and perfect in her domestic interest, needed no further attention. It was not that he undervalued her. Cantlie, on the contrary, was convinced that he of all men was the most fortunate. But he had a negative manner of expressing positive confidence—and had as well that male assumption of indifference which is merely the speechless offspring of perfect faith.

Sybil sorted her letters. On one side a mound of accounts and circulars, on the other a heap of missives, more promising and prophetic.

"Any new social complication?" asked Cantlie. He asked it every morning in exactly that way. Cantlie's wit was diurnal.

She picked a letter from the top of the pyramid. "Oh, Churton Forbes wants us to spend a week-end with him in Devonshire."

"When?"

"The third to the fifth of next month."

Cantlie finished his tea. "Too bad," he said laconically.

"I would like it, John! Must you go to-morrow?"

He regarded her with lifted brows. Sybil was not often so impulsive. Cantlie's yearly trip of inspection always began on the tenth of May, and terminated exactly one month later. He was sound and admirably conservative. Sybil herself was conscious of an absolute security. The universe might change, but there could be no permutations in either John's business programme or his inflexible affection. But just now she yielded to the recurrent sensation of being an instrument impersonally manipulated on the switch-board of John's too ordered life.

This domestic perfection had crystallized into a flawless routine of their joint creation. John had successfully pursued the comfortable material things of life and laid them placidly at her feet. Sybil had offered to this dignified partnership as much of herself as she understood well enough to offer. But in later years she had been subtly conscious that there was an underlying elusive self, that, as yet, had had no tangible expression, a sub-Sybil that moved, hungry and exiled, through the smoothness of existence in Harstone Square.

That afternoon she wrote:

Dear Mr. Forbes:

It is a great disappointment to us both not to be able to accept your most kind invitation for the third of next month. My husband leaves on the tenth for a

business trip and will not return till the same date in June. We would both have enjoyed being with you.

Believe me,
Yours sincerely.

A day later Cantlie's cab bore him off to Euston. She watched from the doorstep, caught his connubial signal from the corner of the Square; then went to her desk and sat for some time, motionless and diffident. Weekly letters were due to Herbert at Oxford and Mary at Girton. Just now they seemed unimportant. Her gaze wandered abstractedly to the long mirror opposite. Nothing betrayed the woman of forty. Her fair skin, smooth light hair and supple figure had made no surrender to her years. She retained in a certain full luxuriance every promise of girlhood. Piquant little curls clustered on her brows and cast soft shadows on the delicate curves of her neck. There was also a physical transparency that revealed itself in subtle shades of tone and colour.

She experienced a translation in which that other Sybil came strongly to life and protest. This woman in the glass was potent and exquisite, a creature made for charm and every process of delight. But she was, nevertheless, a circumscribed reflection, divorced from spiritual and emotional freedom, unstirred by the poignant sweetness of any vagary. For the rest of her life it would ever be thus—the processional round of tasteless orthodoxy. She questioned whether this body, and suddenly wayward heart of hers, had, after all, been designed merely to adjust themselves automatically to circumstances she did not create. Was there no swift outlet, no royal, even prodigal, feast with which to fill this constant and complaining void.

Into this reflection drifted the wraith of Churton Forbes—man of the world, man of letters, interpreter of the innermost recesses of her own sex; and unwedded, save to a nook in a Devonshire chine, to which, at

rare intervals, the elect and only the elect were bidden. She knew perfectly well that had Cantlie been a bachelor he would not have been asked for a week-end, but she had, nevertheless, up to this moment, put away with Spartan resolution the dangerously attractive alternative that she herself had impressed Churton Forbes.

Now the alternative joined hands with her temperamental research and dared her to come on.

Some strange, new, hungry, unschooled part of herself responded instantly—a part that said: "Until you have satisfied me, you have not lived. You have nourished your virtues and fed your intellect—but you are incomplete till I have had my way." There was no moral or ethical side to it. Sybil suddenly recognized herself as a thing absorbed into the general pattern. She had paid for peace at the cost of individuality. Now she craved that she might feel—greatly, poignantly, unutterably—and, having felt once, salve again her quivering spirit with the familiar unction of an ordered life.

Churton Forbes received Sybil's second letter two days later. He regarded it first with amusement, then with a certain susceptible interest. His literary excursions had been—though few guessed it—only the expression of his own intuitive perceptions, unfortified by any personal experience or adventure. True, they had been acclaimed by the reading public as personal revelations, and thus was created in the minds of many, a romantic Churton Forbes, oscillating between sentimental diversions and the retrospective solitudes of his Devonshire valley. This interpretation had suited Forbes admirably. More and more secure, he became, on paper, more daring, more exploratory than ever.

He had known Sybil for years. Cantlie himself was classified and docketed on sight. But this union of the emotionally unawaked woman

with the man who, he thought, would never be emotionally awake, had always piqued Churton Forbes's curiosity. Of this, his invitation had been the ultimate outcome.

Now he found himself no longer a human analyst, but one who stood facing such a denouement as had, heretofore, been purely relative and imaginary. The facts and the question jockeyed across her note-paper. She was alone. She wanted to see him and why did she want it! So Forbes set out for town with a queer illusion that, at last, he was about to step from the dress circle onto the stage.

Sybil awaited him, her exploratory instinct strongly alive, but her orthodox self thinking that it would, perhaps, be just as well if he did not come. She wondered whether, if he did come, her strange sub-Sybil would get out of hand.

She found him at first politely negative and impersonally interesting. Forbes was, in fact, casting about to establish his meridian from literary land-marks of his own creation. Somewhere in one of his books a man had been exactly in this position. He had had the same freedom, and advantage, the same single irresponsibility. But now, noting the prophetic response in Sybil's eyes and yielding to the thought that there was perhaps some phase of her existence that Cantlie had never shared, and in which he himself might participate, the progress of the imaginary heroes of Churton Forbes became nebulous and unreal.

He was surprised to discover that though this atmosphere was never entirely dissipated, he absorbed it to the extent of occupying his rooms in Down Street longer than ever before. It was an understood thing that they spent every day together. He would not admit that this excursion was making any imprint on his own life. He continually said to himself: "I can use this, and this, and this." He bolstered up a spirit that was, un-

known to himself, rapidly attaining a point where it needed no stimulus whatever.

And to Sybil the first turns of the new trail were alive with charm and piquant interest. Interminable sequences of domesticity had sharpened her palate for this diet of enfranchisement. To the intuition of Churton Forbes she opposed a sudden capacity for enjoyment, that carried him along without time to establish the perspective point toward which this broad companionship was narrowing.

They talked a great deal, with a mutual off-hand discarding of conversational preliminaries—as men talk. It was Sybil, who, on the fourth day, voiced that which was now in both their minds.

"Must you go this afternoon?" she said abruptly.

Forbes nodded. They were lunching at Prince's. He had been saying to himself that she was the most effective woman in the room. Then he found himself saying it aloud. She put it aside with this direct query. Her eyes were troubled.

"I fear I must. I'm behind with my work now. But—"

"Yes," There was a fibre in her voice he had not heard before.

"I don't believe I'll do much—for a while."

They were both silent, both pulling feebly against the stream.

"It's been good to be here with you," he went on, meeting her eyes.

Such days had never come before. They flashed past her in royal succession. She was conscious that at last something in her was frantically alive and beating its wings against the cage of prudence. Then she looked at Forbes, noting the broad forehead, the quiet gray eyes, the sympathetic mouth, the atmosphere of understanding and invitational reserve. She wondered, if with all his intuition, he understood what she felt.

"I wish you could have come down to Devonshire," he added thoughtfully. "I've rather a jolly little place,

buried in heather, and miles from anywhere."

Sybil caught his glance. She wondered where and when she had encountered just such a gaze, and suddenly remembered the Sphinx. His eyes seemed to be shouting at her with something there were no words for.

"I'll tell you," she said daringly. "I'll pay you a purely imaginary visit. Now tell me how to get there."

She leaned forward across the table—very pretty—and, in a flash, very animated. He took in her beauty with gratitude of sense and imagination alike. He tried to vivisect his own emotions—but got no farther than picturing Sybil in his Devonshire garden—then the coming of dusk. He reflected—rapidly—drinking her in all the time with gray, half-lidded eyes.

He laughed again. "Well, if you came on Saturday, you would take a purely hypothetical train from Victoria at ten-thirty, which would land you at Newton Towers by three-twenty. There you would change and reach Burchiston in half an hour. At Burchiston you would find an illusory but much gratified author with a perfectly transparent dog-cart. In fifteen minutes you would be drinking spiritualized tea and looking at phantom hills covered with ghostly heather."

"And for the rest of it?" Her voice was curiously thin and breathless.

"For the rest of it you would wander about the phantom hills with that illusory author, and smell the ghostly heather and talk about that distressingly practical, straight-laced, humdrum world in which you would find yourself when you woke up."

"Yes, and then—what comes after that?" The sub-Sybil had mounted to her eyes and cheeks.

"After that you would go on," he said, staring at her intently, "just as you did before you dreamed. The world would be just the same; no one

in it would have changed. But you yourself would sometimes remember your dream—and—" he hesitated.

"Yes, and what?"

"And the author would always remember it, as something that came very sweetly across the heather and the hills."

"And the rest of the world?" She was trembling. It crept into the question.

"Would not have existed," he said quietly.

She rose from the table. Forbes waited while she went for her wraps. She returned, pale and very beautiful. He did not want to let her go.

She held out her hand. "Is this good-bye?"

Some long dormant element in him rose protesting. "I'm afraid so, unless," he dared greatly, "I have only dreamed about a dream."

The colour rushed back to her face. "Do dreams ever come true?"

He looked at the hand that lay unresistingly in his own. For the moment it seemed absolutely his own. "Sometimes," he said, under his breath, "sometimes—down in Devonshire."

Their eyes met like the eyes of those poised on the edge of something hitherto unguessed at. To Forbes she seemed an exquisite enigma. She smiled nervously. "They might—perhaps—in Devonshire."

Late that night from the seclusion of his valley, Forbes surveyed the quality of these last few days. That Sybil loved him he did not for a moment imagine. She seemed rather one who had stretched a petitory hand out of the deadly sameness of life, that he might draw her up, if only for an instant, to his own transitory coign of vantage. If more than this, she emerged with the offering of some unmodulated, communicable part of herself, it was, it appeared, only part of an absorbing game, one that hitherto he had but viewed from the standpoint of psychological interest. Now he was not averse to being

drawn into it, but with a certain male introspection he wondered whether anticipation did not hold more of satisfaction than realization itself. Forbes in truth was a paper adventurer. He experienced the trials of his heroes, the divine anguish of his heroines, and the remorse of his villains—all on paper. Much of his work was wordily deft, and deftly evasive. But he had had intuitive gleams on which his reputation was built—keen, searching thrusts that fixed themselves in many minds and strengthened his confidence in his own productions. Naturally analytical, master of phrase and period, he was, nevertheless, inwardly timorous, and as yet unresponsive to those passionate interpretations of which he often wrote.

His analysis failed as he climbed into the dog-cart on Saturday and drove through the hollow lanes toward Burchiston. He could not know whether Sybil had reached that point which would risk all for this impetuous vagary. He only knew that he faced a possibility which might reduce every former creation of his mind to the drabness of a puppet.

And Sybil, returning to the statutory surroundings of Harstone Square, was conscious mainly of grappling weakly with the crescent strength of that inward sub-Sybil, who now demanded expression. It ceased to be a question of morals. It was rather the placating if possible of something within her that had been promised food and was offered platitude. She was yielding gradually to the belief that this other Sybil, the unappeased, hitherto unsatisfied Sybil, must be fed and comforted. Her hunger was mental and temperamental as well. "This part of myself that I am starving will soon die," she said to herself. She had reached the poignant phase of womanhood when the shadows of inevitable years begin to cloud the proportions of the present—she was still in full enjoyment of strength and physical beauty

—and the strange ineffable promptings that live with them. But she was oppressed nevertheless by the approach of that solitary season when the tissues of mind and body alike would have exhausted their quick spontaneity and fire.

As to Cantlie and their children, they seemed hardly to appear in her reflections. They had had of her all that they demanded—and more. This dream was to be all her own. The future for once might take care of itself.

She caught the ten-thirty on Saturday at Victoria. Her only luggage was a hand-bag. She had had moments of intimate confusion when packing it, visionary shreds of the circumstances under which she would unpack it. There had also been protection to provide for her social hiatus.

Now, gliding through the trim fields of Surrey, all these things seemed to have automatically smoothed themselves out. Her departure had excited no apparent curiosity. How easy it all was. Of the immediate future she hardly dared think. It held faint suggestions of surrender. For this fleeting liberty, this glorious vagary—she had an infinite yearning. As for her husband and Herbert and Mary they continued behind the footlights. She, weary of their parts, had slipped away to dream.

She changed trains at Newton Towers. A long shrill whistle announced Burchiston, and she palpitated with quick alarms. There was a moment's wild desire to draw down her veil and shrink motionless into the far corner of the compartment. Then the train stopped and she saw Forbes at the door.

The loose, rough tweeds and healthy out-door face of him suggested nothing but the country gentleman. It was all laughably ordinary and impersonal. She said so when, mounting the dog-cart, they commenced to swing toward the sea.

Forbes smiled. There had been

inquisitorial moments while he waited at the station. He had wondered whether he was not about to destroy many a treasured hypothesis for one transient, wayward actuality. He had thought a good deal, also, about Cantlie, and endeavoured to forecast him metamorphosed into a furious husband, charged with deadly revenge. But the whole thing had such an elusive unreality that he failed altogether. Now, regarding Sybil's exquisite face and yielding luxuriously to the comforting nearness of her, it all seemed more unreal than ever.

"Look at them," he said, pointing with his whip to the heather-clad hills. "Are those ordinary? Are they not what you saw in your Devonshire dream?"

She looked. These soft undulations lifted on each side of the narrow road in long yellow waves of tiny flowers that clung close to the odorous earth. The smell of them was intoxicating. She leaned against him, unutterably free, unutterably happy. "Oh, I'm so glad to be here."

He stooped over and gazed into the very depths of her eyes. "Why did you wait so long?" he said.

"Was it long?" she asked flushingly. "I didn't know—before."

"And yet—you and I have been waiting for this since the world began. Doesn't the rest of everything seem far away, now?"

"Millions of miles." She smiled contentedly—then glanced into his face and went on hurriedly: "I want you to tell me so many things."

"What kind of things? There is so much to tell you," he added meaningly.

"About yourself, and this place of yours, and your work." She evaded him daintily.

"Oh, I got the place years ago. You'll see it soon—just a cottage hanging over the sea in a wrinkle of the hills. It's very pretty. There's a faithful old soul there who does very well for me. I think you'll be fairly comfortable, at least I hope

so." His voice dropped. "Though I have not had much time to get ready for you."

She was suddenly breathless "Do—you have many visitors?"

He shook his head. "No, one doesn't want them here somehow—but this time"—he paused.

The sub-Sybil stirred within her. She had a quick prompting to tell Forbes that she was just beginning to live. Then, over the rim of the land stretched a long flat line, wonderfully bright and blue. "The sea," she whispered, with parted lips.

The road dipped sharply southwards. She could trace its white ribbon twisting along the flanks of the downs. At the bottom and out far beyond the Channel. The curved shores were white with lace-like foam. Above all this soared the great transparent dome of sky, and, in between, soft airs breathed across the fragrant hills. It was very beautiful and very English. Gazing at Forbes she found it doubly beautiful.

He raised his whip again, "The Cottage."

It lay like a soft brown thing behind hedges of myrtle and wild roses. "How perfect!" She found it strangely hard to speak.

They had tea in the garden—dream tea. The housekeeper waited on them—a gaunt old woman with weather-beaten face and quiet unquestioning eyes. Sybil searched them in vain for anything untoward.

She studied Forbes while he talked—a pointed face that narrowed from a broad white forehead to a chin almost femininely delicate. He had an habitual way of looking from beneath half-closed lids, that piqued curiosity as to the colour of his thoughts. The eyes themselves were gray, with a touch of mystery. His mouth betrayed sensitiveness. The restlessness that pervaded him spoke of nerves and imagination. Physically he was undoubtedly attractive, with the free carriage and almost feline suppleness of a man of the open. He dressed

perfectly and wore his clothes with obvious ease.

She was vastly interested in what he had to say. There were moments when she trembled with the ecstasy of her own interpretations. They seemed so near each other—the rest of the world having dropped out of existence. But, for the most part, they steered between the Scylla of Society and the Charybdis of Harstone Square. It was all intensely personal, but just as ostensibly impersonal.

"You don't quite understand women yet," she laughed. "Myself, for instance."

"I think I do. The real you. The one who made the dream come true."

"Is that the real me. I begin to doubt it." Her eyes challenged his own. "I didn't know anything about her before this week."

"And after this week," he caught her gaze and held it strongly. "You'll never forget her."

"Shall I want to?"

"I hope not, and I—" he knelt beside her chair and gathered her hands into his own. "I shall never forget."

Sybil unpacked her bag in a little room, half filled with flowers. There were roses everywhere, and the lattice window looked out on the sea. She had brought her prettiest dress. She dwelt with a certain joyousness on the image in her glass.

She was arranging her hair when a step sounded outside. She waited—breathless—heard Forbes stop for a moment, then go on to the sitting-room below. Presently she joined him, very pale and with a petitory beauty that moved him beyond words. She wore one of his roses in her dress.

As they sat down to dinner it grew suddenly dark—and Forbes ordered candles. He surveyed her through their white rays. Her beauty took on a new phase. Magic was at work.

Their talk wandered—drifting off into silences that no speech could interpret. She had been impressed with the cottage. It seemed that there was

little here, yet everything that one could want. The soul of the place was almost self-sufficient. Now across the candles, Forbes, the vivifying spirit of this small domain, began, gradually, in the increasing darkness, to take on new aspects. He rambled on, but it seemed with less and less of that direct appeal that had so greatly moved her. She endeavoured to yield to this new intimacy of darkness and nearness. Outside the hills were already wreathed in fog. Under its cover she sensed the approach of a thousand reflections that had had no existence in the sunlight.

Forbes himself, though subject to the spell, was conscious of something that overshadowed even this fruition. His tones were becoming strained and unnatural.

Sybil talked—distract and nervous. This swift onward march of night appalled her, too. The sub-Sybil expostulated in faint *diminuendos*. "Why did you bring me here—don't be a fool." She caught at that last. "Don't be a fool." No longer wedged into the familiar fabric of life in Harstone Square, this new liberty began to look like that of a castaway. And now it was getting darker. Was there—was there anything ogre-like in the face of Churton Forbes? The candles flickered. It was hard to say.

On the window pattered a few drops of rain. The world was running to cover now—for the night—that terrified her utterly. She turned very white. "Mr. Forbes, I—I—" her voice trailed off.

He came quickly and put his arm round her. She revolted at the touch. "Don't, please—please, don't."

"Why, what is it?" He spoke nervously, but with a strain of reassurance.

She got up quickly. Her eyes were round with fright. "Mr. Forbes—I must go—now—this minute!"

"Why!" Then he lied bravely. "I don't understand."

"Nor do I—but believe me—I must go at once." The sub-Sybil was dead

—more—she was putrefying within her.

"But you can't," he said gently, "now."

"Why—" She caught at his arm. "I must go, can't you understand?"

"There's only one evening train to town. It's a through train—an express," and, he added, "I'm afraid you can't catch that."

"What time is it, how long is there? Please tell me." She was shaking.

"I can have the cart ready at once, if you insist," he said slowly, "but I don't think it's much use. You would not have time to change."

"I don't want to change. I only want to catch that train. I'm ready now—this instant."

Forbes stared at her. He, too, heard an inward voice. "Don't be a fool," it shouted. He wondered for an instant how to take it. Then suddenly he thought of Cantlie, Cantlie of the iron-gray hair and stolid determined visage. "I'll do what I can," he said hurriedly, and disappeared.

In a few moments the mare's hoofs rang sharply on the drive. Forbes jumped down and ran into the cottage.

"Are you ready?"

He met Sybil in the hall. She had packed her bag in desperate haste. There had been no time to change. Beneath her light cloak her arms and neck were white and bare. He threw an ulster round her. "Now," he said firmly, "hold on."

The cottage dropped out of sight in the rain. Forbes rounded the corner on one wheel. The cart lurched and recovered. The fog settled down, heavier, more impenetrable than before—all they could see was a patch of shining road ahead of the lamps. All they could hear was the hammer of the mare's hoofs, as she breasted the long rise from the cottage. At the summit she was breathing hard and dropped into a walk.

"Can't we go faster?" Already

Sybil visioned that last train speeding to home and safety without her.

"We will, in a second," said Forbes grimly. "But I don't want to kill the mare."

She was shocked at what she thought his indifference—he at what, for a moment, looked like her cruelty. She did not guess that Forbes was thinking rapidly as to where and how they could best make speed.

"Now," he jerked out, "hold on tight," and laid the mare to her work.

Once she spoke to him. "Will we make it?"

He nodded. "I think so—there are Burchiston lights now."

She heard a long whistle. The evening train entered a nearby cutting. It left her breathless.

Forbes heard it, too. His whip fell sharply. "We'll just do it, and no more."

The mare sprang forward. She was breathing hard and flecks of foam came back in their faces. Then Forbes pulled up short at the station. The train had entered, stopped, and was just getting into motion again.

Sybil sprang out of the cart, ran across the platform, and twisted desperately at a carriage door. She was walking rapidly beside it. The guard had his head out of the van and was shouting at her.

Forbes ran to the next compartment and jerked at a handle. "Here," he shouted, "take this one, quick."

She jumped in—fell—and recovered herself. He threw the bag in after her. Then, running fast, he slammed the door shut. In an instant he had dropped out of sight.

Sybil sat back. She felt very faint. Her hands lying weakly in her lap touched something rough and wet and unfamiliar. It was Forbes's ulster. She rested till the train, gathering full speed, had settled down into the long run to London. Her lips worked uncertainly. For a few moments thus—then she began to laugh hysterically. She had forgotten to say good-bye.

OUR ALIEN ENEMIES

BY THOMAS MULVEY, K.C.

CIVIL rights of alien enemies as modified by modern war raise many questions which did not require consideration in former times, and therefore the position in Canada of the subjects of enemy nations of this world-war should be discussed. The subject is of particular interest to Canadians. Not only have we welcomed but we have deliberately taken all measures which would induce foreigners to emigrate to Canada, having in view not so much the benefit to the foreigner but the good which his advent probably would do in increasing the prosperity of this country. That the change of residence from autocratic Europe to the freedom of Western Canada may have been in the interest of the immigrant there can be no question, but our motives in encouraging emigration to Canada from all the countries of Europe should receive due weight in discussing our attitude toward the alien enemy in Canada. We have welcomed not only the Doukhobour and the Galician, but the Polack from Germany and Austria, as well as from Russia. They have come to this country not alone for their own advancement, but on our invitation, to assist in building up Canada.

Globe-trotting and immigration such as is indicated are modern. When it is pointed out that the first general Naturalization Act of Canada was passed in 1829, and the first of the United Kingdom in the year 1844, it is readily seen that many topics which are now up for acute consideration

were not discussed during former European wars.

The Peace Conference of 1907 had no doubt in mind the improvement of the condition of the alien enemy in inserting in Convention No. 4, Article 23 (h), the following: "In addition to the prohibitions provided by special conventions, it is particularly forbidden: (h) to declare abolished, suspended, or inadmissible, the right of the subjects of the hostile party to institute legal proceedings." What this clause may mean it is very difficult to understand. It is stated that so far as the United Kingdom was concerned, it was agreed to under a misapprehension. It seems to protect the rights of the alien enemy to institute proceedings, and no reference is made to the conduct of such proceedings to completion. This may appear a very trivial objection, but a Convention such as this, is in the highest degree technical and should be construed, as any other legal document, to mean exactly what it says. The institution of legal proceedings is of very little avail to the alien enemy if there is no right to carry them to conclusion. Moreover, the words "legal proceedings" are not definite. If they really mean and are confined to proceedings before the courts, while the position of the alien enemy may be improved, yet it is not all that may have been intended. If, however, it is intended that the law shall be equally and uniformly administered with respect to the alien enemy and the subject, alike, the sec-

tion seems to go further than should be permitted. Under the Canadian War Measures Act, 1914, authority is given the Governor-General-in-Council to take measures for the security, defence, peace, order, and welfare of Canada, and particularly for arrest, detention, exclusion, and deportation. The provisions of the proclamations issued under this statute are not applicable to subjects. As must be, special laws regulate the actions of alien enemies. It follows that if subjects and alien enemies must be treated alike, and the right of alien enemies to proceed under the Habeas Corpus Act is preserved by The Hague Convention, that Act should be suspended to carry out the due administration of the law. This would practically place the country in a state of siege and could not be thought of. What the section may mean will, no doubt, come up for consideration before the courts. In some of the minor courts of Toronto and Montreal it has been held that the alien enemy has no right before the courts. The subject was considered in the Prize Court in England in the first case, the *Chile*, and it was objected that the German owner had no right to appear before the court. There was no express decision upon the point, the president, Sir Samuel Evans, holding that in that particular case the affidavit filed was insufficient, and it was unnecessary to decide whether the German ship-owner had the right to appear.

In the next case, the *Marie Glaser*, which came before the Prize Court on the 16th of September, 1914, the subject was further considered, but the meagre report is insufficient to determine the exact decision of the court. The president again held that the enemy ship-owner had no right to appear, because the affidavit failed to show that the hostile character of the owners had been in the circumstances in any way suspended, and the appearance of the German owners was stricken out. The above section of

The Hague Convention was not discussed. But it appears to follow that if the hostile character of the owners had not changed, their defence would not be entertained. The natural inference is that the common law rule that the alien enemy has no rights before the courts is to be followed.

The attitude of the Dominion Government is indicated by the proclamations issued under the War Measures Act, 1914, respecting the alien enemy. The first appeared on the 8th of August and was applicable to German subjects only. After reciting that there are many immigrants of German nationality quietly pursuing their usual avocations, and that it is desirable that such persons should continue in such avocations without interruption, it was provided that so long as these persons quietly pursue their ordinary avocations they shall not be arrested, detained or interfered with, unless there is reasonable ground to believe that they are engaged in espionage, or attempting to engage in acts of a hostile nature, or to give information to the enemy, or unless they otherwise contravene any law, order-in-council, or proclamation. It was directed that German officers and reservists attempting to leave Canada should be arrested and detained. A similar proclamation was issued respecting Austro-Hungarians, on the 13th of August.

A slight change in attitude appears to have come about, as shown by a proclamation dated the 15th of August, 1914, which provides that all persons of German or Austro-Hungarian nationality, so long as they quietly pursue their ordinary avocations, shall be allowed to continue to enjoy the protection of the law and to be accorded the respect due to peaceful and law-abiding citizens, and that they shall not be arrested, detained, or interfered with unless there is reasonable ground to believe that they are engaged in espionage or engaging or attempting to engage in acts of an hostile nature, or are giv-

ing or attempting to give information to the enemy, or unless they otherwise contravene any law, order-in-council, or proclamation. There was a special provision made for the arrest of reservists or alien enemies attempting to leave Canada to assist the enemy and those engaged in espionage or acts of a hostile nature. Provision was also made for the release upon parole upon the giving of an undertaking to refrain from hostile acts and abide by the laws of Canada.

A further change was again made, as appears by an order-in-Council passed on the 28th of October. In the meantime, bomb outrages had taken place at Montreal between Russians and Austro-Hungarians, and numerous newspaper articles appeared discussing the probability of a raid by Germans and Austro-Hungarians residing in the United States. Without referring to the former proclamations, this order-in-council, under the provisions of the War Measures Act, provides for the establishment of offices of registration of alien enemies, and that every alien enemy residing within twenty miles of the place of registration shall register; that no alien enemy shall leave the country without an exeat of the registrar, which is issued at the discretion of this officer. It further provides that where the registrar believes that an alien enemy cannot consistently with the public safety be permitted to remain at large, he shall be called upon to declare whether he desires and has the means to remain in Canada conformably to the laws and customs of the country, subject to the obligation to report monthly to the chief of police. If the alien expresses a desire to so remain, he is given his liberty, subject to the order-in-council. If otherwise, he is to be detained as a prisoner of war. This order-in-council also provided that no alien enemy should be naturalized without the certificate of the registrar. It will be noticed that this order-in-

council is drawn in such terms as not to be applicable to the alien enemy at large, but only to those within twenty miles of a place of registration. No doubt this was intended to overcome the difficulties which arise in populous centres, and leave the law-abiding alien under similar conditions in country places without molestation. It is also apparent that those without means of subsistence shall be kept at the public expense.

Two under-currents of public opinion have aided the progress of these events. It is doubtful whether there was a general adherence to the first proclamation that the alien enemy peacefully pursuing his usual avocations should not be interfered with. Many employees of German and Austro-Hungarian nationality were dismissed. Added to this, the cessation of public works has led to an increase in the number of unemployed. Moreover, there has been a growing feeling of distrust of all foreign enemies. The newspaper stories of the extensive system of espionage of the German Empire have no doubt upset and irritated the usual quiet current of Canadian opinion.

One allied subject, naturalization of alien enemies, has received considerable public notice, and has been dealt with in various ways. The Honourable Mr. Archambault, of the Circuit Court, Montreal, in a considered judgment (of which we have only newspaper notes), decided that the alien enemy was entitled to naturalization. He based his decision upon the clause of The Hague Convention already quoted, and the proclamation of August 8th and 15th, 1914, above referred to. The Honourable Sir John Boyd, Chancellor of Ontario, at Haileybury, absolutely refused naturalization to German and Austro-Hungarian applicants. The Honourable Mr. Justice Latchford, while not laying down any general rule, decided that each applicant should appear before him and present his case. His Honour Judge Coats-

worth postponed all applications, presumably for investigation, and no doubt for the application of the order-in-council of 28th October.

It is doubtful whether Judge Archambault's decision is rightly based, and this arises from the construction of the clause of The Hague Convention. Is the presentation to the court of the certificate of the Naturalization Commissioner the institution of legal proceedings? To make The Hague Convention applicable it should be so. From a reading of the Naturalization Act, however, it is quite apparent that while the certificate of the Commissioner must be presented in court, the judge sitting for the purpose of considering naturalization applications is not sitting as a judge of the court, but as a ministerial officer for the administration of the Act. No judicial duty is imposed upon the judge or the court, except where objection to the application is made. It is very likely that if a person duly qualified presented his application to the judge, having complied with all the requisites of the Act, no objection having been taken, he could successfully take proceedings and obtain from the court a mandamus directing the judge to grant naturalization. All questions of this nature, however, are now set aside by the order-in-council of the 28th of October, which requires a certificate of the Registrar of Alien Enemies before naturalization be granted.

The proclamation of the King, which was published in *The Gazette* of the 3rd of October, defines the word "enemy" as follows: "The expression 'enemy' in this proclamation means any person or body of persons of whatever nationality resident or carrying on business in the enemy country, but does not include persons of enemy nationality who are neither resident nor carrying on business in the enemy country. In the case of incorporated bodies, enemy character attaches only to those incor-

porated in an enemy country."

Moreover, the general statement that alien enemies may not have recourse to the courts has limitations. The law is laid down in Dicey as follows: "The court has no jurisdiction during the continuance of war to entertain an action brought by an alien enemy, unless he is living here under the license or protection of the Crown." In support of this, Dicey refers to a decision of the English courts in 1694. There it was held as follows: "Alien amy, or enemy, living here under protection, may bring action, because suing is a consequence of protection. If an alien enemy comes hither *sub salvo conductu* he may maintain an action; if an alien amy comes hither in time of peace, *per licentiam domini Regis*, as the French Protestants did, and lives here *sub protectione*, and a war afterwards begins between the two nations, he may maintain an action, for suing is but a consequential right of protection, and therefore an alien enemy that is here in peace under protection may sue a bond; *aliter* of one commorant in his own country." This authority is very old, but it must be remembered that the presence in Canada of large numbers of the alien enemy is without precedent. The condition under which the Huguenots immigrated and the inducements therefor could not likely have been more favourable than those offered by the Canadian Immigration Office to many Austrians and Germans now endeavouring to make homes for themselves and their children in Canada, and the protection of the law, as declared in the Proclamation of the 15th of August last, cannot be less ample than that accorded the Huguenot in England. The difficulties which may be created by those of the alien enemy who may seek to do us harm should not be minimized. Neither should we overlook the benefits which may come to this country through many of the alien enemy now with us and others who may immigrate after the war.

CANADA AND ITS PROVINCES *

A REVIEW

BY W. S. WALLACE

UNTIL now no good history of Canada on an adequate scale has seen the light. Parkman's picturesque narratives are, of course, excellent, so far as they go; but they carry the reader down only to the dawn of the English period. Kingford's "History of Canada," in ten volumes, has some merits; but its merits are outweighed by its defects: it stops short at the year 1841; it cannot be relied upon in matters of detail; and to read it is like wading through the night's Serbonian bog. Both Parkman and Kingsford, moreover, wrote a generation ago; and in the interval which has elapsed since then, a vast amount of new material has come to light, of the very existence of which they were ignorant. In some respects their work is now obsolete.

The publication, therefore, of a full and authoritative account of Canadian history, brought completely up to date, should be a matter of self-congratulation with Canadians. The value of such a publication is not merely academic. It not only removes the reproach that Canada has hitherto been lacking in a satisfactory account of her history; but it makes a very definite and positive contribution to Canadian national life. Canadians as a whole are profoundly ignorant of the history of

their own country. It is the unvarnished truth that the product of the Canadian school knows more, as a rule, about ancient history than about Canadian—more about Themistocles than about Sir John Macdonald, more about the constitution of Sparta than about the British North America Act. And in a country like Canada, where so many of the population are of immigrant origin, it is especially desirable that a knowledge of the country's history should be widely disseminated. The study of history may not have as its primary object the cultivation of patriotism; but the best kind of patriotism must always be based on an intelligent knowledge of history.

"Canada and Its Provinces" is a history of Canada in twenty-two volumes, and an index, prepared under the general editorship of Dr. Adam Shortt and Dr. A. G. Doughty. The names of these editors alone are a sufficient guarantee of excellence. Dr. Shortt, until recently the professor of political economy in Queen's University, Kingston, is perhaps the greatest living authority on Canadian economic history. Dr. Doughty, an Oxford scholar who has been since 1905 the head of the Archives at Ottawa, has an unrivalled knowledge of the manuscript sources of Canadian history, and has made a reputa-

* "Canada and Its Provinces: A History of the Canadian People and Their Institutions, by One Hundred Associates." Edited by Adam Shortt and Arthur G. Doughty. Twenty-two volumes and index. Toronto: The Publishers' Association of Canada, 1913.

tion as a writer on the military and geographical aspects of Canadian history. To these general editors is due the admirable plan on which the work has been organized. The whole has been subdivided into eleven sections, six of which have been devoted to the national history of Canada, and five to provincial and local history. One section, for instance, deals with the history of New France; another with the history of Canada from 1763 to 1841; another with the history of Canada under the Union; another with the industrial expansion of Canada; and so forth.

Each section has been placed under the supervision of an editor thoroughly conversant with the period with which it deals. The volumes dealing, for instance, with "New France, 1534-1760," are edited by Dr. Thomas Chapais, one of the most distinguished of French-Canadian historical scholars; those dealing with the history of Canada during the first three-quarters of a century of British rule are edited by Professor Walton, the late Dean of the Faculty of Law in McGill University; and the volume dealing with "United Canada" is edited by Professor W. L. Grant, the occupant of the chair of Colonial History in Queen's University, Kingston, a scholar who deserves the gratitude of his country as the author of the first good textbook of Canadian history placed in the hands of Canadian boys and girls. The names of these editors are merely illustrative of the calibre of those who are responsible for the other sections.

Under the supervision of these editors, the actual work of writing has been done by a small army of special writers, somewhat fancifully described by the publishers as a new "Company of One Hundred Associates." Each writer deals with a phase or period of Canadian history regarding which he is able to speak with authority. This is the principle of co-operation adopted with such success by the

late Lord Acton in planning "The Cambridge Modern History." Lord Acton recognized, and the editors of "Canada and Its Provinces" have recognized, that the whole field of history, even of the history of one country, has become too much for one man to attempt to cover; and that it has become necessary to break history up into strands or segments, each dealt with by a specialist. This method of course entails upon the editors special difficulties. It tends toward occasional overlapping and occasional gaps; it means sometimes a lack of proportion; and it does not assure uniformity of view. But careful editing can overcome most of these difficulties; and the gain in authoritative-ness and exhaustiveness more than counterbalances any defects inherent in the method.

In most cases the editors have secured the services of writers whose reputations, as authorities with regard to the subjects with which they deal, are already established. The account of "The Seigneurial System," for instance, is written by Professor W. B. Munro, of Harvard University, who knows more about French-Canadian seigniorialism than anyone else now living. The history of Canada's wars—the Seven Years' War, the War of the American Revolution, and the War of 1812—is dealt with by Colonel William Wood, of Quebec, whose position as an authority on Canadian military history is undisputed. The treatise on the Canadian constitution is by Professor Lefroy, of the University of Toronto, who is the foremost academic authority on Canadian constitutional law; and the chapter on "The Federal Government" is by Sir Joseph Pope, the Under-Secretary of State at Ottawa, who, as the private secretary of Sir John Macdonald, gained an unrivalled knowledge of the intricacies of Canadian governmental machinery.

On the other hand, the services of some new writers have been enlisted. The name of Mr. Duncan McArthur,

for instance, will not be familiar to many students of Canadian history; yet to him has been entrusted the task of preparing the chapters dealing with the political history of Canada from 1763 to 1840. It was perhaps a daring thing to assign these important chapters to an unknown hand; and yet it must be confessed that the experiment has been justified by the results. Mr. McArthur, who received his historical training as one of Dr. Doughty's assistants at the Archives Branch, shows a thorough familiarity with the manuscript sources of Canadian history, and his work is sound, well written, and well proportioned. Another new name is that of Mr. Kenneth Bell, who writes on the history of secondary education in Ontario. Mr. Bell is an Englishman with an Oxford training; when he wrote the chapter on education in Ontario he knew nothing at first hand of Ontario schools, and he had been barely a year in Canada, yet the chapter is one of the most brilliant and discerning in the entire series. The contributions of these "dark horses," and others who might be mentioned, are pleasant surprises of the undertaking, revealing as they do a wealth of historical talent hitherto inarticulate in Canada.

Not all the chapters, of course, are of equal merit. One may be permitted, perhaps, to express regret that Mr. John Lewis's account of Canadian political history since 1867 is so sketchy in character; some of the *histoire intime* of the period might well have been introduced into the narrative. Nor can one agree with all that Professor J. C. Morison has written with regard to the history of Canada under the Union. Many who are by no means fervent admirers of Bishop Strachan will object to this sweeping estimate:

"Few figures bulk so largely as does Strachan's in modern Canadian history in comparison with their real ability. Born of a rude stock, and carrying with him to the grave the aggressive and uncon-

ciliatory temper of his Aberdonian ancestors, Strachan was the evil genius of church life in Canada. Of his energy and courage there can be no doubt; but he possessed few of the qualities usually recognized as Christian. . . . He had changed religion into ecclesiasticism, and thought any trickery or intrigue sanctified if only it sought an ecclesiastic end."

Professor Morison's treatment of George Brown is equally damning and equally unfair:

"Great as an editor and publicist (for Canadian journalism owes much to Brown's management of "The Globe"); great also as an agitator, Brown was one of the conspicuous failures in Canadian public life. He never learned moderation; and he never acted with that spirit of opportunism which raises itself to the level of a principle through its public usefulness."

In other respects, however, Professor Morison's pages are deserving of high praise. In insight, in vigour, and in style, his account is one of the most successful treatments of an exceptionally difficult and chaotic period.

On the whole, the level of the work is very high indeed. Perhaps a few extracts from some of the special studies which lend themselves more especially to quotation may be reproduced by way of illustration. The treatment of the relations between the French and English races in Canada is everywhere on a high plane; but perhaps nowhere more so than in Mr. A. D. DeCelles's introduction to the volumes on the Province of Quebec:

"For over a hundred years the habitants of Quebec have lived side by side with their English-speaking fellow-citizens. In this long association they have shown a great desire, and have put forth persistent efforts, to make the best of a complicated situation in which race-feeling and religion, always active in every country, have often raised obstacles to a perfect entente cordiale. Let the reader but consider the history of Austria, where Magyars and Germans, in contact for ages, have never ceased to be determined foes, or of the everlasting conflict of Poles and Slavs and Germans in Prussia and Russia, and he will admit that in no country of

the world have men so widely separated in race and thought harmonized so well as in Canada."

These are wise words, which needed to be said.

For charm of style and picturesqueness of detail the chapters written by Professor MacMechan, of Halifax, can hardly be surpassed. Take, for instance, his pen-picture of Joseph Howe:

"No one of Nova Scotia's sons was ever so loved and so hated. No one was ever so devoutly, so blindly, followed. To have held his horse for him once, to have carried letters from the post-office to him as he sat in his carriage, are cherished memories of his henchmen. No colonial statesman ever approached him in breadth of view, in eloquence, and in the power of the pen. Beside his splendid gifts, his brilliant achievements, his glaring faults, Nova Scotia's other politicians shrink to an indistinct array of mediocre, black-coated respectabilities. The man who had a natural son, who kissed every woman in Nova Scotia, who fought a deadly duel, stands out like a splash of scarlet against the drab background of Canadian politics."

Many readers will turn with interest to Professor Skelton's account of the economic history of Canada since Confederation. His picture of some of the tendencies of economic life in Canada within the last few years may be quoted to illustrate his depth of insight and subtlety of analysis:

"Most men viewed with growing uneasiness the concentration of wealth in hands that had done little toward its making, and the domination of industrial and political life by small groups of allied financial and railway and industrial interests in the three or four larger cities. Financial buccaneers who made millions out of merging mills they had never seen; promoters of fraudulent mining companies; members of rings and mergers who held up the public for all the traffic would bear; the owners of bounty-fed or protected industries whose profits did not, contrary to programme, filter through to the common people below; holders of unregulated public service monopolies; speculators growing rich overnight by the increment of land values communally created, did more to bring all wealth, honest

and dishonest, into disrepute than the muckraker and the socialist street orator could do in a century without their aid. There was in Canada comparatively little growth of doctrinaire socialism, though the mining regions east and west developed an aggressive movement and the socialist minority in trade union ranks grew stronger. The note of industrial life was still prevailingly, even aggressively, individualistic; the workingman who bought prairie subdivision lots in ten-dollar instalments differed more in success than in ideals from the promoter who netted his easy million in a merger. Increasingly the intervention of the state was invoked, but only to act as umpire, not to play the game. There was little disposition to abandon the system of private property and individual competition or to hamper honest capital, provided special privilege could be removed from its seat. . . . Less demanded, but not less needed, was an abatement of the speculative fever, less engrossing preoccupation with corner lots and wheat crops; but unless the preacher and the teacher and the midnight stars worked conversion, that did not seem likely to come about until success in the task of exploiting the country's riches had brought leisure, or hard times had brought repentance and plain thinking and high living."

Of the outward dress and appearance of the volumes, only a few words need be said. The first edition, known as the Author's Edition, is a triumph of the craft of the printer and book-binder; the second edition, known as the Archives Edition, is less expensive and less sumptuous, but it, too, is superior to anything of the same sort which has hitherto been published in Canada. The volumes are copiously and judiciously illustrated. The only criticism one can make is perhaps to express a regret that a connoisseur like Dr. Doughty should have allowed so unhistorical a picture as West's "The Death of Wolfe" to be included in the second volume. Apart from that, one can have nothing but admiration for the manner in which the publishers and editors have done their work. Not only in the writing of Canadian history, but also in the making of Canadian books, "Canada and Its Provinces" marks a great step in advance.



A STREET IN DINAN

From the Etching by Clarence A. Gagnon



THE GHENT OF 100 YEARS AGO

GHENT AND THE TREATY

BY LYMAN B. JACKES

A SLEEPY old city was Ghent in the year 1814. Some of the houses had forgotten their early history, being so old. The occupants of many of these houses had not decided which facade was the front, for the stone and stucco of one gave upon the slimy greasy waters of a canal, while the other faced on a heavy cobble-stone pavement. And so the condition of the houses was much of a repetition: cobble-stones, houses, and dirty canals all following one another as if there was nothing else in life to do.

At the time of our story there was located in the Rue des Camps in this old city of Ghent, a house that was perhaps a little more shabby and quaint than its neighbours. Its cracked and weather-beaten exterior on the canal side gave some indication of its age, and the dilapidated wall rising from the cobble-stones would lead an

observing stranger to believe that a competition was in progress amongst the houses of this street to see which could look the most downcast, and that this very house was the winner.

On the evening of August 7th, it being the first Sunday in that month one hundred years ago, a young man stopped before this old house to examine it carefully. A few seconds later he awakened the echoes from the corners of the surrounding old houses by reason of a vigorous movement with the door-knocker.

His efforts were rewarded by the appearance of a comely dame. Her plain apparel and the keys hanging from her girdle at once announced her as the house-keeper. In response to the young man's questions, she said that the American gentlemen were all out but one, Mr. Bayard, and would the young gentleman come to the sitting-room and talk with him?



THE RELIGIOUS HOUSE GHENT

Where the Treaty of Ghent was signed. It has been much altered since 1814.

Mr. Bayard rose from his seat at the window to meet the newcomer, who announced himself as the Secretary of the British Commission which had come to Ghent to talk terms of peace with the gentlemen from the United States, which country and Great Britain had been engaged in a bitter war.

Mr. Bayard, in a rather stiff manner, bade his guest be welcome, but a pipe of Virginia tobacco soon reduced the offish attitude and the men commenced talking.

"It has been a long time since a start was made on these negotiations," said Mr. Bayard, "and I am well pleased to hear of a meeting spoken of at last, for we were about to return to our native country, fully believing that peace was an impossibility at the present time."

"There have been many wars of late," responded the newcomer, "and I hope for world-wide peace, now that

Emperor Napoleon is disposed of. But tell me of your journey."

"I have just completed a statement for my Home Government and will merely recall the main incidents," replied Mr. Bayard.

"In the autumn of 1812, shortly after the war was commenced, his Majesty the Czar of Russia made offers to our Minister, Mr. J. Quincy Adams, who was then in St. Petersburg, to intercede for peace between Great Britain and the United States of America, and in the month of March, 1813, President Madison accepted the offer and appointed Mr. Albert Gallatin and myself to come abroad and look into the matter.

"We left the United States on May 9th and landed in Gothenburg early in July. While we were still at sea your Lord Castlereagh saw certain objections to the Czar's peace proposals and wrote to St. Petersburg to this end. The information was com-



THE ROOM IN WHICH THE TREATY OF GHENT WAS SIGNED

municated to Mr. Adams on June 22nd, he being then still in that city. Mr. Gallatin and I reached the Russian capital on July 21st, saw Lord Castlereagh's letter and, fully believing that peace was unlikely, we returned to Gothenburg, and here we received a communication announcing that Britain would treat with us directly.

"For many months we were unable to make headway and spent most of the winter in wandering around Central and Northern Europe. After the capture of Napoleon and the occupation of Paris we went to London, arriving there in April of this year [1814]. In London we saw on every side manifestations of peace and rejoicing over the downfall of the French Emperor and the pending restoration of the Bourbons, and also learned that a large army and fleet were about to sail for America. The demands of Great Britain for terms of peace were so heavy that we con-

sulted the Czar, who was then in London, in order that we might endeavour, through his influence, to have the terms moderated. His reply made us less hopeful than ever over prospects of peace, and we left London for Paris.

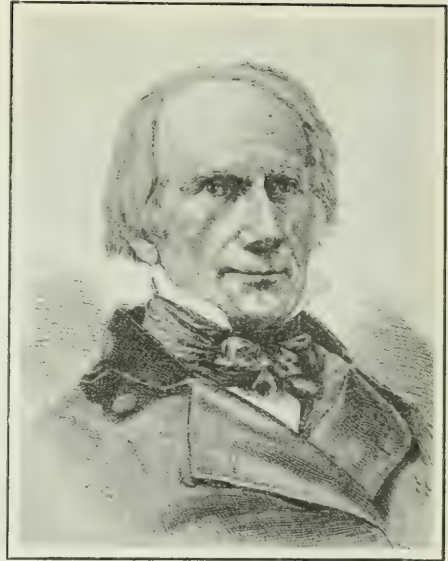
"However, in response to the first efforts of peace from your Government, Mr. Henry Clay and Mr. Jonathan Russell, who has but recently been appointed Minister from the United States to Sweden, were delegated to assist, and are here with us now, and we will see what may be done to bring the war to a head. Who may I ask are the British Commissioners and where shall we meet?"

"You have indeed had an extensive journey," responded the visitor. "The British Commissioners are Lord James Gambier, Admiral of the Blue; Mr. Henry Goulburn, and Mr. William Adams. They will be pleased to see you to-morrow at one o'clock at the Religious House, in the Place



JOHN QUINCY ADAMS

One of the United States Representatives on the Ghent Peace Commission



HENRY CLAY

One of the United States Representatives on the Ghent Peace Commission

de Chartheaux, or at any place more convenient to you that you may suggest."

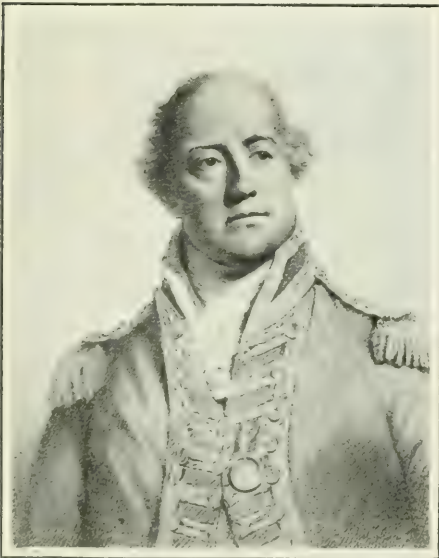
Mr. Bayard thought that this selection would be suitable for him, and

the young man bade him good-night and departed.

He had not been long gone when J. Quincy Adams, Henry Clay, Albert Gallatin, and Jonathan Russell returned to the old house in the Rue des Camps. When they learned what had taken place they demurred at first, thinking it was a high-handed arrangement for the British Commissioners to state the place of meeting without consulting them, but Mr. Bayard reminded them that it was but an invitation, and the offer was accepted.

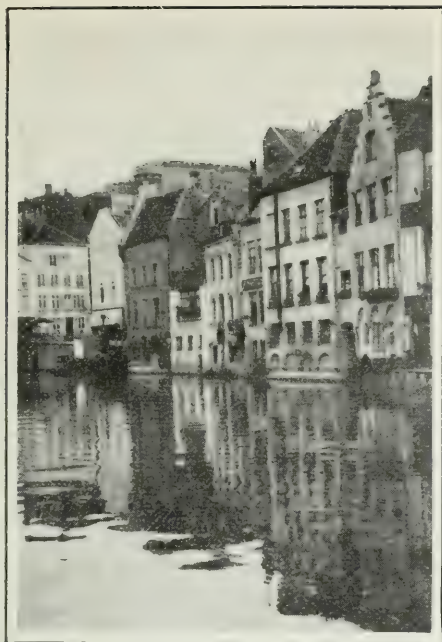
The Religious House of the Brothers of St. John was a peer amongst the old houses in Ghent. To it did the British Commissioners come in the month of August, 1814, to talk terms of peace with the representatives of the United States. On Monday, the 8th, the old table in the dining-room was in the centre of the group, and the peace negotiations were opened after the usual greetings, forms, and ceremonies were passed.

Henry Goulburn stated the questions they were to discuss. They were :

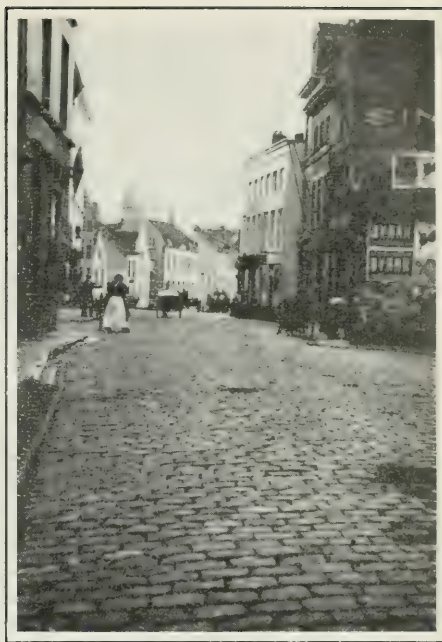


LORD JAMES GAMBIER

First of the British Representatives on the Ghent Peace Commission



A CANAL SCENE IN GHENT



A STREET SCENE IN GHENT

1. Impressment and the right to search foreign warships for British sailors.

2. The determination of an Indian boundary line.

3. The revision of the boundary line between Canada and the United States.

4. The fisheries.

Having heard the questions, the Commissioners from the United States retired, after arranging to meet next day.

On the morrow and for several days the matter was discussed, but nothing definite was arrived at, each side demanding more than the other would grant.

On the 18th of August Lord Castlereagh arrived, being then en route to Vienna to the Congress of Sovereigns, who were trying to re-establish their former boundaries following the alterations of the Napoleonic wars.

There is no need to cite all the petty details of the sittings, but in the main

Great Britain demanded all the Great Lakes, both sides of the Niagara River, and a strip of land, between the two countries, right across the continent, that was to be reserved for the Indians.

The United States wished to get control of the Newfoundland fishery banks and the right to dry and cure fish on the shores of many of our eastern rivers. And so the negotiations went on.

The people of both nations were eager for peace, but there was little give or take at the conference in Ghent. The summer blended into autumn, and winter came. Just as the Christmas preparations were in progress a proposal was made to restore everything as it had been before the war, and on Christmas eve, just as the boys and girls were being put to bed, full of expectations for the goodies of the morrow, this arrangement was ratified, and the war between Great Britain and the United States came to an end.

DEAR FATHER

THE FIRST OF THREE LETTERS FROM A SON WHO WOULD MAKE
SOMETHING OF HIMSELF TO A SELF-MADE FATHER

EDITED BY ALBERT R. CARMAN

Hotel de ———, Paris.
Dear Father:

When I came in this morning from the Sorbonne—which is not a saloon but a university—I found your letter on my table. I always think that I could diagnose your health and character from your hand-writing—it is cut like a relief. So you think that I ought to come home—that I am wasting my time over here. No; you didn't put it just that way. But you wondered when I would be through "holidaying." Holidaying? I took three lectures at the Sorbonne this morning, and tramped the Louvre with an art student this afternoon.

If you needed me in Chicago, I would not hesitate an instant. But your need for me is the need of a yachtsman in a gale for a lady passenger. You are sitting up nights wondering where you can put me in the business where I will do the least harm. What you mean to say is that it is I who need the business.

Now I would need the business—or some business—badly enough, if it were not for you. If I am able to do anything else with my life, it will be wholly because you have made it possible. The only reason why you want me to come back and get to work is that you are satisfied that it would be bad for me to get your money without my working for it.

But now—straight from the shoulder!—don't you think that you have

made enough pork to last both our lifetimes? If you eat all you can, and I eat all I can, there will be warehouses full of it for generations yet to come. I am not afraid to talk to you this way because I know you will never suspect me of turning up my nose at pork. It is not that. You have made your money honestly, which is more than some men can say; and I am proud of every dollar of it, for each one of them is a round medal of merit earned by your superior mental acumen. And yet you gave the people good value for what they gave you. There is not a stolen "cart-wheel" in the pile. When I pull one of them out of my pocket, I like to feel the grease of an honest, up-to-date, Napoleonic packing-house on its surface.

But why should our family never go beyond the "fried bacon" item on the menu of life? Are we always to be hewers of hogs and drawers of sausages for other people? Can we never sit at the table through the leisure of the desert? Or—to put it differently—having bought and paid for our meal-ticket, can we never go into the banquet; but must we stand forever at the cashier's desk buying and buying and buying meal-tickets which we are never to use?

I wish that I had your skill in pointing a precept with a good story; but I think that I will tell you about a chap I have got to know over here who made up his mind some years

ago to immortalize himself with a marble group from a scene in "As You Like It." Well, he wanted to be thorough; so he began by collecting different editions of Shakespeare, and comparing the readings. Then he took to a detailed study of the costumes of the time, and spent not a little money in getting together articles of dress, the costumes worn on the stage by different actors in the parts, and so on. To these he added rare books dealing with the subject and the period; and he fogged away at them week after week, but never wet his clay. The men would ask him how he was getting on; and, although he was always hopeful, he never had anything to show—not even a drawing. A little over a year ago, he finally thought that he was ready to begin, when someone told him of some manuscripts touching the subject; and nothing would do him but to seek them out and buy them. The sequel of it all came just the other day when I attended an auction of his effects, sold to pay his board bill. His rare editions and his antique costumes went for half their value; and he has not so much as a pencil sketch to hang his immortality upon. It is possible to brush one's hair in the dressing-room until the party is over.

Now you know perfectly that I do not want to be an idler. I do not want to leave the hog-killing for the hog-trough. I want to work; and I never knew until I came over here how much work there is for a chap like me to do. I thought that I was getting an education at McGill; but I was merely learning my way about a library. They let you read books about things at Western universities; here they show you the things. The European gets an education all through his youth, on the streets and in the parks, and in his churches and galleries—all free for all—which the B.A. from over there must begin at the A.B.C. to learn when he comes here. I used to wonder why all Europeans were so musical; men in the working

classes being more familiar with fine music than many of our so-called "best people." But now I know why. The European cannot possibly escape an education in good music unless he is deaf. The bands play in the parks three or four times a week; and they do not play "Bright Eyes, Good-bye" and other shallow stuff, but Wagner and Verdi and Beethoven. Then grand opera runs all the year in most European cities at reasonable prices. In our town we get just enough to bore the few rich who can pay for it to the verge of rebellion.

Now, dear Dad, what I want to do is to go to school for a while in Europe and learn something—not to a college, but just to the open school of the Old World. I want to know a Raphael by sight, and not merely by reputation. I want to get to understand these people over here. When Paris lamentably fails to copy Chicago, it is not wholly because of "invincible ignorance" and a blame-worthy lack of our enterprising spirit. I would like to know more of the people of Italy than one learns by throwing nickels to an organ-grinder. Don't you see what I am driving at?

Would you really—honour bright!—think more of a son who was content to trot along in the path which you have broken, and who lacked the pluck, which you have shown, to take hold of this big problem of life for himself and decide what to do with it? Why aren't you out on the farm raising hogs, instead of killing and selling them? That's what grandfather did. But you went a step farther. He turned corn into hogs; you turn hogs into dollars. Why shouldn't I turn dollars into culture? That is what families do with their money over here. What is the aristocracy of England but people who have turned the money of their ancestors into the finished product of high breeding? I know what you are saying as you read this. You are expressing your true home-bred contempt for the aristocracy which you don't want to copy,

and adding that many of them reverse your process and "turn dollars into hogs." And some of them do. They are idlers. A man had better cut his throat than strangle his ambition. But a housewife who went on making bread, after there was more in the house than the family could possibly eat, just to keep her hands busy, would be a lady without mental resources. She might even better read Browning. You remember how Aunt Judy used to keep on tatting and knitting things to hang on the backs of chairs until mother had to give them turns about, there not being enough chairs to go round? And yet nothing would stop her. She could not bear "to set idle." A man who works needlessly is worse than an idler in at least one thing—he's a bigger fool. You, perhaps, remember that they taught you in Sunday school that work came to us as "a curse."

But I want to work. That is, I want the results of work. I don't want to go through the motions and not get anything. I don't climb over a hill if there is a tunnel through it. I wouldn't dig an artesian well to put a fence-post in. I don't want to work merely for exercise. I don't want to kill hogs when the smoke-house is full. That's what they meant by work being "a curse." It is a hard way to get a good thing. It is a case in which the end must always justify the means. Unless you want

the results, it is a foolish waste of life to do the work. Now I want certain results. I want culture; and I'm willing to work for it. But I have no life to waste in making pork unless I need the pork.

If you write and tell me that I need the pork, why, I shall have to come right home and go to hog-killing. But if you conclude that you can let me have any pork that I may need for a few years, I rather think that I can bring you home one of these days some fancy by-products of the hog-killing business in the way of new thoughts and new interests which will make you think that the old warehouse is worth more than even you imagined.

Now I guess that I have talked about as much for one time as you feel like standing. I can see that you are beginning to wonder why Jim doesn't come in and get rid of "the bore" by telling you that you are needed immediately out in the warehouse. But I think you'll chew it over before writing back. You never did turn a man with a new idea down without giving him some consideration. That is why novelties invented by your men stay in the business, and don't go to stock a new rival firm. I am going to a café to-night where for the price of a cup of chocolate I can hear better music than five dollars will buy at home.

Your affectionate son,

JOHN.

The January Number will contain the second letter of this series.





A WINTER LANDSCAPE

From the Water-Colour Drawing by Horatio Walker in the collection of Mrs. H. D. Warren

THE EAR OF DIONYSIUS *

BY PETER McARTHUR

THE age of tyranny has passed, but the sovereign voter still enjoys the advantages of the ancient tyrant. A telephone on a party line gives opportunities for eaves-dropping undreamed of by the subtle Syracusan. With this explanation we may proceed with our up-to-the-minute Canadian story.

The Reverend Peregrine Low was sitting in his sunlit study preparing his sermon for the following Sabbath. But that is hardly exact. He was trying to prepare his sermon. He had selected a text as comprehensive as Browning's "great text in Galatians"—which I have never been able to locate—and was trying to work out its manifold lessons. In spite of his rosy youthfulness, or perhaps because of it, he was a very earnest shepherd and it grieved him that on this particular May morning he could not keep his mind on his high task. For through the open window came a flood of alluring sunshine, the soft earthy smells of spring gardening, and the madly happy song of birds. All these things he might have resisted and driven from his mind by a supreme effort of concentration, but there was something more—very much more. Just as he was grasping some great and vital truth, the gray eyes of Phoebe Featherstone would come between him and the paper on which he was writing; and because they

were flooded with the soft light of of the oldest and greatest truth in the world, the Reverend Peregrine's mind would relax and drift away into a realm of rosy dreams.

After this had happened about a dozen times during the preparation of the first couple of inter-lined and spatch-cocked pages the young rector pushed back his chair with an exclamation of impatience. Being an Englishman, his natural impulse was to clear his mind by taking a brisk walk. Placing his low-crowned felt hat on his curly auburn locks and stopping for just a moment before the hall mirror to stroke his silky mustache he took his stick from the hat-rack and opened the front door.

"Going out, Perry?" called a voice of softly English modulation, from one of the upper rooms of the rectory.

"Yes, Aunt. I am going for a walk."

"Put on your rubbers; the roads are still wet," commanded the affectionate voice.

"Fiddlesticks!" said the Reverend Perry, with sudden annoyance, and closed the door behind him.

Aunt Sophia was shocked. Never before had he spoken to her so disrespectfully. He must have something on his mind. But what could it be? Never since his boyhood had he had a secret from her, and now that she

* The name given to a secret, subterranean, ear-shaped passage connecting the palace of Dionysius the Elder, first tyrant of Syracuse, with his stone-quarry prisons, through which he was able to hear the conversations of his prisoners.—Century Dictionary.

had followed him from England to be his housekeeper their confidential relationship had, if anything, grown closer. "Fiddlesticks!" How could he say anything so shocking and disrespectful! She must make him a Yorkshire pudding to go with the roast beef at dinner and then, when he had lit his pipe, he would tell her all that was troubling him.

With the long, sure strides of a football player whose favourite form of exercise was walking, the young rector passed along the street to the outskirts of the town. Though he nodded to women who were busy in their gardens it was with a preoccupied air. The day was exuberant with life—with mating life—and his heart ached with the urge of spring. The new leaves were lisping to the wandering south wind, the sun was "shining on both sides of the fence," and everywhere song-sparrows were snatching moments from the labours of nest-building to pour forth the fullness of their hearts in "Divine, high-piping Pehlevi." It was a wonderful day—a Canadian spring day at its best.

At the outskirts of the town the brisk walker came to a bridge, and when his steps boomed hollow on the planks a slate-coloured bird flew out and perched on the top of a fence-post.

"Phoebe! Phoebe!" it called impudently. The Reverend Peregrine blushed a brighter red than was justified by the exertions of walking and shook his stick at the feathered tease.

"Phoebe! Phoebe!" it sauced back, unafraid. And then a pair of gray eyes flashed at him from his own inner consciousness. Taking a firmer grip of his stick, he increased his pace. At a gait that would have done credit to Weston, he passed between the square fields towards the south. He would walk around a couple of country blocks—a breather of nine or ten miles—and be home in time for dinner, with a clear head. It was a perfect day for walking—green

springy sod underfoot and harmonies of infinite shades of green wherever he turned his eyes. There were farmers planting corn in the fields—but fortunately none of them were near enough to the road to make conversation imperative. He had the fresh green world and the wide, warm sunshine all to himself—and his dreams.

Now it chanced that the walker passed the home of Mrs. Melville Hall just as she was feeding the chickens with scraps from the breakfast table. She watched him pass and then meditated smilingly.

"Perhaps he is going down to the river to help Phemy Black with her flower-beds. They say she has set her cap for him. Of course, he may be only out for a walk, for they say he is a great walker, but sometimes the heart guides the feet."

If Mrs. Hall had been poetical, she would have clinched this thought with a quotation from Shelley:

"I arise from dreams of thee,
And a spirit in my feet
Has led me, who knows how,
To thy chamber window, sweet."

But she was not poetical, and she wasted no time looking for confirmation of her suspicions in the lyrics of Shelley. She was just a plump country-woman, with a taste for gossip, who had learned how handy the telephone is for this kind of out-pouring of spirit. After chuckling to herself for a while, as she went about the work of putting the house to rights, she finally took down the telephone receiver and called up her particular crony, Mrs. John Baxter. For a couple of minutes she asked advice about a new dress she was making, and then began on the real subject that had taken her to the telephone. And just at that moment Miss Polly Brown, who had a telephone on that party line, got her fingers clear of the dough in which she was working and took down the receiver with a practised skill that caused hardly a click. Owning to the bread-making, she missed

the first part of the conversation, but this is what she heard Mrs. Hall say to Mrs. Baxter and Mrs. Baxter say to Mrs. Hall:

"The Reverend Low passed here a few minutes ago, headed towards the river. Going to see Phemy Black, I bet."

"You don't tell me?"

"Yes, and they say the way she has been throwing herself at his head is simply scandalous."

"Well, if she's anything like her mother she'll elope with him when she gets him down there."

"Wouldn't it be a joke if she did?"

"I just bet she will. This would be a splendid day for an elopement."

And so on and so on.

When the conversation ended Polly Brown hung up the receiver and thrilled with ecstasy. The delicious awfulness of the possibility uplifted her beyond herself. As she thought it over she became absolutely convinced that it was true and for a few minutes she wriggled with excitement while her "shaping spirit of imagination" bodied forth the details that *Pook Bah* would consider necessary to "give an air of verisimilitude to an otherwise bald and unconvincing narrative."

And all the while the Reverend Peregrine Low was striding manfully along the quiet country road.

When Polly had perfected her story, she called up her chum, Minnie Addison. Just as the connection had been made, Deacon Pullen took down his receiver to call up the farrier about a horse that was suffering from colic. This was the story that poured into his large, hairy, funnel-shaped and avid ear. While he listened his nostrils distended like those of a horse sniffing at an oat-bin he cannot reach.

"O, Minnie, have you heard?"

"No. What?"

"You can never guess. Reverend Low has eloped with Phemy Black. He went down the town-line this morn almost at a run and carrying his suit-case. They say they are go-

ing across the river to catch the Michigan Central train at Dufferin. Ain't it awful? What is the world coming to, anyway?"

And so on and so on.

When this delectable conversation had ended, Deacon Pullen hung up his receiver and "haw-hawed!" He belonged to a denomination that did not feel it was straining the bonds of brotherly love or rending the veil of Charity if it enjoyed a joke on the Anglicans. After he had told his wife what he had heard, and they had both laughed over it, he called up his Anglican friend, Ezra Drake, who was now a retired farmer in the village, and laughed at him about the elopement of the rector. And while he was doing this, little Amelia Blossom took down her telephone receiver and listened. Poor little Amelia—she never had any luck, anyway. If there was a picnic she always had the toothache, or if there was a tea-meeting her epiglottis would be sure to be inflamed so that she couldn't swallow anything. She never got a story right, even when she heard the whole of it, and she was always in forlorn misery about something. So it was only natural that she should miss the first part of this story, the part that had the names in it. This was the fragment that Amelia heard Deacon Pullen bellowing joyously to Ezra Drake:

"Yes, they have eloped all right. Cut across the country to Dufferin, with her father chasing them on horseback. Haw! Haw!"

Poor Amelia had to guess the rest of the story, and, of course, she guessed wrong. After she had thought over all the lovers she knew of she decided that the butcher's boy had eloped with the grocer's hired girl, and in her turn she started a story that was overheard and repeated until it had caused the breaking of two engagements and numberless heart-aches. But the blunders of Amelia have nothing to do with this story.

While all this was happening, the Reverend Peregrine had travelled

south as far as he wished to go, had achieved his perithelion, and was striding back to town along the back road. I wish we could journey with him for a while, for a wonderful thing had happened. The spirit of spring had mastered him, and he was treading on the sunlit air as he walked. He had arrived at the Great Decision. But we must be back in town ahead of him.

Being a retired farmer, Ezra Drake had nothing to do but to talk, and even though the scandal was on his own church, he had to give it currency or burst. His news sense was as highly developed as that of the New York reporter who telephoned to his city editor that he had a two-column scoop for him. His mother had run away with an actor, and he was the only person who knew about it. So Ezra toddled about town, telling the story of the elopement to everyone, until the whole place was buzzing with it. Half an hour after he got the news, Miss Mary Gall, sour and sixty, put on her mourning clothes and went to the rectory to sympathize with Aunt Sophia. She did not like the superior English-woman, and another chance like this might not happen in a life-time.

Here we leave the activities of Mary Gall and Sophia Low to your imagination, merely reminding you that because of the disrespectful "Fiddlesticks!" Aunt Sophia was ready to believe anything. Now let us return to the Reverend Peregrine. He was returning home, thrilled with the Great Purpose. And just as he reached the maple knoll about a mile east of the town, someone climbed gracefully over the rail fence, with a bouquet of wild-flowers in her hand. To his ravished eyes she seemed a blessed angel, "new-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill." On that morning Phoebe Featherstone had found her heart so troubled that she longed for the solitude of the forest, and she had gone to gather wild flowers. The little god that looks after all mating creatures

in spring weather so contrived matters that she should return to the road just as the Reverend Peregrine and his Great Purpose were approaching under a full head of steam. When he hailed her she trembled and blushed, and her gray eyes were even more expressive in reality than to the eye of fancy. A lock of jet hair had tumbled loose from under her wide hat and was caressing her clear white cheek. As the Reverend Peregrine looked at her he grew almost giddy with the overwhelming sense of her beauty. But he had a Great Purpose, and he was not the man to flinch. Under the shade of the maples he told her the oldest story in the world, and she thought it the newest. And the birds put all their energy into a rapturous chorus of song. And the little south wind whispered and laughed, and the big, happy sun poured down a benediction on them.

When everything was settled they walked slowly back to town and agreed to keep their engagement secret—except that he should tell it to his aunt and she should tell it to her mother. This meant that it would be privately published instead of publicly, but they were young and trusting, so what did it matter.

When the Reverend Peregrine reached the rectory he searched the lower rooms and then raced up the stairs three steps at a time and caught his Aunt Sophia in his arms and kissed her, before he realized that anything was wrong. She pushed him away sternly and faced him with tearful eyes.

"Wha-what's the matter?" he gasped.

"O, Perry, I never thought you would deceive me like this."

Seeing that he was dumb with amazement, she turned and went on with her packing.

"But what has happened? You are surely not packing to go away."

"I am."

The Reverend Peregrine dropped into a chair.

"And on this day, when I am so happy, too!" he mourned.

"I am leaving you to your happiness." Then she added viciously: "To think that you should take up with that brazen huzzy! I wouldn't have dreamed it!"

The Reverend Peregrine rose with dignity.

"Aunt Sophia, I cannot allow even you to speak of my affianced wife in that way."

"Affianced?" she clutched at the straw. "Then you are not married yet?"

"Why, we haven't been engaged half an hour, and how you know about it already is past my knowledge, unless a bird of the air has reported the matter. And I always thought you approved of Phoebe," he added dolefully.

"Phoebe?" exclaimed the enraptured Aunt Sophia. "Do you mean

that you are engaged to Phoebe Featherstone?"

"She has done me the honour to consent to be my wife."

"O, Perry!" And she flung herself on his neck, weeping and laughing. "And that meddlesome Mary Gall told me you had eloped with Phemy Black."

"Eloped? Phemy Black? Fiddlesticks!"

So everything was straightened out, and Aunt Sophia unpacked and took charge of the preparations for the wedding, and everybody was happy, except Amelia Blossom, who did not get the story right—though she got a piece of the wedding-cake to dream on and wish on.

And this is only one of the many strange and tangled stories that are being whispered and overheard every day in the telephone—our modern Ear of Dionysius.



SALVATION BILL

BY CARROLL AIKINS

ONE stuffy afternoon in mid-July four men had intrenched themselves in the small card-room adjoining the bar of the *Westland Hotel*.

Jim Prelatt was playing a game of patience; Billy Hallgay, called Lord Lovus, tapped a monotonous rat-a-tat on the window-pane and gazed listlessly across the dusty street; Doc Harvey, who had the virtues of a famous liniment, good both for man and beast, divided his attention between a patent-medicine almanac and a glass of beer; Poker Parsons, the genial ex-gambler, sat at the card-table and watched without enthusiasm the hazards of Idiot's Delight. Drawing long whiffs of smoke from his cigar, he consigned them to the ceiling, where they hung in clouds on the heavy air.

A moth, noisy and meddlesome, whirled through the doorway and began to circulate in the room, hurtling against the doctor's nose so that he cuffed the air vainly. It came to rest on the table, where Parsons imprisoned it deftly under an inverted tumbler, and, flipping the ash from his cigar, held the lighted end to the glass, while the moth strove frantically to reach it. Then, he moved it in slow circles about the prison; and the moth, always following, struck the smooth walls with helpless wings.

The other men desisted from their occupations to watch the unfair struggle.

"What's it remind you of?" Parsons asked.

"The desire of the moth for the star," ventured Lord Lovus, but the quotation meant nothing to the others.

"Reminds me of Hardluck Henry making love to the widow," said Prelatt. That unfertile courtship was remembered, and they laughed.

"Now, Doc?"

"Reminds me I'm getting old—I used to beat that moth for foolishness." The friends smiled, for the unmarried doctor had been notoriously flighty in his youth.

"Now, then, Poker?" they all asked.

Mr. Parsons smiled at some reminiscent thought. "It reminds me," he said slowly, "of Salvation Bill, struggling against a sinful world."

He removed the glass; and the moth, with a lucky inspiration, whirled through the open door.

Parsons laughed.

"And that's about the way Salvation Bill left the district," he explained.

"Don't remember him. What district do you mean?" asked Prelatt, scenting a story.

"Down the Columbus River. Guess you never met him. Must be fifteen years since he was there. Salters was his name, the Reverend William Salters, with some letters after it, and he'd come clean from Toronto to open up what he called a 'mission field.' But after we'd built him a gospel-shack, we reckoned we was about square with the Lord, and when Sunday come round most of us went fishing. But I guess the married men

got some second-hand salvation from their wives, who turned out regular to hear Bill preach.

"I got mine on week-days, for I was tending bar at the time, and Bill was dead set on saving me from my evil surroundings. Often, when things were quiet in the morning, he'd button up his long black coat for fear of contamination, and come in to talk to me.

"He was one of them lean preachers that eats a lot, but don't seem to thrive on it; the sort that warms themselves at other people's hell-fire and begins to tune their own harps before they get'em. This particular pilot wore a half-and-half plug hat and sandy whiskers; and by the look of his face you'd have thought he had indigestion, but I guess it was only a kind of religious dyspepsia.

"Well, as I was saying, he wanted to convert me, and as it pleased him and wasn't likely to hurt me, I let him try. We'd sit and talk religion by the hour; and, honest, it ain't such a bad subject as some folks think. And, say, it's a great one to argue on. He tried to bluff me on the yarn about Jonah and the whale, but fish-stories is a hobby of mine, and I called him straight on that one. But he backed it up strong, and even when I told him a few of my best ones, he just looked at me solemn-like and said: 'Well, Mr. Parsons, since such strange things have come within your own experience, I wonder that you can doubt the miracle of Jonah.'

"I got to like these arguments with Salvation Bill, and he admitted once that I was likely a good man after my own lights, but that those lights were almighty dim, which they probably was, as I hadn't been tending them much.

"I didn't mind him meddling with my lamps, but old Walleye Smith did. Walleye was an old-timer who'd been drinking his bottle a day for ten years, and one morning Salvation Bill went up to his shack with a temperance pledge and a piece of blue rib-

bon. When Walleye found out what he was after, he called him a damned interfering doormat (because of his whiskers) and chased him down the hill with a shot-gun. Then the preacher came to me and called Walleye a poor, wandering sheep or some such thing and asked me to serve him ginger-ale whenever he ordered whisky; but I told him plain that I could play that trick once, and wasn't going to risk it, Walleye being aware of the difference in taste and carrying a gun besides.

"Well, a little while after this, Salvation Bill got wind of a story that Pete Buck had run off with Mat Wooley's wife, and he set himself to investigate the trouble.

"It was just a half-breed shuffle, and I guess made him all the hotter to see that no one paid much attention to it. He'd come clear from Toronto to regulate our morals, and this must have struck him as a good chance to cut into the game. So, after he'd pestered me for a couple of days, I hitched up and drove him over to the half-breed settlement.

"We found Mat Wooley chopping wood in his yard and acting in general as if nothing had happened.

"'Where's the missus?' I asks.

"'Wherever Pete Buck is,' he answers, and goes on with his chopping.

"'This gentleman's the new preacher,' I continues, 'and he's come to talk with you.'

"'Well, I'm here,' says Wooley.

"'He wasn't what you might call friendly about it, but that didn't bother Salvation Bill, who gets out of the rig, and after coughing a couple of times says solemn-like: 'My poor friend, yours has been a heavy sorrow, almost an overwhelming sorrow, but if you are a man of great faith you can rise above it—'

"'Did you ever cook your own meals?' asks Wooley.

"'No,' says the preacher.

"'Well,' says Wooley, 'that's the only thing I can't rise above; and unless you can show me how to make

bread, you'd better keep travelling.'

"Salvation Bill climbed into the rig again, but I didn't dare look at him, I was that near busting with laughing.

"Do you want to visit Mrs. Buck?' I says, when we got started.

"She's a poor stricken woman, and it's my duty,' he answers, but I could see that he felt more comfortable at the thought of her being a woman.

"Well, we jogged to Pete Buck's place, and the first thing we saw there was a batch of muddy-looking kids, that scatters into the house to tell their mother visitors was coming, and Mrs. Buck comes right out, carrying her last baby and a frying-pan.

"Howdy, missus,' I says, polite; 'where's your man this morning?'

"He's somewhere with that woman of Mat Wooley's.'

"Easy on the blasting powder,' I says, 'and shake hands with Mr. Salvation Salters, the new preacher.'

"Can't shake hands on account of the frying-pan, but I'm glad to know you, Mr. Salters,' she says, getting suddenly sociable the way a woman will. 'You folk'll stop to dinner,' she goes on, warming right up. 'Mr. Parsons, hitch your horses, and Mr. Preacher, come right in and make yourself to home.'

"Well, Salvation Bill was as happy as a duck in a puddle, and he makes a nice speech accepting the kind invitation, it being near dinner-time and him being a great eater, as I said before. And I guess he'd learnt the cussedness of hurry-up conversions from Mat Wooley, for when I got back to the house, after fixing my horses, he was holding the baby and talking about the beautiful weather, while Mrs. Buck smiled like a slice of melon, and he was saying how much he'd like to welcome her to church, and she promised to go, provided she could get someone to mind the kids. Then he asks her to bring them, said they were lovely children, and looked a lot like their mother. They probably did, her being one of the homeliest women

I've ever saw, but I wouldn't had the nerve to speak of it. But that didn't bother Salvation Bill, who was dealing from his own pack, as you might say, and knew where the aces was.

"When Mrs. Buck goes out to draw some water, he says to me, 'A very worthy woman, Mr. Parsons, a most worthy and unfortunate woman!' and he seems all tickled up the back about it.

"You're handing her some great cards,' I says, 'but you sure raised the limit in the matter of them kids.'

"I guess my way of putting it kind of riled him, for he goes on to tell me how a preacher must use soft-soap—tact, he called it—to get a lady's confidence, and he said it had been vouchsafed him to bring a message of comfort to many stricken hearts, and talked in general as if he wouldn't take no back-water from any other blasted pilot in the matter of saving female souls.

"Bye-and-bye Mrs. Wooley comes back, and as soon as Salvation had blessed the beans and the bacon and the Lord and the Royal Family, we sets down to dinner, and we hadn't more than started when a muddy little three-year-old brat stuck its fist in Bill's tea-cup; but he didn't dare say nothing, him having talked so strong about the lovely children. Being a great man for tea, he drunk it down, however, and spilled a few more cups into him, just to make the first feel cozy. And the more he ate and the more he drunk, the better it pleased Mrs. Buck; consequently, in about forty minutes, she was so happy that she clean forgot her everlasting sorrow.

"But, being well primed with dinner, Salvation Bill begins to tune up his harp, and soon he says, in the same voice as he'd used to bless the beans: 'Ah! Mrs. Buck, you are a very brave woman; few, alas, would have your fortitude under such painful circumstances.'

"Yes,' says Mrs. Buck, and slaps one of the kids for leaning against

the stove and howling because his hide wasn't asbestos.

"It's the true Christian spirit," he goes on, speaking fast, "and I know that you'll be merciful. It is true that a grievous sin has been committed, but should Mr. Wooley be willing to take back his erring wife, I hope that you—"

"Just let me get my hands in that Wooley woman's hair!" says Mrs. Buck, "and then Mat can take back what's left of her! Just lemme get hold of that homely polecat—"

"Easy, missus!" I says. "The preacher ain't used to high explosives."

"I don't mean no offence," she says, "and if I don't talk like a hymn-book, it's because I ain't a hymn-book."

"Yes, you are; yes, you are, Mrs. Buck!" says Salvation Bill, beginning to get rattled and talking wide. But he soon checks himself up and says, soothing-like: "Now, Mrs. Buck, I *know* that you are a reasonable woman, and when your husband repents of his folly, I want you to forgive him and let him come back—are you strong enough to do this?"

"No, I ain't," she says, and begins to het herself up. "I might have been if things was different, but as things is, I ain't. That low-down rattlesnake of a Pete laid round here all summer, doing nothing but eat, and as soon as the wood-pile ran out—out *he* lights with that Wooley woman, leaving me with nary a stick of wood and the winter coming. It ain't reasonable that I should take up again with a skunk like that—it ain't reasonable, and what's more, I ain't going to do it!"

"This is most unfortunate," says Salvation Bill, and I guess by the look of him it was the first time he'd been snagged by a female soul.

"Yes, it is," she says, "and the Indians claim it'll be a cold winter."

"Let us rather look on the spiritual side," the preacher begins, but she cuts him short again.

"Spiritual?" she says, "I guess Pete's the most spiritual man in this valley; always smells of it, but never brings a drop home—he's that all-fired mean!"

"Well, about this time, Salvation Bill thinks we'd better mosey along, him having to visit a pious old lady that liked her meals in bed and called it rheumatism. So I hooks up the horses, and after he'd promised to come back and bring some tracts and told her to search her heart in the meantime, we hit the road again.

"Now, Mr. Salters," I says, after we'd driven on a piece, "what do you think of it? Wooley ain't exactly sociable, but he seems to bear up well, considering, and so does widow Buck. Don't you think so?"

"I think it's a matter for earnest prayer," he answers, very solemn.

"Yes," I says, "ask the Lord to send you a yeast-cake and a buck-saw."

"Perhaps I shouldn't have said it, but an ordinary earnest prayer didn't strike me as exactly practical, and missionary tracts ain't good fuel unless there's lots of them. Anyway, Salvation Bill got sore and didn't open his trap again until we got clear up to old lady Martin's place, when he gets out of the rig and says: 'I'm much obliged for the use of your conveyance,' and me, not liking the way he says it, tells him to keep the change and buy blue ribbon with it.

"Well, after that I didn't see him for maybe three days, when all of a sudden he comes up to the hotel, begs my pardon for having been hasty in his judgment, and says that the Lord sometimes chooses strange vessels to make known his wishes, and that my remark about the buck-saw and the yeast-cake was probably a heavenly vision, heavily disguised. This didn't strike me as likely, but I let it stand, and he goes on to tell me how he'd been and bought a buck-saw and was learning to use it, and how Tom Smalley's wife was teaching him to bake bread.

"Of course, that just goes to show what an unhumorous cuss he was, taking me so literal; but he was over-reaching himself in the right direction, and I couldn't help liking him for it; and when he comes back a week later and asks me to drive him over to the half-breed settlement again, I was quite willing to oblige.

"So we sets out, with a bag of flour and a buck-saw in the hind part of the rig and a yeast-cake wrapped up in Mrs. Smalley's recipe, in the preacher's pocket. We decided to stop at Wooley's place first, it being nearest, and the preacher thinking Mat might be getting hungry, but we found him looking fatter than a bear, a-setting on the wood-pile, smoking his pipe.

"‘Morning, Mat,’ I says.

"‘Morning, gentlemen,’ he answers real cheerful.

"‘Mr. Salters has come to show you how to bake bread,’ I says, and Salvation Bill climbs out of the rig and gets his flour.

"‘Damn white of him,’ says Wooley, and he meant it friendly, ‘but I ain’t got no need of it any more.’

"Just then I caught sight of a woman peering out of the kitchen window, and I says to myself, ‘Mat’s in someone else’s clover,’ but the preacher didn’t get it that way, and he says, ‘Ah! Mr. Wooley, I am overjoyed; that means, of course, that your wife has come back?’

"‘In a manner of speaking,’ says Wooley, ‘it does,’ and he goes on smiling to himself.

"‘I should be very happy to meet her,’ says the preacher.

"‘Guess you *have* met her,’ says Wooley.

"‘I think not,’ says the preacher.

"‘All right,’ says Wooley, ‘it’s easy found out—hi, there, missus, come out and show yourself!’ And who should bob out of the shack but Mrs. Buck, smiling and friendly as you please.

"‘That’s her,’ says Wooley.

"‘No,’ says the preacher, ‘that’s my good friend Mrs. Buck, and I’m very happy to see that she has forgiven your wife—it shows a rare Christian spirit,’ and he goes right up and shakes hands with her. Then he turns again to Wooley and says it’s a good joke, to pretend that he’s living with Mrs. Buck.

"‘You don’t quite get me,’ says Wooley, ‘and I guess I’d better explain. About a week ago Pete Buck slips in here and covers me with a gun, which he didn’t mean unfriendly, but not knowing exactly how I’d take seeing him and playing safe, as you might say. He said he wanted to talk business. I tells him to retire the artillery and state his proposition, which he goes on to do, offering to swap wives, fair and above-board, and wanting to be neighbourly again. It sounded square enough, but being a good man in a dicker, I held off until he offered me a set of harness to boot. Then I took him up, and we shook hands on it.’

"‘This is incredible!’ says Salvation Bill, tumbling to it all at once.

"‘Yes,’ says Wooley, ‘and the joke of it is that I’d have been glad to swap even!’

"Well, I thought the preacher would have busted, he was that shook with indignation.

"‘It’s monstrous!’ he kind of rasps out. ‘It’s the most ungodly thing I’ve ever heard of, and only the presence of this abandoned woman makes me believe it can be true! Do you realize,’ he goes on, getting warmer all the time, ‘that beside sinning in the eyes of Heaven, you have sinned in the eyes of the law, and if there’s a penalty for wife-desertion, I’ll see that you get it, and I’ll see that Peter Buck gets it!’

"‘Well,’ says Wooley, ‘none of us never having been married, you’ll have a sweet time doing it. Now, you’d better run right along—you’re making the missus cry, and I can’t stand for that.’

"‘Better take him home, Poker, be-

fore I lose my temper,' he says to me, and I must say he'd acted real patient with Salvation Bill, him having used some strong expressions."

Here, the narrator paused to flip the ash from his cigar.

"Finish your story," said Prelatt.

"That's all—except that a couple of weeks later he got a 'call' to a

church somewhere near Hamilton."

"And I suppose it moved him?" asked Doc Harvey.

"You noticed the way that moth hit for the door, when I raised the glass?"

"Yes," said the auditors.

"Well—that's what reminded me most of Salvation Bill."

THE WORLD'S HONOUR ROLL

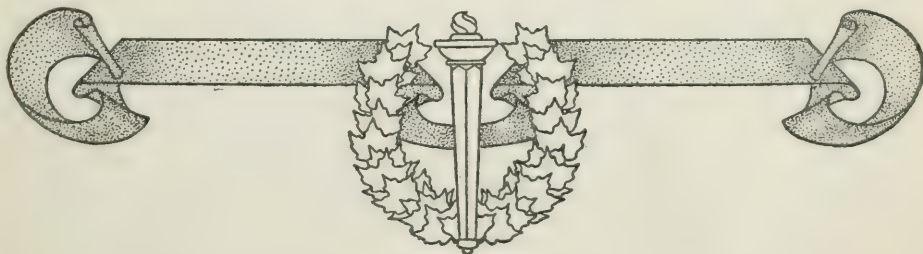
By F. A. ACLAND

A BATTLE thunder shook the whole sad world,
 Red havoc stalked in ruin near and far,
 And all that we had learned of honour, truth,
 Was held the sport of chance, the prize of war.

Men stood aghast; some shrieked "The world is mad!"
 And others, hesitant, cried, "War is vain";
 But many more found quickly some brave task
 And lessened thus the universal pain.

High flung above the continents there hangs
 An honour roll inscribed on Heaven's own blue,
 Where all who will may write—and sword in hand
 Stand then with those who build the world anew.

The Spirit of the Ages, watching all,
 Breathes balm and pity for men's woes. "Hope on!"
 She whispers gently, "Truth shall live! This night,
 Though dark, shall bring mankind a glorious dawn."



THE MOTHER OF INVENTION

BY WILLIAM HUGO PABKE

GEORGE BARKER had missed his dinner the previous day; supper-time had come, but no supper had been forthcoming. As he leaned weakly against the corner of a building at the intersection of two busy streets, the dinner that he needed in the near future seemed as apocryphal as the breakfast.

Across the street, the noon sunlight flashed on a myriad of gilt signs decorating the windows of a great office structure. They held a certain fascination for the slight young chap, who gazed at them wistfully. Each sign represented a possible employer—possible, but highly improbable, in view of his recent experiences since he was laid off at the insurance office where he had clerked.

During the last two weeks, he had tramped mile on weary mile in search of work. The nearest he had come to it had been a vague promise of a job some time in the fall; it was then July. In the meantime he was hungry.

His enforced idleness held one advantage, however; it gave him an opportunity to study. At the moment he carried under his arm a large, serious-looking volume that he was returning to the public library. His clamouring appetite warily suggested that it would be an exceedingly bright and felicitous act to sell or at least pawn the book and with the proceeds to buy food. But the suggestion stuck in his conscience; that function weakly, dizzily, hesitatingly, refused—it

wouldn't be square—and George meant to be square always.

But food was becoming an absolute necessity in the immediate future, and the book was becoming decidedly heavy; the library was still many blocks away. George frowned at his burden, as if reproaching it for failing him in his hour of direst need; then his glance returned once more to the gilt signs across the way. A sudden thought made him gasp at its very audacity. He chuckled, paled, then grew grim as he decided to act on it. His necessity had become the maternal parent of invention.

He separated himself from the wall that had upheld his weariness, dodged the traffic with uncertain steps, and plunged into the gloom of the wide doorway opposite. He took the first flight of steps on the run and halted, breathless, on the first floor above.

A door at the front of the building opened, and a young girl, neat and businesslike, emerged, walking down the corridor toward him. Before she had gained the street level, another girl came out of the same door, followed by a man in a bustling hurry.

As they passed him, George felt a sudden pang of envy. They had jobs! That fact stuck out all over them. Each quick step, each brisk, independent movement, proclaimed it. They belonged somewhere.

George gritted his teeth and walked slowly down the hallway toward the door that had been left slightly

ajar. On it, in neat black letters, was a sign:

PERCY LAPHAM,
Stocks and Bonds.

He pushed the door open and stepped inside. The room, untenanted at the moment, looked like business, successful business. A rich rug covered the floor; an ornate lattice-work partition enclosed a small space near the front windows, in which were two typewriters and a roll-top desk. Evidently, it was here that the two girls and the bustling man whom George had passed in the hall had their being during working hours. At the left was a ground-glass door, on which was inscribed the name of Mr. Lapham.

George braced himself for the crisis in his affairs and knocked. A pleasantly deep voice bade him enter. A clean-built, broad-shouldered young man, with a boyishly good-looking face was sitting bent over a desk in the centre of the room, hurriedly sorting a pile of mail. He looked up with a quick glance at his caller.

"Mr. Lapham?" asked George, his voice shaking just the least little bit from nervousness—and hunger.

"I am Mr. Lapham," boomed the other.

He leaned back, his hands on the arms of his chair, his elbows out. The attitude made him appear all the bigger, more impressive. He drew a deep breath as if in relief at straightening his strong back for a moment.

"It affords me the greatest pleasure to have a moment with you alone," said George suavely, a slight colour coming into his pale cheeks. "I am absolutely certain that you will feel amply repaid for giving me a few minutes of your time."

"Did Brennan send you in to me?"

"Brennan?" queried George.

"My bookkeeper."

"I believe I just met Mr. Brennan in the hall going to lunch."

Mr. Lapham started. He looked at his watch and exclaimed:

"Lunch time! I didn't know it was so late! You'll have to excuse me, Mr. —"

"Barker," interpolated George.

"You'll have to excuse me, Mr. Parker; I have an—"

"Don't lose this opportunity!"

The tone held such a vibrant quality, such a promise of something well worth while, that Mr. Lapham sank back in his chair with a sigh of resignation, prepared to listen.

"What have you to sell?" he asked. "Stocks?"

George caught at the word. He rushed into speech:

"A certain stock—a stock of knowledge so complete, so absolutely necessary for every enlightened man to possess that I feel myself a missionary in offering it. This one volume contains an authoritative account of every historical event of note beginning with the earliest dawn of civilization and ending with—"

"A book agent!" gasped Mr. Lapham, a black frown darkening his usually good-natured face. "Here, I've no time to waste! Good morning!"

George advanced with finger pointed impressively at the other's breast.

"Are you a sane man?" he asked tensely.

The bond man was taken aback by the suddenness of the question.

"Of course, I am," he snapped.

"Then, you won't begrudge five minutes to become acquainted with the work of the great doctor—er, Doctor Bojum!"

"Doctor *what?*?" rasped Lapham.

"Doctor Bojum," reiterated George, with increased assurance. "He stands supreme as the most eminent historian of the age."

"Never heard of him," declared Lapham, putting away his papers preparatory to leaving.

"Then, sir," and a sad note crept into George's voice, "I fear I must dub you an ignoramus."

The big man rose slowly, quivering with anger. He dropped his

clenched fists on the blotting-pad before him, and leaned far across his desk toward the little chap, who stood his ground pluckily. Slowly, distinctly, in spite of the quiver in his deep voice, he ordered:

"Get out!"

Instead of obeying the command, George approached, his eyes alight with excitement.

"I repeat my assertion," he said, his voice shrilling. "You are an ignoramus. Moreover, you are an incurable one, because—"

He never finished the sentence. Lapham swung around the massive desk in two strides and struck. The little fellow crumpled up and lay, a pathetically small heap, on the ornate rug. His precious volume flew across the room, bringing up against the wall with a bump that would have caused a book-lover's heart to grieve for it.

Lapham stood over the intruder, staring down at him blankly. The anger had died out of his eyes with the blow. They held a look of grave wonder, wonder that in its turn gave place to pity as he gazed at the pale face that showed doubly white against the background of the lurid floor-covering.

"Brute!" he exclaimed, smashing one huge fist into his open palm. "The poor little chap!" There were actually tears in his eyes as he rushed to the water-cooler and saturated his handkerchief.

Kneeling beside the boy, he bathed his face with the ice-cold water. With a motion as gentle as any woman's, he slipped his big arm beneath the thin shoulders and raised them slightly. George opened his eyes wonderingly. He stared at the round, kindly face close to his own and smiled wryly.

"If I'd had—anything to eat—today," he said faintly, "or yesterday—I'd take a crack at you." He sank back exhausted.

"Anything to eat!" The big man was on his feet in an instant. "Do

you mean it?" he asked, surprised.

George nodded.

Without a word, Lapham dashed through the door, across the outer office, and disappeared. In an incredibly short time he came back, bearing a sealed bottle of milk and a huge paper bag of sandwiches.

George had risen and was sitting at the desk, his head propped on his hands. At sight of the food he gasped; he realized then how greatly he needed it. Half the contents of the bottle and three large sandwiches vanished while the bond man looked on with a satisfied smile.

"I don't know how to thank you," said the boy finally. "You have come pretty near saving my life—I mean that!"

"By smashing you in the jaw?" said Lapham, with a wry smile.

"Perhaps," declared the other enigmatically.

Lapham paced up and down uneasily. He was trying to say something—and it was hard. At last, he burst out:

"See here, old chap; I don't know how to apologize. My temper got the better of me. I am ashamed—I—"

"That's all right," disclaimed George casually. "Say no more about it."

"But," persisted Lapham, "I feel that I should like to make amends, somehow. What can I do?" he asked impulsively.

"Well, you did interrupt our business talk rather abruptly. If you care to hear me out, I shall be very glad."

"Of course!" exclaimed Lapham. "I am ready to buy what you have to offer."

"Do you mean that?" said George with a quick intake of breath.

"I do—most emphatically!"

"I have something to sell," said the young fellow slowly, "but it is nothing tangible."

Lapham stooped and picked up the volume that had fallen from the boy's grasp. One cover dangled dejected-

ly, hanging by a thin shred of binding. He opened the book, glanced at the title-page, and then shot a quick look at the boy.

"I don't quite understand," he said, a hint of suspicion in his tone.

"I didn't offer that book for sale," said George, flushing quickly. "That was merely to engage your attention."

"You said it was nothing tangible. What have you to offer?"

"My services." The boy looked the other straight in the eye without flinching.

The bond-man drew up a chair and sat down.

"Suppose you tell me about it," he suggested kindly, voice and manner evincing his interest.

George gave a sigh of relief; it was the first time in months that anyone had invited him to tell his story. He straightened himself in his chair and began slowly:

"I came to town six months ago. Back home, there didn't seem to be much of any chance, and I simply had to make good. There are reasons—well, I won't go into that.

"I got a job in an insurance office. It wasn't what I wanted; but it was far better than nothing at all. A couple of months ago I was laid off—no fault of my own—just a sudden policy of retrenchment.

"It's been pretty tough since then. Things went from bad to worse until the conviction grew on me that I never would find another job. I haven't really had enough to eat for weeks. To-day I was starving—desperate!

"All the time I was out of work I

studied to fit myself for the job I want, the job that I know I'm cut out for. I was just taking that book, which I had been studying, back to the library when the thought struck me that right then was the time to try out my abilities. That's why I called on you."

"You are not a book gent, then?" George shook his head.

Mr. Lapham opened the book again. Looking over the top of it at the earnest face of the boy opposite him, he remarked:

"This seems to be a work on psychology. May I ask what you were trying to fit yourself for?"

"Salesmanship," said George promptly. "I know I can make good."

"Your call on me was an experiment in your new profession?" asked the bond man quizzically.

The boy nodded.

Mr. Lapham rose and walked toward the window. He stood there a moment deep in thought. When he turned, there was a humorous little quirk at the corners of his mouth.

"It was by way of being a success," he murmured, "a signal success for a first attempt. You certainly have the faculty of holding your man's attention," he said whimsically.

He approached the desk and rested his big hand on the boy's shoulder. Looking straight into his clear eyes, he asked:

"Can you sell bonds?"

"I can!" shouted George, springing up, his face radiant with happiness.

Moreover, he did.

A WANDER-SONG

By ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

WHO is the monarch of the Road?
I, the happy rover!
Lord of the way which lies before,
Up to the hill and over—
Owner of all beneath the blue
On till the end and after, too!

I am the monarch of the Road!
Mine are the keys of morning.
I know where evening keeps her store
Of stars for night's adorning,
I know the wind's wild will, and why
The lone thrush hurries down the sky.

I am the monarch of the Road!
My court I hold with singing,
Each bird a gay ambassador,
Each flower a censer, swinging,
And every little roadside thing
A wonder to confound a king.

I am the monarch of the Road!
I ask no leave for living;
I take no less; I ask no more,
Than nature's fullest giving—
And ever, westward with the day,
I travel to the far-away.





STUDY OF A GIRL

From the Etching by Walter R. Duff

THE RAINBOW-CHASERS

BY ROBERT HERRICK

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DAN SAYRE GROESBECK

I UNEARTHED the thing this morning from my little box in the safety-deposit vaults of the Eureka bank. It lay, still crisp and gorgeous, in a thick package of similar documents—stock certificates, once as glittering with hopes as they were profusely gilded. What alluring, fantastic names they had—these defunct enterprises in Golconda Land! The Sinbad-Trachyte Copper Mining and Smelting Company, the Snowstorm Hydraulic Mining Company (that was gold, and the certificates had a delicate vignette picturing a valley among the serried peaks of the upper Rockies). Whatever gold there may be in that lofty valley still sleeps undisturbed beneath the Colorado snows. There was an oil company in West Virginia, and out in Idaho there was Flagg's Water-Hoister Development and Irrigation Company. Note, if you will, the geographical sweep of our enterprises; they covered half the States of the Union, besides Mexico, and their variety alone gave them an air of Oriental opulence.

And there were the inventions, too: "Gas and Slag," a popular name for a process of manufacturing acetylene gas out of waste, and the Grass Mat Company, which had a machine that could make something better than a turkish rug out of reeds or plain marsh grass. But the grandest of all, the one I always handle with a special thrill, the one that led us

astray—was Ensenada Asphalt Limited! (Why limited? I ask myself now.) It had a beautiful picture of an extinct crater, from which there flowed a black stream, representing presumably that article of commerce, pure asphaltum. There was nothing limited in our expectations of what that stream would do for us. Well, I believe we got our money's worth out of them all, in a way; and as I carefully replaced these outlawed drafts on the bank of Hope at the bottom of my tin box and locked them up for another long sleep, I sighed a middle-age sigh and thought of those vivid months when we were chasing rainbows.

I

What had we to do with "highly speculative enterprises"—or more plainly "wildecats schemes"? Poor college professors, hired at clerks' wages to teach the Beauty of Truth and the Truth of Beauty to a couple of thousand American youths? Perhaps that was the reason—we had no business whatever to go rainbow chasing. And yet we drew some fat dividends, of a kind. . . .

John Jefferson Solomon was our first promoter in Rainbow Land. He was then professor of Metallurgy in the Scientific School of Eureka University, where I still hold the chair of Romance. Solomon was a hairy, brawny, chubby, six-foot professor, which is a rarity in the species.

He had, moreover, that alert air of the man of many affairs, who is grasping hard the tail of Opportunity. Our professor of Metallurgy was frequently engaged by mining companies as an expert on ores, and thus came in contact with Magnates with Millions. I think that we of the gentler arts and sciences rather looked down on the prosperous Solomon as something of a Philistine; but our wives often wished that we had the cleverness to command the attention of the world of dollars!

Solomon, I know, had a thinly veiled contempt for merely polite learning, which he vented often in sarcastic remarks before the faculty. So it was with a feeling of agreeable surprise that I accepted an invitation to his rooms, where as he said he had "something to put before me." We had met at the Campus Club, where I usually dropped in of an afternoon to read the evening paper. Little MacWilliams, a clever youngster who was assisting me in the department, was playing billiards at the time and joined us. I do not remember that Solomon invited Mac, but the lad was not bashful and often followed me about.

Solomon's study was crammed with a dusty litter of geographical reports, specimens of ores, maps, and outing togs. Tiptoeing about the room, while our host dug out some chairs, I found a basin reposing on the window ledge that contained what looked to be a mess of tar.

"Melton," Solomon said gravely, taking the basin tenderly between his hairy fingers, "do you know what Asphaltum is?"

I admitted a layman's general acquaintance with that useful substance. Solomon, tapping the basin, exclaimed:

"This is crude Asphaltum!" Then he gave us a little professional talk on the commercial importance of the substance. "Melton," Solomon finished impressively, fondling that sticky mess in the wash basin, "I

have been hunting for an asphalt lake for twenty years. You just dip out the stuff and more comes in from below. You can't exhaust it."

"A real widow's cruise!" Mac commented frivolously.

"At last," Solomon continued in condescending tones, "I think I have found one—that is, one of my old students has found it among the mountains of Lower California. 'I've been making tests of this sample Jennings sent up. It is prime quality, almost pure asphaltum. I have wired Jennings to go to the City of Mexico and get a concession from the government.'"

Mac whistled and hung over the specimen as if he would like to eat it.

"Then we shall form a small company, incorporate for a million, I suppose," Solomon suggested lightly, as if that was something he did every week.

"Why, you'll make your fortune," I murmured enviously.

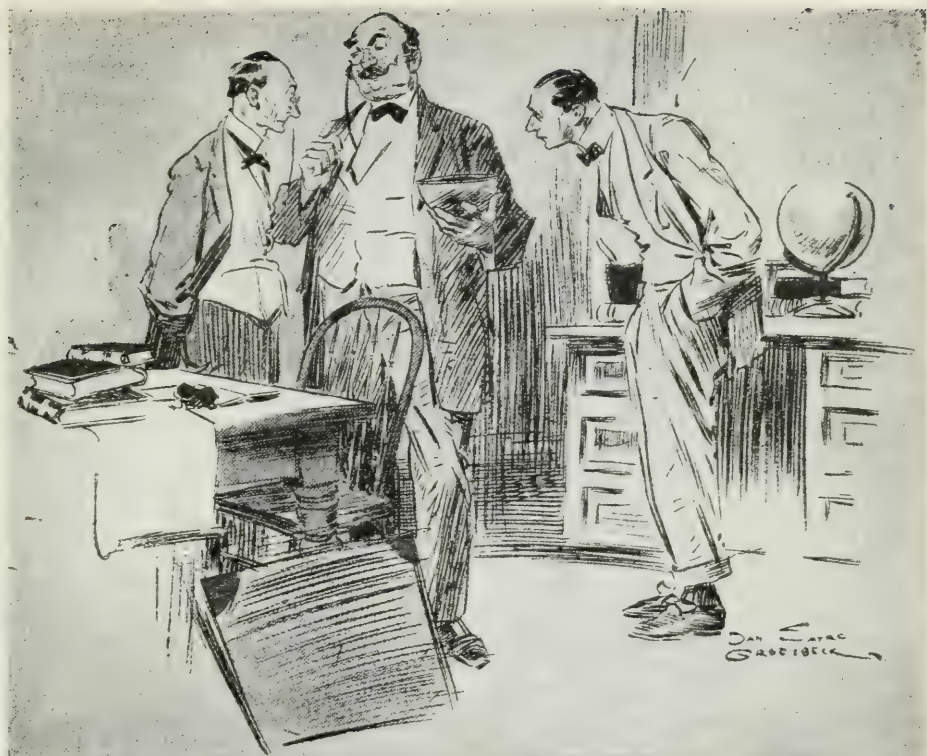
"It does look like a good thing," he admitted calmly, and after a slight pause he said: "Might let you have a block of the stock, Melton, if you have a few thousands you would like to invest just now."

"That's mighty good of you, Sol," I stammered, gratified that this man of large affairs should think I kept a few thousands of idle cash by me.

"We shan't put out much stock," he explained, "but I could let you have a few hundred shares."

"I don't believe that I could manage as much as that," I said timidly, thinking of the twelve hundred dollars Ada and I had painfully scraped together since our marriage for that year in Europe.

"The first subscribers, of course, won't be expected to pay par," Solomon suggested. "Say a couple of hundred shares at twenty-five! You can give me your check for what's convenient and make your note for the rest. I expect that we shall be paying dividends before the note would fall due."



"Melton, do you know what asphaltum is?"

I hurriedly subtracted twelve hundred dollars from five thousand; it left a large balance and Ada didn't believe in debts. Then I thought of Aunt Silva's bequest to my wife. We called it the building fund, and it reposed in the savings bank. Some time we meant to build a little cottage on the hills across the river.

"Couldn't you let me have some stock, Mr. Solomon?" MacWilliams demanded eagerly, his cheek flaming.

"Oh, well, how much?" Solomon asked indifferently.

"Ten shares, say."

I stared at little Mac, for it was well known that he was posted at the club almost every month for his board and billiards, and usually managed to clear his name just in time to escape severe action. And he was engaged to that nice Miss Saunders, a Fellow in English, and neither of them had a penny.

"I shall get some money from a book I'm doing," Mac explained, "and I want a good chance to invest it."

"All right," the great man agreed good-naturedly. "I guess you can have your ten shares."

Then we talked asphalt until long after the dinner hour, and Mac and I talked it all the way back to my house. I held my head high as Capitalist and Partner in Prosperity when I entered my front door. That trip to Spain and Italy might have to be deferred for another year; but when we went we should make the journey in a forty-horse-power touring car instead of third class on the railroad. My fervour was somewhat dampened by Ada, who had kept dinner waiting for me. It took some time to get her interested in Asphaltum—women are generally deficient in constructive imagination—and



"Let me look at you"

when I mentioned Aunt Silva's money she protested:

"The building fund! And it's doing so nicely in the bank!"

"But this is a rare opportunity for a much superior investment! Why, the dividends in a year or two will enable us to build out of our income."

Although Ada was not wholly fired with my enthusiasm, I went to bed that night to dream of a river of viscous gold that slowly filled the room and threatened to engulf us in its sticky folds.

II

Little Mac and I were not to be the only sharers in Solomon's luck. For a few days I went about my work bursting privately with a consciousness of coming wealth. Then one morning Silvertown—he was in Church History—stopped me on the steps of the library, a new furrow in his puckered forehead, and plucking me anxiously by the arm whispered into my ear:

"What about this new discovery by Professor Solomon? Asphalt, I understand, and extraordinarily lucrative. . . . The royalties on my new book are about due, and I am looking for a good thing. Could you get me a few shares?"

I promised to use my influence with Solomon, and shaking my hand warmly he hurried away briskly to his class. Silvertown had a growing family, growing in every way.

And there were others, I soon learned—Tompkins in Neurology, and Lane in Physics, and Stowaway in Math. Stow had paid cash—a thousand dollars for thirty shares; so the price had already risen! . . . It was not long before Ensenada Asphalt was as familiarly referred to on the campus as B. R. T. or U. P. in Wall Street. Even before those splendid certificates appeared to gladden our eyes, options on Asphalt were changing hands at the Campus Club, and there was much academic "paper" in circulation.



"Asphalt!" My wife sniffed

Soon after the arrival of the certificates it was rumoured that no more stock was being issued. The great Dennison Flagg, the swell of our little community, had gone to Solomon personally to secure some stock, offering par and cash, and had been refused! There might possibly have been something personal behind this refusal; but the news sent Asphalt flying upward on the "campus curb," which was Sandy Cork's ribald designation for our transactions. Flagg, so Sandy told me, piqued by Sol's curt refusal to "let him in," had started a rival investment, the famous "Buckets," from which there flows another tale. It was a time of financial ferment, during which I made that remarkable collection of stock certificates that I have enumerated. Most of these were due to Solomon. Sandy Cork said that he bred schemes like kittens in his laboratory—he always had a few in his pockets to peddle out. And we all took some shares to show our good will; but there was nothing in the lot to equal Ensenada. . . .

When the news reached us that President Diaz had graciously granted a concession of that extinct volcano to the Ensenada company, As-

phalt began to soar; the club seethed with rumours. One morning while Ada and I were beginning our breakfast, little Mac burst in, his eyes glittering with fever, his hair mussed as if he had not seen his bed in many nights.

"Have you heard the news?" he shouted from the door, barely nodding to Ada. "Jennings has arrived, and a great financial swell with him, a Mr. Delano. Things are doing over at Sol's."

"Well, drink a cup of coffee," I said, assuming an outward calm.

"They're thinking of forming a new company, development company, you know. Bonds and all that. Asphalters get in on the first basement! . . . I'm going over to Sol's now."

He paused long enough at the door to call back: "May and I won't wait until the fall maybe—look out for cards!"

As the door clicked behind the little man, Ada remarked severely to me: "Asphalt's gone to his brain, Joe. This high finance is too much for him." (Latterly my wife had contracted an ironical habit of expression that was annoying to me.) "You know, Joe, you are responsible for

that boy's getting into this speculation business."

"He does seem a bit off his head this morning," I replied, without discussing the remark. "I'll drop in at Solomon's and see what is on."

"Joe!" my wife began.

"Oh, I have no idea of going any deeper in Asphalt."

"I should think not!" And Ada magnanimously refrained from further reference to the large hole we had made in the building fund. Most of it, in fact, had been sunk in Asphalt. "Sunk"—ill-omened word!

III

I met Silverton in front of my house, on his way to an early class. Now in the old days, before rainbow hues had begun to stain the placid horizon of Eureka, my good colleague would have propounded to me some juicy point in the Cistercian rule. But to-day he exclaimed:

"Have you heard about this Mr. Delano?" And when we had exhausted asphalt rumours, he remarked, "I saw they had made a great strike in the Bull Frog mine, same district as Trachyte, I believe." We were all modernizing fast! I know that Silverton wanted to cut his classes and accompany me to see the financial power at Solomon's. But habit put his feet into the path of duty.

Solomon's room was full of cigar smoke, and over a map on the desk there were bent four heads, while little Mac danced about in the rear. One of the four was Dennison Flagg, to my surprise—I did not then realize the rapid change in financial alliances! A bronzed young man I guessed was Jennings, who had located the lake. And the fat, bald-headed gentleman, smoking a cigar, with his pudgy forefinger on the map, must be the great Delano, our financial Aeneas! Solomon introduced me: "Mr. Delano, I want to make you acquainted with Professor Melton, one of our original stockholders."

"Happy to meet you, professor,"

the fat magnate said, squeezing my hand with his unoccupied fist.

"Mr. Delano is advising as to the best method of developing our concession," Solomon explained.

"Yes, professor," Mr. Delano drawled, squinting at the map. "What you've got to do is to form a new company, lease your rights to it, and issue some bonds to pay for the road and plant and all that. And there you are!" He puffed at his cigar, and it seemed very simple. "Just run your line to this point on the S. P. and a spur to Saint what you call um, on the gulf. Then if the S. P. folks won't talk business you've got your water freight. It's as smooth as a fiddle." He put a thick thumb on a corner of the map. "That's all it is, a couple of hundred miles or so. And easy grades, I bet!" On the map it looked certainly no more than that, the thickness of Mr. Delano's thumb—a thick thumb, to be sure.

"Well, I must be going—a little matter with some gentlemen at the Grand Union. I'll see you to-morrow, Mr. Solomon. Good morning, gentlemen," and the financial power, with a sweeping bow to include us all, disappeared in a cloud of smoke, Solomon after him.

When Solomon returned, he explained to me: "Mr. Delano has very extensive connections with moneyed people. I have asked him to be the president of the development company. He will be of great use to us in floating our bonds."

"But where do asphalters come in in the new deal?" little Mac asked with youthful bluntness.

From the animated discussion which followed, I gathered that Solomon, who controlled our old company, would turn it over body and soul to the new company. Jennings and Delano between them were to hold over half of the stock in the new company—it was to be a small issue, oh, very select! Solomon and his friends in the old company would divide the rest. But there was some



"The President swung round in his chair swivel"

sort of an understanding between Flagg and Solomon, the nature of which I was never to know perfectly. And I fancy there was another understanding between Jennings and the financial power and Solomon. Then there were the bonds. My mind has never been trained in such ways, but it soon became evident, even to me, that the rights of the old "asphalters" were shadowy. The new company, the tail to the dog, would surely wag the dog. And it behooved me to have some of that tail! I am sorry to confess that at the time I did not consider where this would leave poor Silverton and the other minor satellites of the curb. I was too intent on getting a piece of that tail.

At last Solomon drew Mac and me to one side, and said in a brotherly tone of confidence: "Of course I don't mean to see you two fellows get left. I'll let you have some of my stock—five shares for you, Melton, and one for you. The price? We'll settle that later."

"What a splendid fellow Sol is!"

Mac exclaimed fervently when we were out in the street. "He might have kept it all to himself, but he won't go back on his friends." Then grasping my arm convulsively, he added: "I must tell you, Joe, Molly and I were married last week at St. Paul."

"What——"

"You see we wanted to save all the fuss. The vacation begins soon, and she would have had to go back to her people, 'way off in Wyoming, and wait there. It will be all right! I'm going to grind all summer, and we shall board at the Hall. . . . Of course it won't be easy for her! But Sol says we must have dividends before next winter, and we can scratch on somehow until then."

It was no use to talk prudence, and I suspected that I hadn't the right. When I met my patient wife, I told her the news about the Macs, to break the other news, perhaps.

"What!" she exclaimed aghast. "Those two babies, without a cent! It's criminal—Joe, how could you let them?"

I protested that I wasn't to blame for their folly, and that very likely all would go well; a little struggle was a good thing; and then there was Ensenada.

"Asphalt!" my wife sniffed.

"Mac had better spend his time earning some money to pay the bills. It's bad enough for a man with a settled position like you to waste your time in such wildcat speculation, but a little assistant like that boy!"

It was not a favourable time to admit that I had bought a piece of the new tail to the dog. When Solomon's note came, saying that the price of the new stock was to be two hundred dollars per share and would I oblige him by sending around my check for the five shares, I prefer to pass over what Ada said. My wife has a quick temper and a facility in denunciation. But she is loyal to all sections of the marriage vow; I believe she would let me burn up my clothes piece by piece, without more than a reasonably vivacious characterization of "professors' folly."

So we made a pilgrimage to the savings bank and reduced the building fund to sixteen dollars and thirty-five cents, while Ada kept a stern silence.

IV

The "curb" was naturally agitated by the new developments in Asphalt. Soon there was gnashing when it became known that the new company's stock was not to be had by the common herd. Mac could have disposed of his promise of one share, for which he had given his note, at a handsome profit—enough to have started the couple in housekeeping on a modest footing. I advised him to take his profits. But I believe that if Mr. Morgan's banking house had offered him a couple of hundred thousand for his interest in Asphalt he would have scorned them. . . .

That was the crest of the bull movement in Asphalt, the afternoon

when Solomon appeared on the campus in a big motor side by side with T. Allerton Delano, who, it was quickly rumoured, was connected with the Standard Oil crowd. (We all excoriated the great trust at Eureka, but we felt gratified.) The long vacation opened, and the curb market went into a period of stagnation during the hot weather. Ada and I took our holiday on a fruit farm in Michigan instead of sailing for the shores of the Mediterranean as we had planned. While we sweltered beneath the scorching breath of the prairie sirroco, we thought of the extended and leisurely trip we should make when Ensenada began to pour fourth asphalt. "Or buy a farm in Iowa," Ada suggested, delighting to worry me with skeptical doubts.

We had let the little Macs camp in our house while we were away. It would be a bit more bridelike than the Hall, my wife said, and we left them there as happy as kittens. Solomon had gone to examine the "properties" with Jennings and Delano. . . . When we all gathered for the fall term, there was a brisk opening of the curb. Buckets, to be sure, had slumped. The inventor had spent his time inventing a flying machine that wouldn't fly instead of improving his water motor. But Flagg had a working model of the motor rigged in his room; it worked so well that the overflow had leaked down into the club reading-room—Sandy pointed out the yellow stain on the ceiling with great glee.

When Solomon turned up for his classes, several weeks late, very much bronzed, he had acquired an air of important mystery, which disconcerted the curb. "Yes," he announced, "the asphalt was there all right, and lots of it. Things were moving very satisfactorily. The survey for the road was being made; it would be a little longer than they had expected, say a hundred or a hundred and fifty miles, depending on the route. There was a desert or two on the way, but

they should use electric traction, etc., etc. In a word it was all most promising, but we must exercise patience—great affairs moved slowly. Mr. Delano was now in New York arranging for the disposal of the bonds."

So we settled down to wait, and incidentally Ada began to scrape a few dollars from my salary for that rainy day, which she seemed to take comfort in expecting. The little Macs had moved to a couple of tiny rooms off somewhere in a section of the city usually ignored by Eurekans. And Mac was fast maturing under the steady influence of marriage on six hundred dollars a year. For the trustees had not seen fit to recognize the presence of Mrs. Mac by increasing Mac's salary. They took it all gayly, however, for were they not to be millionaires? And very soon. To be sure there were those notes that Mac had given Solomon, not only the original ones, but the one for two hundred dollars, and I gathered that Solomon, being short of cash, as all financiers are at times, was pressing for payment. So little Mac did odd jobs and pretty little Mrs. Mac did what light housekeeping there was to be done.

It was an afternoon in March, I think, that Ada came back from the Macs with a serious look in her pleasant eyes.

"Joe," she said to me as we sat down to our frugal supper (it was supper when no one else shared it with us; otherwise, dinner), "Joe, when is that clay pit of Solomon's going to pay up?"

"You mean Asphalt, dear? I don't exactly know. Solomon has been away a good deal this winter and I haven't seen him lately. I suspect there have been delays in the construction. You know that large enterprises can't be ordered like a shirt waist—there are contingencies always."

"Um, it musn't take forever, though. The Macs are dreadfully

poor! And there are those horrid notes to pay. I should think that Professor Solomon could see that they haven't a cent. He's screwing blood out of them."

"Solomon isn't to blame; if Mac has promised more than he can——"

Oh, I know. But, Joe, *something's going to happen* to those poor children!" She looked significantly at me.

"So soon?" I gasped.

My wife nodded her head with a woman's assurance.

"And they haven't any money to pay the doctor, let alone the nurse and servant, and all the rest!"

I whistled!

"You must *do* something, Joe!"

V

Meantime asphalt did not come on, not at all; but the Something That Was Going to Happen to the little Macs did come on, with the precision of nature. And that final note for two hundred dollars, the one that represented Mac's minute interest in the dog's tail, had fallen due. Mac had begged an extension from Solomon, but the promoter had declared that the note was in the company's treasury, beyond his reach. Then the boy came to us. The cheeky, cherubic smile that had been his chief capital had faded months ago, but now he was really haggard. It isn't so much that I lose that share," he explained, "but Sol hinted that the old Ensenada stock wouldn't be worth much—not for a long time. So it will all go!"

Ada turned on me with her executive manner: "Joe," she said, "you must find Mr. Solomon and make him take back all Mac's stock at the price he paid for it."

"But my dear——" It was impossible to make Ada understand the nature of financial transactions. In the end I put on my hat and went in search of Sol. He was not in his office, nor at his rooms, nor at the club. I was relieved. But just as

I was about to return to report to my wife, Dennison Flagg hailed me. His face was very red, and he was excitedly wiping his glasses or pulling his mustache.

"Do you know where that cursed bounder, Solomon, is?" he demanded curtly.

When I replied that I had searched for the gentleman unsuccessfully, he burst forth:

"Oh, he's sneaked off somewhere! He knows too much to let me catch him. Sold me a hundred shares in his gold brick at par, and let that tin-horn gambler Delano in at fifty. Gave him some bonds, too. I expect he's paid nothing down for his own stock."

"You are mistaken," I said frigidly. "Mr. Solomon let me have five shares of his allotment at two hundred per share, the price he paid for them."

I thought Flagg would have a fit.

"Let me look at you," he said after a while. "I want to see a greener sucker than myself. Two hundred!"

"Cash," I added.

"And you gave him twice the par value, and he never paid a cent!"

I was not in a happy frame of mind when I went back to Ada. I did not want to see Solomon—my heart was too sore.

"Well?" she asked, as I hung up my hat and coat.

"Ada," I said solemnly, "I have been an awful fool."

To her credit let it be said that she never made one of all the remarks she might have made. After a moment of thought she said:

"We must bring the Macs here; it can't happen in those two rooms."

I looked about our tiny premises and thought of that castle across the river, which I felt sure would never be built out of asphalt.

"You will have to sleep in your study, of course, Joe. I shall give them our room. And Joe, I think we ought to pay back to Mac what

he spent for the stock." Please note the we!) "I've saved nearly three hundred dollars for the trip. I guess we'll have to cultivate our garden nearer home in Michigan, instead."

I kissed her silently.

"For we are responsible for Mac—the example, you know."

And I hung my head.

VI

Events moved rapidly in the next few hours; they always do within sight of the catastrophe! First Mac came to my office, swelling with excitement. There had been a fearful row over at the club between Solomon and Flagg, so Sandy Cork had reported. Flagg had lost his temper, and called Sol all manner of names—swindler, blackleg, tin-horn gambler. And Sol had retorted with remarks about "Buckets." Then old Silverton had come around, panting to get his money back for the Ensenada stock; said some one told him that it would cost more than it was worth to get our asphalt to market; and Sol had said something about the Panama canal, and Flagg had talked about the canals in Mars. Then Sol had got mad and told Silverton that the Ensenada company was leased with all its rights for ninety-nine years, and Silverton had gone off to see the President, wringing his hands and vowing he was ruined.

It took me some time to get Mac's stock out of him at the price he had paid. I don't know whether he believed I was trying to take advantage of his helpless state or not. But I made him take the three hundred dollars. I went to my seminarist in old French—my heart heavy after the rainbow debauch, seeing life and human nature very gray. Was it believable that Solomon could have been so base? Could have sold me something for a thousand dollars that had cost him nothing, or at the outside five hundred dollars? In the great world I had heard they did

such things. But my colleague, a university professor! . . . In the midst of an explanation of a corrupt passage in the Song of Roland, into which I was trying to put some of my old-time fire, dismissing for the moment the cares of finance, the President of Eureka University would like to see me in his office at the close of the hour!

I brushed against Sandy Cork in the hall on my way to the President's office. His face wore a wicked grin as he asked: "Are you holding a stockholders' meeting in the Prex's office?"

And they were all assembled when the President's stenographer let me into the private office—poor old Silverton, woe-begone and fluttered; Dennison Flagg, somewhat wilted, but glowering; J. Jefferson Solomon, his hands in his pockets, sullen and defiant; and little Mac with several others who had been active on the curb.

The President swung around in his swivel chair, his handsome face serious and somewhat sad. He scraped his throat in that impressive manner he had when he addressed the united faculties:

"Gentlemen, there have been brought to my notice certain financial transactions among members of the faculty, of what might be called a speculative nature. Mr. Melton, will you kindly give me your version of the dealings in—er——"

"Asphalt," Flagg supplied.

"And Buckets," Solomon snapped.

I told the story briefly, blushing at certain passages, especially when it came to my ready acquiescence in the scheme to ignore the original stockholders by the possessors of the tail. Then Silverton confessed to his little dream of riches, and Mac—that boy had good stuff in him; he refused to say more than that he had invested some money through Mr. Solomon! Then the two financial powers told their story, with many contradictions. In the end the Presi-

dent sat with lowered head for a moment:

"*Sacra fames auri!*" he quoted with his funny old-fashioned pronunciation. I winced, but I don't think Solomon understood. "Gentlemen," he continued, not unkindly, "I think that most of you have been nothing more than childish. Suppose you return all the chips to one another, so far as you can, and try to forget it. I need not point out the folly of such enterprises to men in your position, nor the indecorum of the example you offer to the youth under your charge—an example of greed and preoccupation with the sordid side of life."

He stopped there. Perhaps he felt the unconscious irony of his remarks as applied to the poorly paid men of his faculty.

"I hope," he resumed with a sweet smile, "that you will not invest again in Spanish castles—or Asphalt! Six per cent. mortgages are safer."

"Mr. Solomon," the President said in a different tone of voice, "you will be kind enough to wait after the others go. Good morning, gentlemen!"

I was glad that Solomon had been detained; I should not like to meet him, not just yet. I took my way homeward at a reflective pace. "*Sacra fames auri!*" Ah, how it tainted all that it touched. I could never again take Solomon's hand without thinking that he had done to me that mean and dirty trick—under temptation. I am older now than when like a silly, greedy boy I invested Aunt Silva's legacy in Ensenada Asphalt; but over and over again have I seen the same thing, in big or little, the thirst for riches. . . .

Ada met me at the door, atwinkle with excitement. "Joe! She's up there—all installed. I took a carriage and brought her over. It won't be more than a few days now before it happens. . . . And, Joe, I've got something for you!"

She led me into my cubbyhole of a

den and pointed to a fat volume on the desk. I knew the *Chronique* at a glance—the copy I had eyed in Chappel's window for months.

"But, my dear," I protested.

"There was sixteen dollars and thirty-five cents left of Aunt Silva's money. And I don't see why I shouldn't have my spree as well as you, your old asphalt!"

After that "Black Monday" on the campus curb, as Sandy dubbed the day we had our interview with the President, there was a complete silence with reference to Ensenada Asphalt, Buckets, and the rest. No one ever showed a certificate, if he had one. A few optimistic souls, to be sure, talked for a time about what would happen with "those properties," when the canal was opened. But the canal hadn't opened yet, and besides I heard from Flagg the other day that the Ensenada concession expired according to its terms some years ago. Probably whatever equity there may be in the concern resides in the pockets of Mr. Delano, whose last address was the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York.

Solomon very shortly after the explosion accepted a call to a school of mines somewhere in Idaho, much to

my relief. I don't know whether Sandy Cork's merciless roasting in the club play that year had anything to do with his departure, or the President's final remarks. But he went. And the rest of us had humour enough to laugh freely at Sandy's quips at our expense. . . . The little Maes are happy and obviously poor, though the President put him up that spring.

We haven't built our house across the river yet, though we had that deferred trip to Spain this last winter, and Ada is such a shrewd manager we may get the house yet, without the aid of Asphalt or Aunt Silva's bequest. I have had a good deal of satisfaction out of that stock certificate first and last. I ought to be able to forgive old Sol! Whenever I am tempted by some splendid "investment propositions" poured in on me by mail from financial houses that seemingly have but one purpose in existence and that is to make me rich, I go down to my box in the safety-deposit vault and get out the handsome certificate of the Ensenada Asphalt Development Company, five shares, "full paid and non-assessable." And I murmur over, "*Sacra fames auri.*"



CURRENT EVENTS

BY LINDSAY CRAWFORD

AT the end of a hundred days the gigantic armies in France and Belgium are still struggling for the mastery. As yet there are no definite signs of approaching catastrophe on either side of the long line of battle that stretches from Woivre to the North Sea. With the huge masses on both sides, which are still capable of opposing a vigorous resistance, with the modern engines of warfare that military science has called to its aid, and with all the advantages that accrue to the enemy from long and careful preparation for such a colossal struggle, the campaign may be protracted and, for some time, indecisive. In the words of a distinguished soldier, "a day is like an hour" in the economy of a battle that stretches along an irregular front of three hundred miles. The time occupied in manœuvring troops, for instance, is an important factor in prolonging the war. A large body of troops, when rushed from point to point, cannot cover more than twenty miles a day, and the larger the force the slower the progress. If to these military considerations is added the fact that supplies and reinforcements arrive with persistent regularity in the German ranks, and that the Allies are engaged, not in driving back the enemy merely, but in carrying strongly fortified entrenchments that are protected by heavy guns and quick-firers, a better perspective may be gained of a war which is taxing the patience of some people who look for speedy and decisive results at

every critical stage in the game. All the prophecies as to the length of the war may be discounted. War, like politics, is an uncertain quantity. No one can say with certainty what may take place twenty-four hours hence behind the scenes of international politics. No one could have foreseen the assassination of the Archduke Ferdinand at Serrajevo. Anything may happen at a moment's notice to change the current of European events and stop the war. Or, it may drag on for months until Germany is forced to pile her arms through sheer exhaustion.

No one, perhaps, is in a better position to calculate the stress and strain of all the factors in this war than the British Prime Minister. Speaking in the House of Commons at the opening of Parliament, Mr. Asquith "doubted that the war would last as long as people had originally predicted." He further affirmed that "the primary aims of the Germans had been frustrated." While Mr. Asquith was careful, for obvious reasons, to avoid lending countenance to the theorists who predicted a short campaign, facts hid from the public as to the staying powers of the Germans must be known to the British Government to warrant his optimistic statement as to the duration of the campaign. Whether the failure of Germany is due to military causes alone, apart from economic conditions, the Prime Minister did not state. The failure of Germany—by most people judged entirely from the military standpoint—

has its roots in remoter and more obscure causes. Germany sowed the seeds of national defeat through the diplomatic blunders that arrayed against her greater forces than her military advisers contemplated. Nor must German psychology be overlooked. Cool and calculating as have been her preparations for war on a colossal scale, these preparations were carried out, apparently, on the assumption that the German army was invincible and that the plans of the General Staff could not miscarry. The military preparations, as they now stand revealed, bear the hall-mark of the helmeted Prussian, with his blustering air of arrogant superiority. If, as one is led to conjecture, Germany's war preparations were concerned mainly with offensive operations, it is not unlikely that her plans on both fronts may find her decidedly weak when forced to assume the defensive. Her chain of forts may prove as fickle in the hour of trial as those of Liege, Namur, and Antwerp, and the weakened morale of her soldiers may complete the rout.

What of economic conditions as a factor in hastening the termination of the awful carnage? In a lecture delivered at the University of Toronto, Professor G. I. H. Lloyd was emphatic in his assertion that "economic conditions will not decide this war; the final decision must be by force of arms." It is true that bankrupt nations like Turkey and Mexico have been able to carry on war when by all the rules of the game they were unable to maintain an army in the field. But these are the exceptions that prove the rule. Neither of these countries possesses the delicate industrial organism by which Germany in days of peace lives and moves and has her being. Peoples not fully emerged from the barbaric stage may take risks which more civilized and highly organized nations take at their peril. As an evidence of the irreconcilable views entertained in regard to the outcome of this war we may

set against Professor Lloyd's conclusions the weighty and matured opinion of Mr. Bonar Law, the leader of the Opposition in the British House of Commons. Emphasizing the importance of the financial factor, Mr. Bonar Law said: "Already the economic effects are being felt in Germany. This is shown by the rate of exchange, and this will become more evident as time progresses. As soon as Germany realizes she must be beaten, economic forces will work with a pressure of which there is no conception." It is difficult to obtain exact data on which to base conclusions, but all the information available points to the fact that the condition of affairs in Germany is much worse than Berlin despatches would have the outside world believe. The stoppage of all external trade must lead to abnormal conditions in her commercial life. The President of the Bonn Chamber of Commerce, for example, has described the distress resulting from unemployment as "on a plane with the horrors of the battlefield and more difficult to combat." The Germans boast that no moratorium has been proclaimed in their country, but various edicts have been issued that are equivalent to moratory legislation. Internal evidences indicate that the financial condition of Germany is far from normal. Attempts have been made to pay debts abroad in War Loan Stock, and in many districts war credit banks have been established. The rate of exchange for the German mark has fallen in Switzerland six and a half per cent., while that for the French franc remains as it was before the war.

To what extent economic pressure will determine the duration of the war is a speculative question and remains to be seen. As time drags on the economic strain must tell, as it did in the American Civil War. In the absence of data on which to base a conclusion, no one can say how long a nation can continue fighting after

it has broken down financially and industrially. The only fact that emerges is that the Allies have more money than Germany, and untapped resources that should tip the scales and ensure ultimate victory.

The resisting power of an army on the defensive is much greater in these days of powerful armaments and immense armies than in past days. Germany is still strong enough to return with safety to fortified lines within her own border, when retreat is unavoidable. Neither Germany nor the Allies appear to possess such a superiority in numbers and guns as to enable them to strike a decisive blow and to effect the destruction of the opposing army. What advantage there is favours the Allies, but movements at the front mature slowly. All the Allies need accomplish in order to ensure the ultimate breakdown of Germany's military power is to hold the enemy by a vigorous offensive and so prevent the Kaiser drawing off reinforcements to the eastern field of operations. Unceasing attack and defeat of all the enemy's plans must in the end tell heavily upon an army fighting so far from its national resources. So far the battle of intellects has disclosed no fatal flaw on either side. A serious blunder in such a war would be swift and catastrophic in its results. The Germans have been driven slowly back on their right and every effort so far to secure a permanent base on the coast has been foiled. But it is a mistake to assume that Germany is beaten. The handwriting is on the wall, but the end is not yet.

The failure of the German plans in the east has focused attention once more on the operations in that quarter. The Russians once more have driven the invader from their soil. The invasion of Russian Poland was in some respects very similar to the invasion of France. In both cases the Germans had the prize almost within their grasp when they were compelled to fall back. In both cases they un-

derestimated the strength of the enemy. About three miles east of Meaux, and only sixteen miles from Paris—near a village too small to find a place on the ordinary maps—Von Kluck's dash for the French capital was checked and deflected eastward. All day the fate of Paris hung in the balance, but as the shades of night gave place to the broiling sun-tide the blue and red of the French troops could be seen advancing. Paris was saved. Similarly Warsaw caught a glimpse of the German gray-clad troops as they deployed for battle within seven miles of the capital of Russian Poland. Warsaw was to be surprised and carried by storm. But the Russians had made preparations for the enemy, and when Hindenburg thought he held Warsaw in the hollow of his hand, Siberian reinforcements arrived in the nick of time to enable the Grand Duke Nicholas to hurl a superior force on the flank of the enemy, causing a rapid and disorganized retreat which the steady pressure of the Russian offensive has converted into a veritable rout of the Austro-Germanic armies. Russia, not Poland, is now the centre of interest in the eastern field.

The entrance of Turkey into the fight shows the necessity of Germany, for it was through German intrigue that the Porte was forced into a suicidal war. Britain and Russia did their utmost to save Turkey from the war-party led by Enver Pasha, but now that their advice has been flouted, both nations will welcome the opportunity to regularize affairs in the Balkans and elsewhere. For Britain the danger of a religious war has practically passed away, and the fear of a rising in Egypt has likewise been proved to be exaggerated. Italy and Greece may yet take sides, but so far the advent of Turkey has not widened the war horizon. The place of Britain in Egypt will be more clearly defined now that Turkey has shot her bolt in Europe. The task which Britain has undertaken in that country

has been not to rule the Egyptians, "but as far as possible to teach the Egyptians to rule themselves." By a fiction of international law the British Government advises but does not rule. The nominal ruler of Egypt is the Sultan. But it is only a fiction. In practice British advice is Egyptian law.

In South Africa Botha has defeated a force of rebels organized by de Wet, the famous guerilla general during the Boer War. Maritz, the tool of the Germans, has also been met in action and defeated. But the fight in South Africa against the Germans is one of considerable magnitude, and the military operations will be attended with difficulties that will tax the resources of the youngest nation within the Empire. Portugal could render effective aid in Africa. The feeling in Portugal in favour of Great Britain has been greatly strengthened of late by the news from South Africa. Portugal realizes that her colonies have long been coveted by Germany, and her efforts to bring about trouble in South Africa by the subornation of Colonel Maritz to undermine British authority are regarded as a plain indication of what the Portuguese Republic may be prepared for in her African possessions. There is at the present moment an agreement extending over a period of ten years from 1909 between the Governments of Portugal and the Union of South Africa regulating the working of the railways and seaports of Mozambique and Delagoa Bay. The Portuguese are fully aware that they can place reliance on this scrap of paper as guaranteeing their interests. After recent events in Belgium, Portugal feels that she cannot have the same confidence in Germany's sense of honour, especially since it is well known that for years past Berlin has desired Angola, San Thome, and Principe. In these circumstances, it is not surprising that Portugal sent strong reinforcements to her African

possessions directly after the war commenced.

The Literary Digest publishes the results of an inquiry it instituted among American editors as to their attitude regarding the war. "Of the 367 replies received," says *The Literary Digest*, "105 editors report that they favour the Allies, twenty favour the Germans, and 242 are neutral. Of the pro-Ally editors thirty-four are in the Eastern States, thirteen in the Central, forty-seven in the Southern, and eleven in the Western. Only one pro-German editor hails from the Eastern States, while ten are from the Central, five from the Southern, and four from the Western group. The neutral editors number forty-three in the Eastern States, one hundred and twelve in the Central, fifty-one in the Southern, and thirty-six in the Western."

The large number of "neutrals," added to the number openly on the side of the Allies, is significant. Pro-Germans are clutching at straws when they affect to regard these figures as hopeful.



Canadian troops are now at the front. Princess Patricia's regiment has been the first to reach the firing line. From now on Canada will have a more personal interest in the great drama that is being enacted on French and Belgian soil. Meantime the second expeditionary force is in training and the home defence forces are also preparing for possible contingencies nearer home, although rumours of a German dash across the Canadian border from Buffalo are discredited in official circles, both in the United States and in Canada. This is a war, however, in which every possible precaution must be taken against the designs of an enemy who does not lack the will or the means to violate neutrality laws when the opportunity offers.

The Library Table

THE WIFE OF SIR ISAAC HARMAN

By H. G. WELLS. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

WELLS is always Wells. And in this his latest novel he is, if anything, more Wellsian than ever. One has to read but a dozen pages to know that it is the work of a master, one who has the knack of visualizing and exposing a character by the use of only a line where many another writer would use a page. His characterization is almost perfect. When he introduces a character you have no doubt of his looks, his bearing, his tone of voice, his general attitude. So that by the time Mr. Wells has introduced Lady Harman, which he does in the first chapter, you feel as if you are intimately acquainted with a young, slender, well-groomed, well-nourished, well-exercised, well-bred Englishwoman—a woman who is to take the leading place in a story of 525 pages. This is a long story, but it is worthy of its length. The cleverness of the first act is an indication of what is to follow. Lady Harman arrives unannounced to look over a suburban property that has been advertised for sale. The owner, a literary man, with affectations of artistic tastes, is so attracted by her presence that he volunteers to show her over the premises himself. In the course of the inspection they come to a hilltop whence can be obtained a

charming panoramic view of the countryside. But the view is injured by a flaming signboard announcing that Staminial Bread, the True Staff of Life, is sold only by the International Bread Shops.

"It really is very good bread," she said. "They make it—Oh! most carefully. With the germ in. And one has to tell people."

Her point of view surprised him. He had expected nothing but a docile sympathy. "But to tell people here," he said.

"Yes, I suppose one oughtn't to tell them here."

"Man does not live by bread alone."

She gave the faintest assent.

"This is the work of one pushful, shoving creature, a man named Harman. Imagine him! Imagine what he must be! Don't you feel his soul defiling us?—this summit of a stupendous pile of—dough, thinking of nothing but his miserable monstrous profits, seeing nothing in the delight of life, the beauty of the world but something that attracts attention, draws eyes . . . It's the quintessence of all that is wrong with the world—squalid, shameless huckstering!" He flew off at a tangent. "Four or five years ago they made this landscape disease—a knight!"

He looked at her for a sympathetic indignation, and then suddenly something snapped in his brain and he understood. There wasn't an instant between absolute innocence and absolute knowledge.

"You see," she said as responsive as though he had cried out sharply at the horror in his mind, "Sir Isaac in my husband. Naturally . . . I ought to have given you my name to begin with. It was silly . . ."

There is a situation for a beginning!



MR. GEORGE F. MILLNER

A new Canadian writer, author of
"The Sergeant of Fort Toronto"

THE SERGEANT OF FORT TORONTO.

By GEORGE F. MILLNER. Toronto:
The Copp, Clark Company.

TO say that a novel is historical is all that many require as a recommendation, and therefore this novel from the pen of a new Canadian writer is likely to have a fairly satisfactory sale. The author had at hand the material for a big, stirring romance. Imagine, for instance, the lone French fort at Toronto, where there was but a handful of soldiers and one woman, the beautiful daughter of the storekeeper, who was a countess in disguise as well. Upon the shore of the lake there washed up one morning the form of what the captain took to be an English spy. The man was almost dead, but he recovered and was held as a prisoner. Madeline (the storekeeper's daughter) fell in love with him at first sight, and as the captain of the fort greatly desired the girl for himself, his attitude toward the prisoner was by no means lenient. There was another,

Sergeant Pere, who was in love with the girl, and he indeed was the "Sergeant of Fort Toronto." The novel is built upon the conniving of the captain to gain possession of the girl, the unselfish devotion of the sergeant, by which in the end he loses his life, the mystery surrounding the prisoner, with incidental skirmishes against obstreperous Indians. It is a very good background for a story, and as a story it goes fairly well. But one would be at fault to say that it is well written. The author has been too careful of small things, and the volume would have been benefited by judicious editing. It is, however, a thoroughly Canadian output. The subject is Canadian, the writer Canadian, the printing, binding, and illustrating Canadian. And as a sample of the author's style we quote the following description of Madeline:

"The gate of the stockade was thrown wide and a girl emerged from its safety. Quickly she moved over the short stubble of newly-garnered wheat lying between the lake and the only home she knew. Straight as a young pine she walked. A girl with oval face, olive complexion, but clear-skinned as the 'Fameuse' apples of her own more famous country. Two gray eyes were hers, within whose clear depths shone health, and a happy nature. Her nose, fine chiseled, the nostrils expanded to greet the perfume of dawn, was set above two red lips, a rosebud made for caresses, given by one who should some day appear and claim her consent to take them. And those lips moved religiously in prayer as she hurried toward the blue-black stretch of water in search of her daily bath for a dainty and well-cared-for person."

*

THE PRINCE OF GRAUSTARK.

By GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON. Toronto: William Briggs.

IT is a fine thing for a novelist to be able to go into a vast storehouse and select therefrom whatever he might require for the furnishing of his books. And such, one should say, is the situation in which the author of this novel finds himself. Nothing is too good, anything will go, and the

reader can count on much that a vivid imagination and a romantic setting render possible. This story is not essentially different from other Graustark stories. This "Prince of Graustark" is none other than the son of the Princess Yetive, the heroine of "Graustark". There is a beautiful girl in the offing. Moreover, as the publishers announce, there is a "very shrewd, forceful, powerful American multi-millionaire with a brilliant and lovely daughter. Now, given these ingredients, so to speak, and the reader may trust McCutcheon to mix them up to give just the right flavour, to cook them to just the right turn, and to serve a novel piping hot, which will give as many million hours of thorough enjoyment as 'Graustark' and 'Beverley of Graustark' did in their time." Could anything be more McCutcheonian?

*

THE WAY OF THE STRONG

BY RIDGWELL CULLUM. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company.

FOR all who enjoy mystery, intrigue, primitive passions, and an abundance of action, this novel of the Yukon, California, and the wheatfields of Western Canada can be recommended. Monica Hanson gets a start in life by winning a valuable prize in a newspaper competition. Her first impulse following the announcement of her success is to help her erring sister. This she does by undertaking to care for the sister's infant boy, the sister having died at the child's birth. In time Monica marries Hendrie, the wheat king, and as she does not wish to expose the illegitimacy of the sister's boy, who in time becomes a young man, she says nothing about him to her husband. This leads to a misunderstanding, and the jealousy of the husband is intensely aroused. Just how this difficulty arises, the sacrifices involved, and the outcome form the background of this stirring romance.

BAMBI

BY MARJORIE BENTON COOKE. Toronto: S. B. Gundy.

BAMBI is one of those wilful, lovable, impulsive creatures that do foolish things that in the end turn out to be wise. Her father, Professor James Parkhurst, had the old-fashioned idea that a girl should marry a man who could support her. But the girl could not see that it should be absolutely necessary for him to support her. Why should she not support him? The father notices her trend.

"Bambina, that is the second time a husband has been mentioned in this discussion. Have you some individual under consideration?"

"I have. I have practically decided on him."

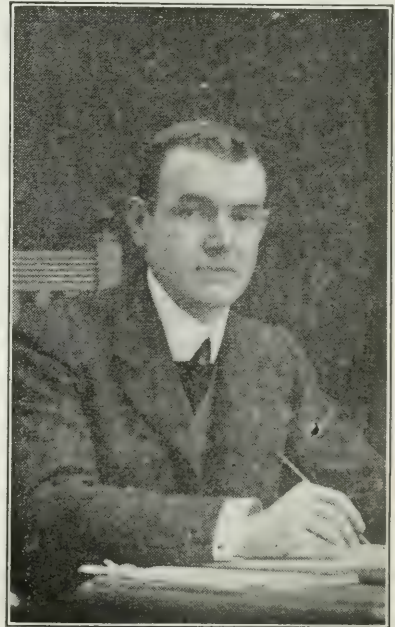
"You don't tell me! Do I know the young man?"

"Oh, yes—Jarvis Jocelyn."

"He has proposed to you?"

"Oh, no. He doesn't know anything about it. I have just decided on him."

"But, my dear, he is penniless."



MR. RIDGWELL CULLUM

Author of "The Way of the Strong"



MRS. ALICE MEYNELL

Whose volume of "Essays" has been recently published.
Toronto: J. M. Dent & Sons.

"That's why I reproach you that you haven't brought me up to support Jarvis in a luxury he will have to get used to."

Just how this impetuous girl achieves her purpose is the sum of this entertaining novel.

*

—"The Red Wall" is the title of a thrilling two-shilling novel by Frank Saville. (London: Thomas Nelson and Sons).

*

—"Bird Studies," by G. A. Cornish, B.A., lecturer in science, University of Toronto, is one of the volumes of the series entitled "Nature Study Lessons for Teachers and Students." (Toronto: The Dominion Book Company). It is handsomely

illustrated, and some of the plates are in colours, full-page size. There is in this one volume a wealth of interesting information.

*

—All who have read Eleanor Hallowell Abbott's stories—"Molly Make-Believe," "The White Linen Nurse," and "The Sick-a-Bed Lady"—will wish to read "Little Eve Edgarton." This, her latest novel, is a love-story that charms by its freshness and vivacity.

*

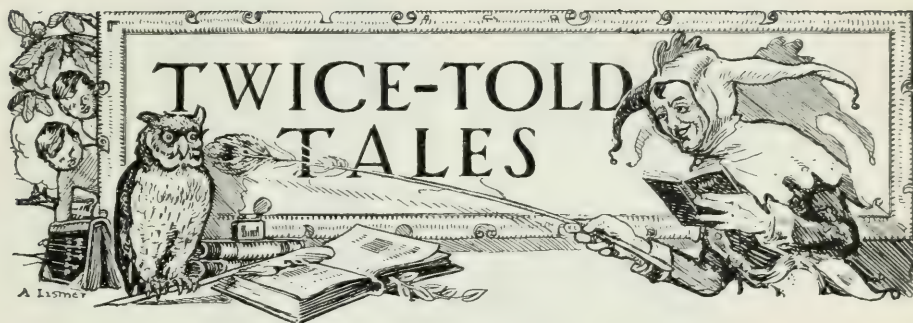
—"His Official Fiancée," by Berta Ruck (Mrs. Oliver Onions), is a story of slight but amusing texture. A young Englishman, for reasons of his own, finds it advisable to appear as if engaged to be married, and accordingly he induces an attractive stenographer in his office to pose as his fiancée. The girl undertakes to go about with him, to be introduced to his family and friends as his "intended," and in every public way to play the part of sweetheart. The arrangement is to last a year, but before the time expires they find themselves in love with each other, and therefore they begin thenceforth to carry out in fact what they had begun in fiction. (Toronto: William Briggs).

*

—The most complete volume of maps, plans, diagrams, and pictures that we have seen illustrating the war is issued at a shilling by Thomas Nelson and Sons, London and Toronto.

*

—"The Canadian Annual Review," edited by Mr. J. Castell Hopkins, is, as heretofore, an exhaustive presentation of affairs in the Dominion during 1913. (Toronto: The Annual Review Publishing Company).



WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS

An English tourist was recently spending a holiday in Scotland when he met an old native. The tourist asked the man how old he was.

"I am one hundred," said the man.

"I rather doubt that you will see another hundred," said the tourist.

"Aa dinna ken, mon," said the old man. "Aa'm stronger the noo than when I started the first hundred!"—*London Evening Standard.*

✱

Mary's father being a member of Congress, the child naturally inhaled politics with the air she breathed, and grew firm in the faith that nothing good could be found outside the Democratic fold. Miss Smith, a friend of little Mary's sister, and a political heretic in her eyes, was visiting in the family. Late one evening, the child, searching for her sister, wandered into the guest's room, where she found Miss Smith in the midst of her devotions.

Mary stared at her in open-eyed astonishment, and as the young lady arose from her knees, exclaimed, "Why, Miss Smith! Do you say your prayers? I thought you were a Republican?"—*National Monthly.*

"Your husband has been in?" said the caller.

"Yes," replied the little, worried-looking woman, "he has been feeling very badly. I do my best to please him, but nothing seems to satisfy him."

"Is his condition critical?"

"It's worse than critical," she answered, with a sigh; "it's abusive."—*The Occident.*

✱

SHE FIXED IT

A British general on his return from one of the innumerable "little wars" of his time, brought with him a flag all tattered and torn and riddled with bullets, which he showed with pride to his family and household. Next morning this trophy was to be presented to the commander-in-chief. When he came to look for the flag it was missing.

"Where is my flag?" he cried in consternation.

His housekeeper brought it to him with a smile of proud satisfaction. "I sat up all night and mended it, and now it is as good as new," she said.—*The Tatler.*



SUFFRAGETTE: And the time will come when a woman will get a man's wages.

PATIENT SUFFERER (in the background): Yuss; next Saturday night.
—*The Tatler*

The Magistrate (to offending motorist)—You are fined forty shillings.

The Motorist—All right, old man! You must take it out of a fiver.

The Magistrate—You are now fined five pounds. Anything more to say?

The Motorist—By Jove, sir, no! You're too quick at repartee.—*Exchange*.

*

A FINANCIAL PROBLEM

It was at a theatre in Manchester, England. The king, aged and infirm, was blessed with two sons. He was pacing up and down the stage, with a wearied, troubled look, exclaiming aloud; "On which of these my sons shall I bestow my crown?"

Immediately came a voice from the gallery: "Why not 'arf a crown apiece, guv'nor?"

Young bride (to waiter)—"Waiter, my husband has been here a lot lately; I hope he's all right, eh?"

Waiter—"Oh, yes; he never has more than three glasses of beer. If he were not happy he'd surely drink six."—*Fliegende Blaetter*.

*

Mr. Justice Darling was once trying a case in which the question arose whether the defendant, a vocalist, was competent to fulfil his contract. One of the witnesses said, in reply to Mr. Duke, K.C., "Well, he could not sing like the Archangel Gabriel."

"I have never heard the Archangel Gabriel," was the comment.

Mr. Justice Darling replied blandly, with a gentle sarcasm, "That, Mr. Duke, is a pleasure to come."—*Answers*.

HIS CHOICE

Pat had just arrived from the Emerald Isle, and he was feeling very hungry, as he had not eaten anything since four o'clock last evening, and it was now eight o'clock in the morning. So he went into a restaurant close by, and asked the waiter how much would he charge him for breakfast.

"One shilling," replied the waiter.

"Well, how much will ye charge me for my dinner?" said Pat.

"One shilling and sixpence," replied the waiter.

"Well, what will ye charge me for my supper, then?"

"Sixpence," was the reply.

"Then, if ye please, will ye give me my supper?" said Pat.—*Pearson's Weekly*.

*

COLD FEET

During a marriage ceremony in Scotland recently the bridegroom looked extremely wretched, and he got so fidgety, standing first on one foot and then on the other, that the "best man" decided he would find out what the trouble was.

"What's up, Jock?" he whispered. "Hae ye lost the ring?"

"No," answered the unhappy one with a woeful look, "the ring's safe enough; but, man, I've lost ma enthusiasm."

*

"It may interest you, children," said a returned missionary, addressing a Sunday school, "if I tell you an adventure I once had in India. While going through the jungle I came face to face with a lion. There was no chance of retreat and I had nothing to defend myself with. I stood perfectly still and looked the fierce beast in the eye."

"Which eye?" asked a breathless little boy.

THE LAST STRAW

The revival was being held down in Zack Hunsicker's barn. But the conversions and the "gittin' religions" were slow, and few of the "mo'ners" threw themselves in the straw before the platform to be "saved." The preacher was surprised and pained that his exhorting was not having more effect. But, truth to tell, the straw was thin and the floor of Zack's barn was hard for the knees. One of the elders whispered this to the preacher as he was calling to repentance.

"Some of yo' sinners make has'e into dat lof'," he shouted. "Hyeh's souls bein' lost fo' want er a passel er wheat straw."

*

HE WOULDN'T DO

"We were going along at an awful speed," he said. "I didn't see the dog, but I heard his ki-yi, so I ordered the chauffeur to stop. Going back, we found an irate woman standing over her dead dog—one of the ugliest dogs you ever saw. She met us with a tirade of remarks, telling us in no uncertain terms what she thought of us and motorists in general, finishing up by calling us the murderers of her dog. It was then that I thought I would pacify her. 'Madam,' I said, 'I will replace your dog.' 'Sir,' she said, in a freezing tone of voice, 'you flatter yourself!'"

—*Young's Magazine*.

*

Mabel had gone to the art exhibition. Not that she cared for pictures, but everyone went. A friend saw her and told another friend. Friend No. 2 met her a few days later. "Why, hello, Mabel! I'm awfully glad to see you. I hear you are interested in art."

"Me? Art who?"—*Current Opinion*.

I'D HAVE A DAIRY

I'd have a dairy—
 Stool, churn, and dish,
 And if a fairy
 Gave me a wish;
 Fragrant and airy,
 Long, clean, and cool,
 I'd have a dairy—
 Dish, churn and stool!

Three maids are plenty—
 May, Mol, and Meg;
 If I paid twenty
 I'd have to beg;
 Thrifty and tenty,
 Up with the day,
 Three maids are plenty—
 Meg, Moll, and May!

Cows of my raising,
 White, red, and roan,
 I'd have a-grazing
 In fields of my own;
 Milkers amazing,
 Morning and night,
 Cows of my raising,
 Roan, red, and white!

I'd give the fairy
 Cream, curd, and whey,
 Best of my dairy
 Fresh every day;
 These shouldn't vary
 'Neath my door beam;
 I'd give the fairy
 Whey, curd and cream!
 —Punch.

*

Hampton—Dinwiddow told me his family is a very old one. They were one of the first to come across.

Rhodes—The grocer told me yesterday that now they are the last to come across.—*Judge*.

*

Old Lady—Does your horse ever shy at motors?

Cabby—Lor' bless yer, no, lady; 'e didn't even shy when railway trains fust came in.—*Pearson's Weekly*.

NOTHING DOING

As the summer sun filtered through the lace curtains, the boarding-house sitting-room looked almost cosy and attractive. The brightness and comfort thawed the heart of the oldest lodger.

In an expansive moment he turned towards the landlady, who was his only companion in the room, and, clasping her hands fondly, murmured:

"Will you be my wife?"

The woman did not start nor blush. No maidenly coyness shone from her clear, cold eyes.

"No, sir," she replied, with calm deliberation. "I'm sorry, but I cannot marry you. You've been here four yours and are much too good a boarder to be put on the free list."—*London Opinion*.

*

PERSONAL EXPERIMENT BARRED

A good Kipling story relates to the author's visit to a bookseller's. He picked up several books, one after the other, and glanced through them. At last, finding one he thought might suit him, he turned to the bookseller.

"Is this good?" he asked.

"I don't know," was the reply. "I haven't read it."

Mr. Kipling feigned great surprise. "A bookseller," he exclaimed, "and you don't read your books?"

The bookseller was in no mood to trifle with frivolous customers.

"Well, why should I?" he snapped. "If I were a chemist would you expect me to try all my drugs?"

*

It was evening. He and she were seated in her father's room burning her father's gas. "Answer me, Angelina!" he cried in a voice full of passionate earnestness. "Answer me! I can bear this suspense no longer." "Answer him, Angelina!" came a voice through the keyhole. "Answer him! I can bear this expense no longer."—*London Tit-Bits*.



RETURNING FROM THE WELL

From the Painting by Percy F. Woodcock in the National Art Gallery of Canada



THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

XLIV

TORONTO, JANUARY, 1915

No 3.

FAMOUS CANADIAN TRIALS

THE FIRST OF A GREAT SERIES OF HISTORICAL COURT CASES—THE ARREST
AND TRIAL IN 1841 OF ALEXANDER McLEOD FOR MURDER
IN CONNECTION WITH THE BURNING OF THE STEAMER CAROLINE

BY A. H. U. COLQUHOUN

THE trial in 1841 of Alexander McLeod for murder and for the destruction of the steamer *Caroline* is one of the most interesting episodes in Canadian annals. Upon the issue of the trial probably depended a war between Great Britain and the United States. As Wellington said of the battle of Waterloo, it was "a near thing." The diplomatic relations between the two countries were strained to the breaking point. The feeling in Canada was intense. The fate of McLeod would reflect the attitude of Great Britain toward the Canadians who had put down an armed insurrection at home and who had loyally resisted aggressive movements from abroad. If McLeod were allowed to die, their fidelity to the Crown was rebuked. If the powerful arm of England saved him, they could spend the remainder of their lives in taunting the United States. We shall presently see how skilfully the British authorities did their duty without be-

ing impaled on either of the horns of this dilemma.

The career of Alexander McLeod is one typical of many Scottish adventurers. Going abroad in search of prosperity, they easily adapt themselves to a strange environment, and exhibit such success in practising the arts of peace as to incur the jealousy of the inferior races. To specify these races is unnecessary for the purpose of this narrative. If the exiled Scotsman's lot is thrown by chance into stirring scenes, native caution and self-interest are forgotten, and he enters the fray with a warrior's ardour. McLeod illustrated both phases. He was a native of Forfarshire, had served in the British army early in life, and settled in Canada about 1825. He became a trader and kept a store, first in Kingston, and afterwards in Toronto. When the rebellion broke out he was deputy sheriff of the Niagara district. During the rebellion of 1837 and for some time later, this be-

came one of the chief theatres of disturbance. Alexander Hamilton, of Queenston, was the sheriff. Each of these men was an unflinching loyalist. Upon them devolved duties at once dangerous and unpleasant. Mr. Hamilton, with his means and social influence, was of great service during this emergency, and his correspondence with the Governor shows that he was a trusted and efficient servant of the Crown.

Of McLeod's qualities, however, there are two views. He possessed energy, courage, and a strong will. On these points there is no dispute. But was he boastful and impetuous, and did he, through reckless talk about the *Caroline* affair, fall into the snare set for him by his enemies? This was the opinion expressed by Lord Sydenham, the Governor-General, who was doubtless so informed. On the other hand, there is ground for thinking that McLeod was as discreet as could be expected in a man of his temperament and with his duties to discharge. Active in tracking down and arresting offenders, he inevitably aroused bitter hostility. That he became a marked man among the ruffians who thronged the New York side of the Niagara border at this period and that they determined to trap him if they could is shown in the issue of events. Nearly three years after the steamer *Caroline* had been seized at Schlosser, on the New York shore of the Niagara River, set on fire and allowed to drift over the Falls, McLeod happened to be in Lewiston, the village opposite Queenston in Canada. He was arrested by the local authorities on charges of murder and arson and lodged in the gaol at Lockport.

The arrest created a sensation and became at once a subject of international importance. The British Minister at Washington, under instructions from his Government, peremptorily demanded the prisoner's release. The Washington authorities were embarrassed. McLeod was in the hands

of the State officials, who refused to transfer him to federal jurisdiction. The right of the State to the trial of its own prisoners was put forward as the reason for inability to set McLeod at liberty. This plea the British Foreign Secretary, Lord Palmerston, declined to accept and allowed it to be known that, in declaring war, the British Government would be unable to limit the conflict to New York State. Neither country, it may be safely assumed, desired war in the least. The American Secretary of State, Daniel Webster, was an able and experienced statesman. To find a solution for this awkward incident was quite within the scope of his talents.

The Grand Jury of Niagara County had returned an indictment for murder against McLeod, and he was committed for trial. A petition was presented to the Supreme Court of the State, under the habeas corpus law, asking that he be discharged from custody on the ground that he could not have committed the crime because he was not present on the occasion, and, secondly, that if he had been present the offence was an act of war for which Great Britain had assumed responsibility. This petition was refused, and the ordinary trial began at Utica, New York, on October 4th, 1841.

The proceedings lasted for eight days. The prisoner's counsel were Mr. Spencer, the United States District Attorney, and Messrs. Gardner and Bradley, of Lockport. Efforts had been made to prevent disturbance, but they do not seem to have been necessary. There was no local excitement. The intensity of feeling awakened by the case in three countries was not concentrated in Utica. The prisoner was not put in the dock, but allowed a seat beside his counsel. "He was dressed neatly," we are told by a spectator, "in a suit of black, and was wrapped, as he entered, in the ample folds of a blue cloak. His counsel shook him cordially by the hand, and he gracefully returned the

salutations of others. He is a man of gentlemanly bearing and demeanour, and he appeared respectful but not embarrassed."

Mr. McLeod, one infers, was really enjoying himself hugely and all the embarrassment sat heavily upon the Governments of Great Britain and the United States, with a war in prospect which neither of them wanted.

The evidence for and against the accused man was a complete history of the burning of the *Caroline*. The witnesses against McLeod were chiefly persons who had taken part in the rebellion and had fled to the United States for safety, or they were sympathizers with the movement and belonged to the "Hunters' Lodges" along the American border. Their animus was ill-concealed. Their testimony was given in a manner tending to inflame an American jury. It may be they overstepped the mark in this respect. There was a remarkable similarity in their accounts of the affair. The presence of several of them at Schlosser on the night of the attack was in itself fair proof that they were connected in some way with the rebel force on Navy Island, either as active participants or as onlookers anxious to aid. They swore that McLeod was a member of the attacking party which had come across the Niagara in small boats from Chippawa about midnight, had boarded the *Caroline* as she lay moored to the dock, drove off the persons on board, and having set fire to the vessel, turned her astream into the swiftly running current of the Niagara River. McLeod, according to the witnesses, breathed dire threats against "the damned Yankees." Stress was laid upon this. To judge by them, he was the central figure in the expedition, and his attitude toward "damned Yankees" was especially ferocious. The night was dark and in the affray one American, Amos Durfee, was killed. It was sought to show that McLeod fired the shot or struck the blow which killed him. The prosecution, mindful of

the tendency of witnesses to break down, were prepared to prove, as an alternative, that if not the actual offender, he was accessory before and after the fact. Evidence was produced that McLeod, the day after the event, was heard to boast at Chippawa of having accompanied the attacking force and of having been the slayer of Durfee. He exhibited, they said, a sword stained with blood and flourished it as the weapon that had done the deed. On all the main points there was corroborative testimony. The charge, if the witnesses could be believed, was proved up to the hilt. Cross-examination failed to shake them. Their reputations in some instances were shown to be shady, but their memories were without flaw.

The defence was conducted with conspicuous ability. McLeod's counsel, as has been said, was the federal district attorney. He had acted for the accused before being appointed to this office, and although his connection with the Washington authorities was the subject of comment at the trial, he declared that his bounden duty was to stand by a client charged with a crime he never committed. It has been alleged that the Washington Government was behind McLeod's counsel and took precautions to see that the jury returned a verdict of acquittal. Into this curious accusation we need not inquire here. The evidence itself affords all the opportunity required for an explanation of the result. It must be said that the whole proceeding has the appearance of a fair and just trial. When the excitement of the time is recalled the actions of the New York judicial authorities impress one, after the lapse of over seventy years, as creditable to them.

Three difficulties at least confronted the defence. The first was the hostility toward the prisoner and toward his country which naturally permeated the atmosphere of the court. Then, part of the most important evidence had been taken by a commission sent

to Canada, and the witnesses, whose characters and standing would have carried weight, were not present to speak for themselves. Lastly, the court declined to receive evidence to prove that Great Britain assumed responsibility for the burning of the *Caroline* and was prepared to answer for its servants who had merely carried out an official duty. Despite these obstacles, the testimony produced was of a convincing nature. Sir Allan McNab, who commanded the Canadian forces at the border; Captain Drew, of the Royal Navy, who was in charge of the party, and several other persons of distinction, swore before the commission that McLeod was not one of the raiders and had never, to their knowledge, boasted of being present. Lieutenant Elmsley, of Toronto, who had been severely wounded during the fighting, averred that he was the person who had assaulted Durfee. If they had been present in court no fair-minded jury could have set aside their testimony and with that the case might have ended.

But a stronger and more direct defence was made out for McLeod by the evidence of the Morrison family. Captain Morrison, a half-pay officer of the British army, resided at Stamford, a village about midway between Chippawa and Queenston, on the Canadian border. It was shown that McLeod slept at the Morrison house on the night the *Caroline* was burned and that he could not have left the house without the knowledge of the inmates. This evidence was attacked, first, on the ground that there were minor discrepancies which threw doubt on the night being the one in question, and, secondly, that the Morrisons were anxious to give testimony that would save an old friend. The over-anxiety of the prosecuting law-

yers led to their undoing. They insisted on probing the relations between Morrison and McLeod, in order to discredit the alibi. It then transpired that the intimacy, once so firmly established, had ceased. By persistent and ill-advised questioning a painful incident in the private life of McLeod was disclosed, and it appeared that several members of the Morrison family, although a grievous wrong had been done them by the prisoner, had thought it their duty out of love for British fair play to go to Utica and give evidence in his favour. The jury returned a verdict of not guilty and the prospect of a war between Great Britain and the United States began to vanish into thin air.

By McLeod's acquittal, the balance of advantage lay with the Canadian loyalists. They had invaded the territory of a friendly power with an armed force. They had destroyed (albeit under great provocation) a vessel belonging to a citizen of that country. The only person arraigned for this exploit had escaped scot free, while the episode itself was the occasion for unseemly rejoicing all over Canada. Matters could not stop here. With that genius for compromise, which has helped to carry the rule of Britain all over the world, the authorities in London saw that something else must be done. It would be wise to modify the transports of one disputant and to soothe the injuries of the other. Accordingly, the Government of her Britannic Majesty solemnly apologized to the United States for the burning of the *Caroline*, and bestowed a pension of £200 a year upon Alexander McLeod. He settled down once more, with native adaptability, to the joys of a mercantile career and peacefully drew his pension to the end of his days.

The next article of this series is by A. Gordon Dewey, and entitled "Walker's Ear." It deals with an extremely interesting period in Canadian history, about the middle of the eighteenth century, when soldiers were quartered in private houses. The trial reviewed arose out of an assault at Montreal upon Thomas Walker by a number of soldiers, and the whole "cause" reveals the strife that prevailed between the civilians and the soldiery.

WHEN WAR CAME TO DOBY

BY ALEX SHELL BRISCOE

WITH his chair tilted back at a comfortable angle, "Biff" Stevens was studying the dust-cloud up the Maricopa trail with languid interest when he noted the fluttering guidon.

The muscles of his thick neck twitched his head against the wall and the rickety porch shook as the chair shot upright and he landed upon his feet.

"Turn out, you lushers! The yellow-legs are coming, and they're coming a hellin'!"

Biff's booming roar as he thrust his head through the swinging-doors jarred the glasses on Casey's back bar, and the crowd of loungers made for the outside in a scuffling of chairs and a rush of heavy-shod feet.

A troop of cavalymen was pounding toward the town, while a second dust-cloud at the bend in the trail told of others coming, and the male population of Doby tumbled forth from saloon and store and blacksmith-shop to greet the soldiers and speculate as to their mission.

Miles away to the south could be heard the rumble and mutter of artillery where General Carter's regulars had for two days held in check the brown horde that had swept up out of Sonora and had blazed a red trail from Yuma to the last chain of mountains that lay between them and San Francisco.

And now an eddy in the tide of war had flung fragments of the opposing forces toward each other for a bloody meeting at the little mining

town that lay on the flat in the hollow between the ridges.

A saloon, a general store, and a blacksmith-shop was the sum total of Doby's business section, and a barn-like structure—the camp boarding-house, which the miners referred to as the hash-foundry—and a straggling row of unpainted shacks made up its residence district.

One big mine and a half dozen more or less profitable holes in the ground constituted an excuse for the town's existence.

A lanky sergeant whose moustache was the colour of ripe wheat, and a boyish-looking lieutenant rode in front as the dusty troop without drawing rein clattered through the camp and on toward Chimney Rock Gap, a quarter of a mile to the east.

At the mouth of the cut the soldiers dismounted and swarmed on foot up the steep ridges on each side of the defile through which the trail ran.

After them came two other troops, riding like men who knew much was at stake, and these, too, toiled up the hills.

And with their coming the summer-day peace of Doby ended abruptly. It was a rattle of rifles that gave warning it was no mere scouting expedition upon which these men had ridden so hard, and, while saloon and store and blacksmith-shop loungers gaped in amazement, there came the distant throb of a field-gun.

No smoke had marked the firing of the American cavalymen. Modern

powder long ago robbed the battlefield of its once most picturesque feature, but as a battery began to pound beyond the hills billows of yellowish smoke ballooned up where shells were bursting among the rocks.

The sputter of small arms died away as the troopers sought cover, then broke out again as the spitting Krag of the cavalymen repulsed a column that had worked its way up a draw and essayed to take the ridge with a rush.

Then the cannon, which had ceased firing when the Orientals charged, resumed, and the cavalymen, burrowing among the rocks for shelter from the rain of deadly shells and the death-spray of shrapnel, realized the position would not long be tenable.

Their leader, Lieutenant Gary, hardly a year out of West Point, vainly scanned the Maricopa trail for the coming of the infantry regiment he knew was on the way, for another hour was as long as he could hope to hold out, and possession of the gap was of incalculable importance to the Americans.

Twenty miles away a flank movement had imperilled the American left wing.

In the night the Orientals had seized a hill which commanded the American batteries, and the only circumstance which had prevented General Carter from being forced to retire was the fact the lack of a trail made it difficult for the Orientals to bring up guns.

The only route by which batteries could reach the position taken by the Orientals was by making a long détour through Chimney Rock Gap and the town of Doby, and when a scouting aeroplane had noted a strong force of cavalry and artillery moving toward that point American troops had been despatched hurriedly to seize the gap.

They had arrived in time, but the holding of the defile was too heavy a task for the small force; and Lieutenant Gary, sheltered behind a

boulder, peered over the top of the ridge, watching for the next rush, visioning the final sweeping aside of his men and the opening of the path for the Oriental guns.

This would mean the crumpling up of the American left wing, defeat for General Carter, and the opening of the way for the Orientals to effect a junction with the army of their countrymen who had landed near San Francisco.

Incidentally, the successful march of a hostile army across the State of California would mean another heavy blow to American military prestige, which already had suffered as a result of the Oriental coup in blowing up the Panama Canal locks and the capture of the Philippines and Hawaii.

An exclamation from his first sergeant directed the young officer's attention toward a throng of men scrambling up the rough trail that led to the top of the ridge.

In front strode Casey, the saloon proprietor, carrying a Winchester of businesslike appearance. Close behind him was Henry, his bartender, a bullet-headed youth from St. Louis, who had drifted into the camp a month before.

Across the latter's arm was a pumpgun loaded with buckshot shells, and a bulge at his hip-pocket marked the wicked, snub-nosed automatic, his expert use of which in a saloon fight had been the cause of his seeking the safer climate of California.

And with them came two score men from the town. There were roughly clad miners bearing rifles and saloon loafers with guns obtained at the general store.

Perkins, postmaster and storekeeper, limped over the rocks with a sporting rifle in the crook of his arm and two belts of cartridges on his shoulder.

"Big Bill" Hawkins, the blacksmith, carried a ten-gauge, double-barrelled shotgun over his shoulder, and his pockets were weighted with shells loaded for coyotes.

As they clambered up the hill another crowd of men swung down the trail from the Queen Mine—the district's one big strike, with Evans, the superintendent, in the lead.

Some carried rifles, some riot-guns, souvenirs of the Universal Workers' disturbances on the occasion of the last strike, while others were armed only with revolvers; but they were a hard-bitten lot, these hard-rock workers, and Lieutenant Gary was cheered by their coming.

The army officer met the crowd a hundred yards below the summit of the ridge, and Casey, the saloon-keeper, essayed an awkward salute.

"We thought we'd take a hand in the muss, me and the boys," he said with a grin.

Gary looked over the array. There were more than a hundred men—men of a type who do not know fear—who handled dynamite in the course of the daily work and tempted death to wrest gold from the bowels of the mountains.

"Scatter along the ridge," he said briefly. "Keep under cover and don't start shooting until the word is given. Watch for a rush from the gulley. We ran them back the first time, but it's going to be a tougher job when they come again."

Down in the deserted camp Biff Stevens, the only man who had not seized whatever weapon was available and gone to the aid of the soldiers, poured himself a drink in Casey's deserted bar and wondered what was going on up on the ridge.

Biff's allegiance to the principles of the Universal Workers, coupled with a deep-seated hatred for soldiers, had caused him to remain behind when the others went forth to join in the battle.

He recalled rather bitterly his last meeting with the khaki-clad men of the regular army, the same being when he took part in a strike riot at San Perez.

A scalp-wound from the butt of a rifle swung by a trooper and a month

in jail had served to fix the matter in his memory.

For two years he had been a rabid member of the Universal Workers—as rabid as the most radical of the agitators who addressed their meetings—and the Universal Workers were unalterably typified by men who wore uniforms and marched in ranks and had a rude way of putting an end to such innocent diversions as the beating up of strike-breakers and the dynamiting of property.

A favourite method speakers had of arousing enthusiasm at meetings of the organization was the tearing down and stamping upon of the American flag, and the fiery speeches of these men had convinced Biff that the army of the United States was maintained for the sole purpose of grinding down the working man.

And so for two years he had been ever ready to go to the scene of a strike and lend his example and the weight of his fist to the cause of violent methods; and, since Biff's nickname had not been given lightly, his coming invariably had spelled woe to "scabs" and authorities.

But with the breaking out of the war a wave of patriotism had swept the county, and stamping on the Stars and Stripes and kindred pastimes had become extremely unhealthy, so the necessity of a certain number of meals each day had forced him to seek employment in the mines.

He was working on the ^{new} shift in the Queen Mine and finding diversion by daily monologues on the wrongs of the working man in Casey's bar.

When Casey and the others prepared to go forth to battle, Biff, who was gifted with a certain amount of discretion, despite an animal carelessness for danger, did not openly announce his intention of remaining behind, but unobtrusively kept out of sight until the others had gone, then took possession of the bar-room.

Several free drinks of Casey's particular brand of third-rail had im-

bued him with a desire for action, however, and he was standing, feeling a trifle sheepish and uncomfortable in the door when the thudding of cannon ceased a second time.

A moment later the staccato rattle of rifles mingled with the heavier boom of shotguns as the Orientals again rushed the hills, and puffs of white smoke from the miners' weapons dotted the ridge-top.

Then the Orientals, surprised by the unexpected strength of the defenders of the hill, again retreated and the field-guns resumed their steady pounding.

Biff was having an argument with himself. He loved a fight, and the thought of danger never penetrated his thick skull; but he recalled the speeches of the Universal Workers' leaders, and tried to reconcile himself to helping the soldiers.

Not until he saw a wounded man being helped toward the saloon did he finally begin to give way, however.

The man was Casey, his shoulder shattered by a fragment of rock hurled by a bursting shell. Biff helped him into the saloon and tied his arms tight to his side with a long towel, being cursed vigorously while so doing.

"What are you doing loafing down here?" howled the saloon-keeper. "Drinking my booze and keeping out of the way of the bullets?"

The other made no comment, but as he tied the long bandage firmly Casey shook the fist of his uninjured arm in his face. "Get up on the hill and fight or I'll run you out of camp!"

This threat did not trouble the miner greatly.

"Get out of town" was an admonition he had heard before many times from the lips of a dignified judge or a harassed chief of police; but a desire to get into the fray was growing upon him, and he listened to Casey's tirade with interest.

"'Tis a hell of a fine fight, and the lads up there are up against it," said

Casey, wincing as the bandage was adjusted. "They're trying to hold the gap to keep them brown devils from running a bunch of guns through and blowing the stuffing out of our boys in the big scrap down below. The lieutenant—he's a fine bit of a boy, a fighting Harp right—told me just before the rush that if we could keep them from getting by a few hours General Carter would be running them slant-eyed heathen back to the Rio Grande."

Now, Biff knew nothing of tactics; but he grasped the main idea that the fight was to prevent the guns from passing through the defile, the one road in many miles that pierced the hill.

"Say, Casey," he broke in, "if some one put a chunk of dynamite under old Chimney Rock and blew it into the gap it would be a week before they could get a gun through there."

Casey's chin dropped as he looked at the other.

"And there's tons of the stuff up at the Queen," he said.

For a moment the other stood irresolute. For years he had fought soldiers, militia, all men who wore blue or khaki; but now, deep in his unafraid heart, something was tugging and straining.

It was half-forgotten love of country battling with rancour against class privilege and hatred of the established order of things.

It was awakening patriotism, striving to cast aside the precepts of agitators. The struggle was brief; then he found himself running toward the mine-shaft, a plan unfolding in his mind.

With a hammer from the forge where the drills were sharpened he smashed the lock of the powder-house. Recklessly he pried the tops from two red-painted cases of explosive and dumped the deadly sticks into an ore-sack.

A roll of fuse lay ready at hand, but he met delay when he looked for

caps. Finally, remembering the fulminate hardly would be kept in proximity to dynamite, he searched the superintendent's shack and found what he wanted.

The situation of the American soldiers and the miners now had become serious. They had suffered heavily in repulsing the second attack, and now the Orientals had worked around and gained the top of the hills on each side.

They were preparing for a rush from each flank and from the front, and it was obvious that their next onslaught would give them possession of the position.

Lieutenant Gary was well aware of the critical situation, but determined to hold on as long as possible, knowing that every moment he could delay the Oriental guns brightened the chances for an American victory in the general engagement to the south.

He was directing his men as they rolled rocks and constructed breastworks, when his attention was called to a man carrying a heavy sack, who was making his way along the slope toward the high pinnacle of rock that towered over the gap and gave it its name.

A soldier stopped the man and, after questioning him a minute, ran toward his commander.

"He's got a sack of dynamite and is going to blow that big rock down into the cut!" he reported breathlessly.

One glance toward the high granite shaft and Gary had grasped the significance of the other's words, then a yell and the sputter of an irregular volley warned that the Orientals again were charging.

From out the gulley poured a swarm of little brown men, who scattered and dodged from boulder to ledge and from ledge to bush as they worked their way up the hill, while a rattle of Krag's on each side marked the charge of others down the crest of the ridge.

In order to reach Chimney Rock,

Biff, carrying his sack of explosive, was forced to cross an open space, but he did not pause. Bullets whined past and spattered against the rocks, but he went on until he reached a fissure at the base of the pinnacle.

Work with a construction-gang had made him familiar with blasting, and he cast an expert eye over the huge red shaft, then crawled from the fissure and made his way to a deep crevice.

Jamming the sack into the crack, he adjusted cap and fuse and packed the explosive into place with rocks.

The mine placed to his satisfaction, he lighted the fuse and ran toward where the miners and troopers were battling to hold back the Oriental rush.

Dropping behind a boulder, Biff picked up a rifle for which a trooper, his head neatly drilled by a steel-jacketed bullet, had no further use, and tried to join in the fight.

But the mechanism of the weapon baffled him, and he made his way to where Perkins, the storekeeper, sat with his back against a rock, face in hands, blood dripping between his fingers, and appropriated the sporting rifle.

Swiftly he stripped the cartridge-belts from the other's shoulders and crammed the rifle's magazine full. Hitching his big body, he thrust the muzzle of the weapon over the top of the boulder and surveyed the hill.

The whole slope was covered with men who dodged from rock to rock and ever came nearer. Singling out a man who was crawling toward a boulder, he pulled the trigger. The man kicked convulsively, drew into a sprawling heap, and lay still.

Stevens was beginning to feel better satisfied with himself.

"Just like picking off the moving targets in the shooting-galleries," he thought as he sighted carefully below the brim of a cap that was sliding along the edge of a ledge.

The cap disappeared, and Biff, with

the consciousness of work well done, transferred his attention to a knot of men running across an open space.

As he lay there, working the lever of the rifle and shooting with mechanical perfection, he listened for the roar of the dynamite. Minutes passed and it did not come.

He wondered if the fuse was faulty, not knowing he had selected one of a particularly slow-burning type.

He had decided to make a dash to see if the fuse had gone out, but the Orientals on the summit of the ridge now were near at hand, and the force that had been working up the slope suddenly jumped from cover and charged over the hundred yards that lay between them and the top.

Biff felt a pang of disappointment over the failure of the mine, but there was a thrill of satisfaction in the thought that he had just filled his rifle's magazine, and with each of the weapon's whiplike reports the number of those sweeping up the hill was lessened by one.

The Orientals were charging with fixed bayonets, and instantly the crest of the hill became a whirl of hand-to-hand fighting.

A few feet from Stevens, Henry, the bartender, pumped buckshot into the advancing swarm until the weapon was empty, then sprang to his feet, the snub-nosed automatic in his hand.

A knot of men ran upon him. Biff shot the foremost, one through the chest; the bartender's weapon spewed death in their faces, but they did not pause.

A bayonet flashed up and around in a vicious sidewise lunge and was buried in Henry's body. Stevens brought down the man who wielded it with his last cartridge and clubbed the weapon.

Hawkins, the blacksmith, sprang over a boulder, waving the heavy shotgun over his head, and single-handed charged a group of attackers led by an officer. He was shot three times, but steel bullets lack stopping

power and he dashed out the brains of the Oriental captain before three bayonets crossed themselves in his body.

A man with a bayonet lunged savagely at Stevens's stomach. He dodged, whirling up the butt of his own weapon. A pistol barked in the hands of a trooper and the Oriental crumpled to the rocks.

From out the veil of acrid smoke that shrouded the hilltop emerged a moving hedge of steel. The shattered breech of Stevens's rifle rose and fell. His one idea was to get in one more blow before he went down.

Then things about him dissolved and were lost in a great burst of sparks that faded and left him enshrouded in blackness.

As Stevens went down before the Oriental charge the spark that had slowly been eating its way down the fuse to the mine he had placed reached the cap. A mass of shattered rock was vomited up, the great granite pinnacle split across the base and thundered in fragments down into Chimney Rock Gap.

The narrow defile was blocked. Days of work would be required to clear a path for the guns, and meantime miles away re-enforcements had reached General Carter.

The Orientals were finding the advanced position they had seized too hot to hold without artillery, and were in turn being outflanked.

All day the brown regiments clung to their position, hoping for the coming of the guns that meant victory to them; but, instead, late in the afternoon there arrived tidings of the happenings at Chimney Rock Gap, and their battered right wing sullenly gave back.

The attempt to cross California and effect a junction with their countrymen for an attack on San Francisco had failed. It was inevitable they must retreat, and quickly, to escape annihilation; for across the prairies troop-trains were rushing tens of thousands of Americans.

Raw, untrained, unfitted to cope with veterans, were these volunteers being pushed to the front; but they were soldiers, men of a great fighting race, and the sheer killing power of their courage and numbers spelled disaster for the invaders now that they had failed to pierce the mountains.

And as the American batteries, belching a triumphant chorus, slammed shells and shrapnel into the brown columns, beginning their retreat toward the Rio Grande, far away on the hill above what had been Chimney Rock Gap, Biff Stevens groaned, stirred, and sat up.

One glance at the rock-choked pass had convinced the Oriental commander that the capture of the desperately defended hill had availed nothing, and he had given the order to retire.

A flying column—even one that is flying back where it came from—is hardly to be burdened with wounded prisoners, and there were no other kind taken in the battle on the ridge, so when Stevens recovered consciousness he found himself with twoscore others—all hurt more or less badly—in possession of the position they had fought so hard to hold.

Sick and dizzy, his head throbbing where a bullet had creased it, his left arm hanging stiff and useless from a bayonet thrust, he seated himself upon a rock and stared silently, stupidly about him.

Perkins, the storekeeper, still sat with his head in his hands, but the blood no longer dripped. He was dead. The body of the blacksmith lay in a huddle across the shattered stock of his shotgun.

Stevens's eyes travelled slowly over the field. Lieutenant Gary lay on his back, his sword still clutched in his hands, his boyish features as calm and serene as though he was asleep. Henry, the bartender, sprawled limply over a rock, a great red smear on his white shirt.

A tangle of khaki uniforms at the foot of a wall of rock caught Stevens's

eye. The postures of the bodies, the bullet-chipped rocks behind them, told of how a dozen troopers had fought until the last man was shot or bayoneted.

The blood-splotted stones of the hill crest were littered with bodies and wounded men, and the glitter of empty cartridge-shells was everywhere.

Stevens's eyes turned to the west. Down the Maricopa trail crawled a long column that sparkled with points of light as the rays of the setting sun touched sword-hilt or rifle-barrel. The regiment reached the flat below the town, deployed and swept on up the ridge.

A corporal mounted a rock and, with arms waving like semaphores, signalled to the advancing main body. There was no cheering.

The newcomers passed silently among the windrows of dead and wounded, reading in the tangled bodies, the bullet and shell-marked rocks, the story of how three troops of cavalry and a hundred civilians had fought two regiments backed by field-guns.

Hardly fifty, none uninjured, survived of the force that had held the hill!

Then for the first time Stevens noted the red granite column no longer towered above the defile. His heart swelled with a sensation new to him and he arose unsteadily to his feet.

A tall man with gray hair, whose shoulders bore the straps of a colonel, was nearing the summit of the ridge. A dozen troopers whose wounds permitted them to stand moved toward each other and formed in line. He picked his way over the stones and took his place at the end of the row.

The veteran colonel made no comment as he faced the line, but his heels clicked together as on parade and his fingers rose to his cap-brim.

And Biff Stevens, erstwhile Universal Worker and follower of the red flag of anarchy, lifted his uninjured hand in clumsy salute.

FORTUNAT'S VOCATION

BY MARJORIE COOK

EVERY night very, very late, Fortunat woke up to see the great flashing train thunder by on the mainland. No matter how many hours he had been in bed and asleep, some message of the wonder of his life always reached his brain in time, and he would roll over and fix his eyes on the little square window, waiting. Nothing at first, nothing, that is, but the familiar noise of the waves and the rocks below, a sound so familiar that he could scarcely hear it, or the wind sweeping round the house, making him creep down more snugly into the warm hollow in the middle of the bed. Then a long, low thrill, deepening to a roar, the first flash of the headlight, the tremendous, curving, lighted line of carriages, the long scream of the whistle across the bay—and the midnight express rushed on its way, bearing its message from the world to the lonely farmhouses scattered down the banks of the great river. Every night Fortunat sat up to watch it speed by, and to wonder when the glorious day would come when he should actually see the wonderful living thing close at hand and be borne away by it to find and follow his vocation.

Fortunat's glorious destiny since boyhood had been to become a priest; it was the dearest ambition of the old people for their youngest and last at home. To be a priest meant college and books and study—oh! much study—and this could only be in the city, of course. Fortunat knew how much money for this single purpose was in

the gray stocking in the chest under his father's bed. No banks were safe enough for old Adhémar Sansterre, nor, for the matter of that, did he believe in bank notes. He had a vague distrust of paper money. The fashion of it might change some day, and his savings be pronounced worthless, for all he knew. So he kept all his money in silver and gold in a padlocked box under his bed. The gold went into the stocking for Fortunat. The silver was set aside for his own burial and his wife's.

It was a long time since Adhémar and his eldest son 'Poléon had counted the money in the box, but there was enough for the erection of a tombstone and to pay a hundred masses as well, to be said in the church at St. Hermas for the repose of their souls.

Fortunat lived on an island, a tiny little rocky reef of an island lying in a bay, and separated from the mainland even at low tide by almost half a mile of water. The Sansterres had always lived in the remote farmhouse at the northern end of the island, which was called indeed l'Ile Sansterre. The farmhouse was the only dwelling on it, and at high-tide in the spring and autumn the water came up almost to the doors, back and front. To the south a single field was grown with scanty hay, and a little oblong bit of the ungrateful soil was retrieved for a vegetable garden, where a handful of turnips, potatoes, and onions struggled for existence. Close against this was the pig-sty, and the little tumble-to barn in which was

stored the hay and wood for winter. Here also were kept the farm implements—few and crude—and the cariole in which the family saw the world, and drove to *veillées* in the sociable winter evenings, when there is time to take a holiday and enjoy life. One end of the barn, better built and warmer, was divided off for a stable for two cows and *Fine*, the mare beloved by Fortunat. In front of the house the fishery extended for a hundred yards or so, the fishery which Adhémar and Fortunat repaired with hazel branches, tough yet pliable, and much toil, every spring.

Fortunat was the last of a large family, most of whom were out in the world, working or married, before he could remember them at all. He knew their names, of course, and his sister, Lucie-Philomène, and her family lived no farther off than across the bay, and 'Poléon was the owner of a small shop at the nearest village, St. Hermas, ten miles away. Sometimes a strange brother or sister with a brood of children would come home for a few days, but Fortunat was very shy at these times, and usually took refuge in the stable with *Fine*. There was Alexandre, head-waiter in a magnificent hotel in Montreal; there was Soeur Marie-Zénon, in the Convent of the Good Shepherd at Quebec; there was Paul, supposed to be mining in the West, of whom no word had been heard for years; and Ernestine and Polycarpe and Joseph and Julie and Anastasie and Antoine, all married and scattered through the concessions. And the graveyard at St. Hermas contained three or four more little potential Sansterres. So that Fortunat's mother may be considered to have won quite a fine crown in the next world, where the Blessed Virgin herself allots the number of stars to be worn by mothers according to the number of souls she has brought into the world and striven for.

And Fortunat, the youngest, was to be a priest. Old Selina and Adhémar had determined on this, and were

quite sure it was his vocation. Fortunat had heard of his vocation since his first communion, and accepted it as part of the scheme of things. He would certainly have to go in the wonderful train, to reach the real world, and his heart thrilled at the idea. Of course, he should have to leave the farm, and the fishery, and *Fine*, and a little disquieting pain would disturb his drowsiness as he thought of *Fine*. Then he would say impatiently: "But it's not yet that I go; it is still a long time, *Fine*," and fall asleep.

Fortunat led a solitary life, but he had no idea what it was to be lonely. There was the farm work to be done, the cows and *Fine* to attend to, the fishery, the nets, the boats to paint and mend, as well as odd jobs of repairing to do about the house. There was Lucie-Philomène to visit, and Sunday was a day which began at half-past three in the morning, and meant rowing across the bay and driving ten miles to the parish church to mass and spending the rest of the day with Philomène and her family. With the Tremblays lived Marie-Olympe, an orphan cousin, an impish little creature, a year or two younger than Fortunat, and possessed of an uncanny power over him. As a small child she had been known as Fortunat's *blonde*, but as they grew bigger, and Fortunat's destiny became a family tradition, this joke was abandoned as unseemly. Fortunat heartily feared the sharp eyes and mocking smile of Marie-Olympe, but all the same, the excitement of his life centered in her. She compelled his secrets from him, teased him, jeered at him, and because of her rare gleams of singular comprehension, fascinated his senses. He was always unwilling to tell her his thoughts and his adventures, though to the uncompelling *Fine* he talked by the hour. But Marie-Olympe had the inborn quality that demands and receives, and his firmest resolutions were as wax to her.

Marie-Olympe, too, had her dreams, but these were not secret or mysterious or difficult to put into words. Her speech was as ready as her ideas, and Fortunat knew her future by heart. Marriage, of course, and not to a farmer, a *commis-voyageur*, perhaps, a seductive occupation, leading inevitably to a vast knowledge of the world and to great riches. She would live in the city in splendour and have two children only! Marie-Olympe was tired of the fighting, tumbling, endlessly increasing brood of little Tremblays. She could discourse with a primitive frankness on such matters.

Marie-Olympe and Fortunat made their first communion together, in the church of St. Hermas, and it was immediately after this that she went through a brief period of religious fervour. The shivering emotion of the event, the splendour of the bishop, the excitement of all the little girls in white, the solemn little boys in black, and the beauty of being conspicuous went to her head, and blazed in her eyes and cheeks.

"I shall be a nun," she announced dramatically to Fortunat, "a nun of the Perpetual Adoration. I shall dress all in white, and kneel always before the altar, praying. Those who enter the chapel shall see only my back."

"And lucky for them," said Fortunat rudely.

"I shall pray for you," proceeded Marie-Olympe calmly. The note of patronage added to the sudden assumption of a religious vocation to which he felt an exclusive right, was too much for Fortunat.

"You a religious!" he said. "And if you are, you needn't pray for me. You forget I shall be a priest. Even if you're a nun, you have to make confession to a priest," suggested 'Poléon, with a twinkle in his eye. "Perhaps you will some day confess to Fortunat!"

"Confess to Fortunat — me!" screamed Marie-Olympe. "Sooner I would prostrate myself in the mud — sacred little pig!"

"But what talk is this for a newly-made communicant?" asked the old grandmother, scandalized. "Remember, it is not to Fortunat you confess, but to a priest of God. *Va dire ton chapelet, méchante!* — and milk Juliette and Anastasie!"

Marie-Olympe went like a whirlwind, but she did gabble a few prayers at lightning speed as she milked.

"They shall see whether I shall be a nun or not (Hail Mary, full of grace) and as for that villainous Fortunat, he may never be a priest. Hush, Juliette (blessed art thou among women). No longer will I mind these little screaming pigs (Mother of God, pray for us now and at the hour of death!)"

The voice of the cloister ceased to call Marie-Olympe after she had once worn her first communion dress to a party, and danced with the young farmers. She re-established her oiled and curled *commis-voyageur* in his original place, and began to lay aside ribbons and linen and wool of her own spinning for her trousseau.

At seventeen Fortunat's destiny suddenly came very near. He had spent two years at the seminary at St. Hermas, getting home once a month, and now he was ready to go up to the university to begin his real training for the priesthood. During his absence at school Marie-Olympe had been sent over to the island to be company for the old people, and to help in the house. She danced about like an imp, poking her inquisitive nose into all Fortunat's affairs and giving him a great deal of advice. She would call him nothing but "my little priest," and his flush of anger delighted her. She witnessed his heartbroken parting with *Fine* and stuck a twist of hay in his trunk as a souvenir.

It was almost too great a disappointment, a shock, in fact, to Fortunat, to hear that he was not to go by train to the city. The glory and promise of life seemed turned to ashes

when old Adhémar announced that the affair was settled, and that he would sail up to Quebec in Captain Euchariste Savard's goelette, *La Couronne de la Grenade*. It would cost nothing, and the captain knew the city, and would accompany Fortunat to the college.

Fortunat looked stupidly acquiescent, but it must be admitted that he forgot his age and dignity and the glory of his future calling and wept bitterly in secret over the vanishing of a life-long dream. When the day came for his departure, however, and the family all assembled on the wharf at St. Hermas to bid him good-bye, there was in the sparkle of the water and the dip and rise of Captain Euchariste's gaily-painted schooner at the slip something to make any boy's spirits rise. Fortunat's heart beat with excitement, but outwardly he was sheepish and embarrassed in his new clothes, and bent his head with a stupid smile, and kicked his new boots clumsily against the edge of the wharf as he listened to the reiterated advice and reminiscences of city life of his relations.

Captain Euchariste, a fine, piratical figure with his swarthy bronzed face, great gold ear-rings, and his blue shirt rolled back from a tremendous neck, dominated the scene. He had sailed the high seas for many years in different capacities, but now in more than middle life had returned to his native village and his family, and nominally followed the peaceful occupation of carrying lumber from the saw-mills on the Lower St. Lawrence to Quebec and Montreal. But it was well known that *La Couronne de la Grenade* was a smuggler, and carried consignments of whiskey *blanc* and gin to many a village under the strict law of prohibition. Captain Euchariste shouted his orders to cast off, and Fortunat submitted stolidly to the embraces of his numerous relatives. Even Marie-Olympe insisted on flinging her arms round his neck, and instead of the malicious peck he ex-

pected, she gave his cheek a light little kiss. Only he heard the impish whisper, "Good-bye, little priest!"

It was two years before Fortunat came back to the Island to spend his summer holidays. He arrived in the schooner at night, and drove up to his sister's, and rowed himself home early in the morning. He had grown tall and thin, and seemed very pale and scholarly in his black *soutane*. His parents looked at him with pride, but humbly, with a respect for his robe, that Fortunat found very pleasant. Marie-Olympe, grown tall and slim, with the same mocking eyes, was the only drawback to Fortunat's holiday. She would not leave him alone. She insisted on being rowed to the mainland when he went over in the punt; and when he went fishing, tucking his *soutane* round him, she would perch herself on a rock and cross-question him untiringly about his life in the city. Her old authority asserted itself, and he found himself pouring out all sorts of incidents and impressions, all the things that had had no outlet in the past two years, his homesickness, his longing for *Fine*, his hard work, his hatred of the town, his grave doubts as to his real vocation being the priesthood at all. Marie-Olympe made a flatteringly attentive listener, and Fortunat began to realize the satisfaction of having someone anxiously hanging on every word.

The summer passed, and early in September Fortunat must return to college. It was then that old Adhémar disclosed a deep-seated longing to accompany Fortunat in Captain Euchariste's schooner to see Quebec in his son's company, the wonders of the Provincial Exhibition, the Cathedral, and the College itself. More than this, advised by Fortunat, whose opinion he now respected enormously, he meant to take the wooden box of money with him and deposit its contents himself in the city bank. The matter was discussed, deliberately, and at last arranged, and the

old man, who had not been in Quebec for forty years, set sail with Fortunat and Captain Euchariste.

The great storm in which that intrepid sailor and smuggler Sautaine Euchariste, who had sailed the high seas and faced death in many strange guises, to be conquered at last by his own river, and brought home to his native village for shore-burial, gives material for one of the stories kept for long winter evenings down on the Lower St. Lawrence. It was a storm to be remembered in many ways, but chiefly because it terminated fittingly the life of the picturesque hero of a hundred stories and exploits. The loss of *La Couronne de la Grenade* in the devil's own death-trap, the channel between l'Île aux Dents and l'Île Bleu, is almost an epic of the river. The death of old Adhémar Sansterre on his way to visit Quebec, the loss of all the money destined for Fortunat's education, the miraculous escape from death of Fortunat himself, are merely picturesque details. The lighthouse-keeper on l'Île Bleu saw the wreck, and Fortunat was washed up within rescuing distance, and in a few hours he recovered.

Fortunat went back to the island, and sat about very silent and dazed while the family met in conclave to determine what to do. Old Selina, almost as silent and dazed as Fortunat, sat over the fire, scarcely heeding what her busy, gesticulating sons and daughters spoke about. All the money was gone, old Adhémar was gone. These two things she knew. Fortunat must continue his studies, the family decided; among them they could manage to pay his fees and expenses. He must go up to college by train the next week. Old Selina could live with Lucie, and the little farm on the island must be abandoned.

Fortunat went down to the beach, on the day that this was decided, and stared out across the sunny, rippling blue river to the yellowing fields on the shore, with a heavy weight at his

heart. He must give this up forever, he must live in the city he hated, he must study and teach forever. His vocation had lost all its significance. The world was full of priests, but he merely wanted to stay on his island and attend to the farm.

A voice called to him softly, and he looked up. Marie-Olympe stood at the top of the beach path against the deep blue of the September sky, her skirt blowing back a little from her feet, a new and anxious expression on her face. She slipped her hands into Fortunat's with an unconscious appeal for help.

"*Bonne mère* wants you," she said. "All the others have made her a scene, and she wants you. She says she will never leave this place."

Fortunat held her hands in silence for a moment, and looked at her. The mocking imp was gone out of her eyes, and, as he looked, a new expression was born in them, and something leaped in his dazed and tired brain.

"Marie-Olympe," he breathed, but she had twisted herself away, and was fleeing up the path to the cottage. Fortunat followed her.

'Poléon and his wife, perplexed and alarmed, were trying to soothe the old woman, who was facing them, trembling with fury, and pouring out a torrent of words.

"Never will I leave the island! Since forty years I live here. Fortunat is left to me; he will remain."

She clung to Fortunat in despair. "Impossible," 'Poléon repeated stupidly. "Fortunat is to be a priest. Two women can't live on the island alone."

"I shall remain!" said Fortunat.

He spoke with sudden purpose and decision, and the weight of years seemed to roll off his heart as he put his arm round his mother.

"There has always been a Sansterre on the island, and the good God has saved me from the sea, and sent me back here to take care of my mother. And to marry Marie-Olympe!" he added.



"Marie-Olympe stood at the top of the beach path . . . a new and anxious expression on her face."

THE TRAIL OF THE IRON HORSE

BY ERNEST McGAFFEY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR, LEONARD FRANK, AND OTHERS

DAWDLING over the bill-of-fare in a through dining-car, the average traveller rarely thinks of the railway he is journeying on. Seated luxuriously in the observation car, viewing the flying web of mountain, hill, river, plain, or forest, he seldom gives a thought to the causes which placed him there. What went before? What expenditure of toil, science, money, mystery, and achievement is necessary to complete a great railway system. To even sense this faintly you must begin at the beginning, and follow to its ultimate end the trail of the iron horse.

An angler, critically examining his fly-book beside a sparkling mountain stream in British Columbia, selected a "silver doctor" and a "white miller" from a varied assortment of tempting lures. Soaking the gut until it was soft and pliable, and running his line out from a split bamboo rod, he tied his flies to the line and made a long, light cast into the tumbling waters. Around him and above him the burly ranges leaned skyward, and beyond these were clouds moored motionless in skies of turquoise blue.

A pattering sound from a nearby declivity attracted his attention. He looked up quickly. Along the slope, picking their way through a growth of scattered and stunted timber, was a party of men dressed for the most part in khaki. They stopped at intervals, made pencilled notes, meas-

urements, and calculations. They moved leisurely, scrutinizingly, carefully. They talked a little among themselves and waved a smiling salute to the fisherman. Their crossing over the hill had detached a stone which had clattered downward, signalling to the fisherman the nearness of humankind.

They were the railway engineers, and they were engaged in the preliminary skirmish of laying out the line and finding the grade on which the railroad was to be constructed.

The trail of the iron horse in British Columbia is the story of a battle. It is the besieging and beleaguering of the citadels of nature. And slowly, and often fighting inch by inch, the silent strength of these fortresses succumbs to the power and cunning of all-conquering man.

In the prairie country the laying of a line is comparatively simple. Given, say, five hundred miles to traverse, and the engineers can often go as straight as the crow flies. There usually will be a minimum number of cuts, fills, trestles, and bridges to build and these will not present very great difficulties. Track-laying and ballasting is largely a matter of flat-cars, men, and material, and the broad and level tracts adjoining the road-bed make the work approximately easy. But when you come to fling the rails across canyon and chasm, mountain, meadow, forest, river, lake, and hillside, you face a problem which re-



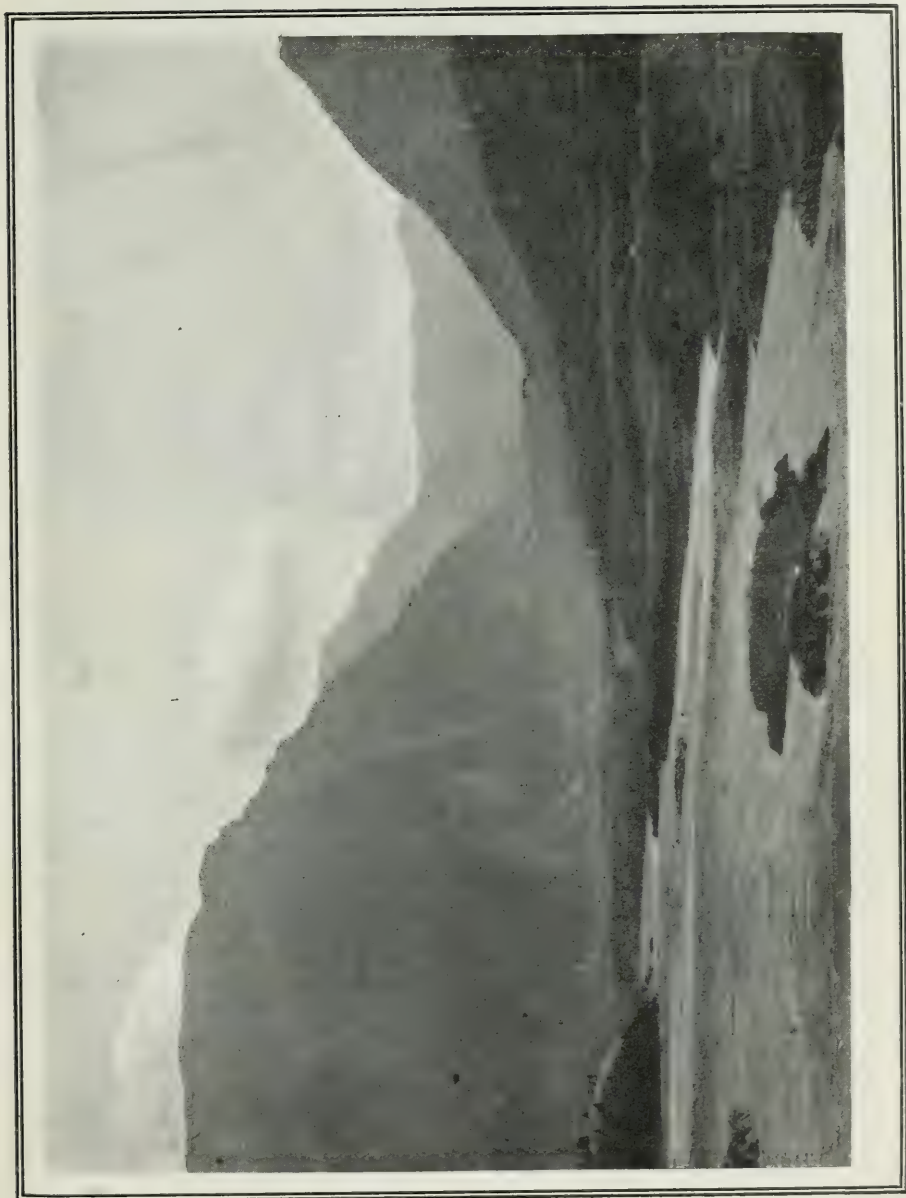
FISHING ON THE ROUTE OF THE PACIFIC GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY,
BRITISH COLUMBIA

quires decades of experience, armies of men, faith and tenacity unlimited, and almost a measureless amount of capital.

To find the line and establish the grade, the scouts of this army of development move with maps and instruments over the country, climbing mountains, fording rivers, tenting on barren plains, threading forests, walking along country roads, passing rich farm lands, building rafts to cross lonely lakes, and startling the deer and the cougar from their hiding-places. They do their work without either rest or haste. When their reports have been filed and examined, proved to be correct and satisfactory, the first major step towards building the railway has been taken.

The loosened boulder rattling to the stream where the angler cast his flies was the opening shot of the campaign of the trail-builders. To proceed in as direct a line as possible, and to obtain as low a grade as can be dug, laid, blasted out or bridged over is the first essential. For these things spell economy in transportation, and that is the basic principle in successful railroading.

Under the summer suns, under the swift autumnal rains, under the snows of winter the quest has been carried on, and almost superhuman obstacles have been figuratively brushed aside. Impossibilities have been ignored to reach the result. Here a mountain would have stayed the progress of the rails; there a yawning rift might



THE FAMOUS FRASER RIVER VALLEY IN BRITISH COLUMBIA



GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC BRIDGE IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION AT
FORT GEORGE, BRITISH COLUMBIA

seem to smile stonily at man's puny effort. But as inexorable as fate the line has been drawn and the march outlined, and neither height nor depth nor breadth nor thickness may bar the pathway.

Casting his flies into the leaping water the angler moves downward with the stream. The echo of voices from above comes indistinctly to his ears and is presently lost in the plash of the current and the rush of a lusty trout. The angler himself is later blotted from the brook, and the sun of June is followed by the dun shadows of October. The engineers have come and gone, the line is mapped out, the grade established. What next?

Wherever the land rests the footsteps of the land-seekers penetrate. Government land, settlers' land, corporation-owned tracts, land owned by estates, land owned in partnership, all kinds and sorts of ownership, absolute, equitable, in dispute or in possession, will be found along the line

of the proposed railway. To secure the legal undisputed right to project its line and lay its rails through the country the railway must acquire by purchase or court proceedings the necessary strip of land along its right of way.

Notice, then, this quiet-looking gentleman travelling through the districts in all conditions of weather, and stopping at all sorts of wayside inns, road-houses, and even settlers' cabins. He is non-committal for the most part, sparing of his conversation. He, too, has a problem to solve, a very important one. Given so much land needed for the railway, and his task is to reduce the cost of this land to bed-rock cash price. His individuality and shrewdness may mean the saving of a million dollars. He needs to be a strategist, a student of human nature, a man of good judgment, firmness, and pleasant manner.

Day in and day out he covers the route of the railway by stage and automobile, by boat or horseback, on foot, if imperative, bearing with him



A PARTY OF ENGINEERS AND CAMP ALONG THE ROUTE OF CANADIAN NORTHERN RAILWAY IN BRITISH COLUMBIA

sheaves of contracts to be signed and forwarded to headquarters. Already the line and grade, the first redoubts, have been carried. Behold this miner and sapper burrowing into one of the most subtle defences against the building of the railway, that of man and his ingenuity.

For your average land-owner scents the possibility of a new railway line as a lion scents "the kill," and he is keen for spoil in many instances. Values and damages loom large in his mind's eye, and his notions of financial remuneration are tinged with the roseate hues of expectancy. Some men, alive to the value of a railroad to their farms, act quickly and in a spirit of co-operation with the railway. So, too, do certain towns and communities. Other individuals and villages play "foxy," and hold out for ridiculous prices. These latter usually waken from a dream of sudden affluence to find themselves side-tracked, "ditched," and relegated to the scrap-heaps of oblivion.

Modern railway builders generally have an alternate plan which will admit of changes as regards the original programme. If a town insists on too much for rights it may be easier to start a new town than to be "held up," as various budding cities have found to their subsequent consternation. The quiet-acting gentleman pursues the even tenor of his way, and finally the last wrinkle of objection is smoothed out. The line has been found, the grade established, and the right-of-way settled. And now tremble, ye everlasting hills, and make ready ye peaks and mountain-ranges! Prepare for the steel grasp of mighty bridges, ye severed and gaping chasms! The conqueror is on the march.

So from this time on the enlistment of the army begins. From the busy offices of tall city buildings men come and go as they do from the encampments of actual warfare, and preparations for the overthrow of nature's strongholds are vigorously advanced.

Engineers, surveyors, teamsters, captains, pilots, and crews of lake and river steamers; cooks, waiters, labourers, chauffeurs, mechanics, barbers, electricians, foremen, store-keepers, accountants, time-keepers, book-keepers, doctors, carpenters, blacksmiths, horse-shoers—in all, a veritable host of many professions, trades, and callings are pressed into service. Also boats, flat-cars, automobiles, light track rails, horses, and mules by the hundreds, tents, and hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of food and camp supplies.

To write in detail of the carrying out to its completion of a British Columbia railway would be to fill volumes. Only the skeletonized outline is possible in a single article. There is the building or buying of boats for the lakes and rivers to take in supplies and freight to the various camps scattered along the route of the proposed railway. There is the erecting of the railroad camps, substantial buildings, with the store-keeper's quarters, the cook-houses, bunk-houses, blacksmith shops. There is the assembling of a vast amount of material and a force of from six to seven thousand men.

And when all of the many elements necessary are gathered together the men commence on the work like a colony of beavers. There is felling and clearing of the timber on the right-of-way, and the burning of brush and debris afterwards. There is the marking by driven stakes of the exact location of the line. And finally, the making of the road-bed in its initial stage, before the concluding track-laying and ballasting crews commence operations.

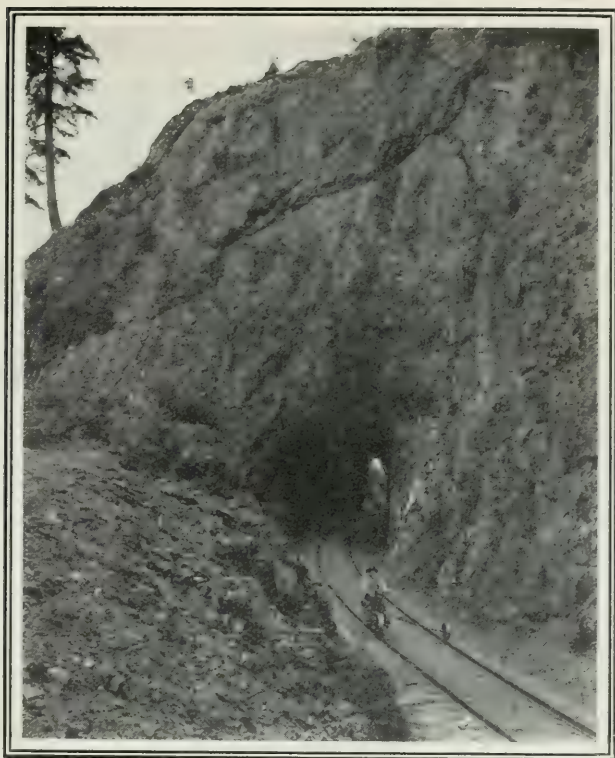
An army, as Napoleon tersely put it, "marches on its stomach." This army of workers, robust of physique and prodigious of appetite, must be fed. So must the horses and mules. Thousands of tons of meat, flour, butter, sugar, salt, coffee, rice, prunes, and canned goods must be provided for the men. Thousands upon thou-

sands of tons of hay and oats are required for the horses and mules. Thousands of tons of blasting powder and dynamite are necessary for the rock-work. Millions on millions of dollars must be spent before a single penny will be taken back as a return on the original investment. Judge, then, if the construction of one of these modern steel highways is not something stupendous and titanic in its conception and execution!

It is a mighty game, indeed! The mountain heights for its castles and knights, the chasms and jewelled lakes for its kings and queens, rivers and plains for bishops and rooks, and the lives of a myriad of labourers for its pawns. Its chess-board a Province Empire-broad, and nature with her unsealed precipices and glacier-crowned summits roaring "checkmate" in the chant of chainless torrents that go marching to the sea. But man wins the game.

Another summer follows. The angler below the mountain-side studies a "march brown" and a "professor," ties the flies to the tip of his line and casts with a scarcely perceptible wrist motion. A lithe "Dolly Varden" trout rises to the cast, a snap of the wrist hooks him firmly and he darts swiftly down-stream. Hark! What was that? A dull boom reverberates along the valley. The opening gun! Somewhere, far back among the hills, a ponderous blast of black powder has pushed over, as with the impact of an irresistible hand, a wall of rock that was once a part of the mountain-side. Hundreds of tons of granite has shocked, heaved, and plunged into the lake. Many tons of shattered stone is lying along the narrow fringe of shingle which made precarious footing for the powder brigade. The path-makers are saluting the fates.

"And the thunder of their cannon
Smote the lorn and lonely height,
Crumbling cliffs to whitened furrows
With the ploughing dynamite."



A CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY TUNNEL ON
VANCOUVER ISLAND

Steadily carving its way into "the enemy's country" the phalanx of tireless workers proceeds. Camps are built, portions of the road allotted to different contractors, finished and set apart. Camp-builders are stripped of available timber and abandoned to the first-comers. Where the bronzed faces of hungry labourers showed about the breakfast tables or the bunk-houses, all is silent. The drama moves on.

Tragedy and comedy. The rattle of a dying man's throat in the test hospitals. Rude graves bitten out of the sandy soil. The squeak of a fiddle and the heavy clump of shoes at a "stag-dance" in camp. Letters brought in on horse-back from the nearest post-office. Newspapers many days old passed from hand to hand. Laughter, oaths, dissipation, repentance, prayers, ribaldry, and tears.

The travelling preacher and his audience in the dim wilderness tabernacle. Dog-eared novels in the tent-corners, and greasy packs of cards shuffled at candle-light. Comedy and tragedy.

And presently a vast smooth serpent of level proportions stretches past over valley and mountain-top, through canyon and forest, past meadow-land and smiling farm districts, on and beyond both civilization and the unploughed tracts. It breaks at wide chasms and it dives circularly into rounded tunnels eaten out of the solid rock with drill and dynamite. It races with the rivers, dips to the lakes, ascends the slopes and winds in and out among scenes of surpassing beauty. It is the road-bed, yet unlaidd with steel, of the railway system. The trail of the iron horse.

And again an army advances with great stores of long and shining rails,

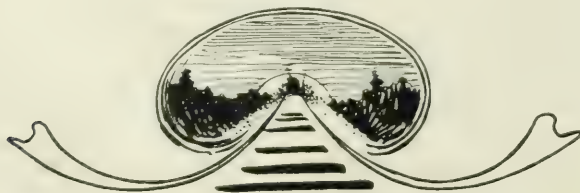
and with cars loaded with huge bridge timbers and gigantic columns and arches of structural steel; and the track-laying, ballasting, and bridge-building along the railway is inaugurated. Up and down the rivers and lakes the boats ply, carrying supplies to the working camps, and freight for the later phases of the enterprise. Pay-rolls are figured up, stores distributed, telegrams exchanged, reports forwarded, contracts completed, estimates approved and signed, contractors paid and camps deserted. Crib-work, to support certain portions of the track, and built of peeled logs dove-tailed together in lines of perfect symmetry, glistens in the sun's rays.

The road-bed is completed. The rails are laid. The bridges are built. The gold spike is driven, the speeches made, the newspaper acclaim printed, and the engines and rolling stock brought in from far-away railroad shops. The opening trip is made, with the cars feeling their way slowly over lofty trestles, and across bridges seemingly suspended from the clouds.

And now two, aye, a score of grass-blades shall spring where one grew before. Lands shall be opened for tillage, and sheep and cattle roam on a thousand hills. Towns and cities shall follow in the wake of the railway's course, and the hum of manufacturing swells the chorus of commerce. Mines will be discovered, fisheries established, traffic increased, and the wilderness be made to blossom as the rose.

Time, money, men, courage, faith, perseverance, and unflinching devotion to duty have accomplished a wonderful victory over what might have been argued as insurmountable difficulties. An immense railway system, once a dream in the eyes of its projectors, has been planned, started, grappled with, fought with, and finished. Where the crow flies the road winds; where the mountain goat clings to the crags the rails follow; where the eagle hovers over the mountain pass the bridges span the chasms; where the farm-boy drives the cattle in from pasture the smoke of the locomotives curls backward through the fertile valleys. Nature has played and lost; man has played and won.

An angler looked from the windows of the diner of a train passing through the Province of British Columbia. The train crawled deliberately over a lofty trestle. Beyond was a mountain river, tipped by the sunlight with emerald and silver. To the right was a slope descending to the river. Something of a reminiscent tang flashed into his mind as he held the dainty gold and white menu card, hesitating as he did between mock-turtle soup or consommé. But it was only a passing flicker of imagination. Yet there below was where he had flung the "silver doctor" and the "white miller" in days gone by, where the group of engineers had passed, and a granite shard, clattering to the stream, had prophesied and shadowed forth the trail of the iron horse.





EARLY WINTER SCENE

From the Painting by
Clarence A. Gagnon
Exhibited by the
Canadian Art Club

THE GERMAN LEGION IN CANADA

BY CHARLES S. BLUE

IN these days when Canada is sending forth her armies to battle with the might of Germany it is difficult to realize that there was a time when the spirit of Prussian militarism masqueraded on the banks of the St. Lawrence; when black Brunswickers, haughty Hessians, and undisciplined Zerbsts swaggered through the streets of Quebec and Montreal, camped and drilled in the forest wilderness, and marched and fought side by side with British and Canadians in a common cause. It is nevertheless a fact, to which recent events have imparted a new interest, and added a touch of irony, that, for a period of seven critical years, Canada was largely dependent upon German troops, not only for her defence, but for the active prosecution of a campaign in which her interests and integrity were seriously imperilled. They garrisoned her cities and forts, transformed her villages into cantonments, took part in her battles, and injected into her life something of the military pomp and circumstance of a Prussian state.

The employment by Britain of foreign auxiliaries in the Revolutionary War was a source of bitterness while that unfortunate contest lasted, and it has been a fruitful subject of controversy ever since. Upheld by the Government of the day as a step justified by common precedent in European wars, by political and mili-

tary considerations, and by the urgency of the situation in the American colonies, it was vehemently denounced by the opponents of the war, and by the Congress factions as a "trafficking in blood," as "man-stealing," and so forth; while American historians have never ceased to declaim against it in terms of the most unqualified indignation. Into the merits of a controversy which has been marked throughout by so much violent recrimination, it is not necessary to enter in this article further than to remark that the policy of hiring German troops was certainly not justified by results.

So far as Canada was concerned, there is no evidence that her able Governor, Sir Guy Carleton, had any part in the arrangement by which, at a crucial period in her history, he was called upon to defend the colony with a force largely composed of Prussian mercenaries. Writing to Lord North, towards the end of 1775, King George III. remarked: "I have no objection to the Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel and the Duke of Brunswick being addressed for troops to serve in America; the former may perhaps be persuaded, and the latter, I should think, will decline, but the Duke's troops showed so much want of courage in the late war that I think Carleton, who can have but a small number of British troops, ought to have Hessians." Carleton got mostly Brunswickers, and only a few Hessians; but whether

or not his Majesty was right in his preference for the latter, he was certainly justified in the assumption that in Canada troops were badly needed. Time and again Carleton had applied to Dartmouth for reinforcements to meet the critical situation which confronted him, only to be put off with promises, with the result that, when hostilities commenced in 1775, his entire command consisted of some six hundred British regulars, one hundred and twenty Canadian volunteers, and a company of Royal Emigrants, recruited from the Highland soldiers who had settled on the Lower St. Lawrence.

How with the meagre resources at his disposal he successfully held Quebec against the attack of Montgomery, and withstood the siege that followed, is a matter of history which no Canadian can forget. Though sent as her deliverers, Canada was saved before the Germans came, but troops were needed to clear the colony of the invader, and, whatever Carleton thought of his foreign mercenaries, he probably was glad enough, in the circumstances, to have them.

Quebec has witnessed many stirring scenes in the course of her chequered history, but hardly ever one like that which presented itself to her valiant and proud defenders on the evening of June 1st, 1776. Amid the roar of guns, and the blare of bands (for the Germans brought many musicians with them) a fleet of twenty-six warships and transports, crowded with soldiers, crept slowly up with the tide, and one by one dropped anchor in the river, forming a spectacle that filled the soldiers and civilians, who lined the ramparts, with wonder and delight. Such an armada had seldom, if ever, been seen before in the St. Lawrence, and the interest of the spectators was in no way lessened when it became known that the incoming troops were not British, but German. They were familiar with the Highlander, with the English grenadier, and with the Canadian

militiaman, but here was a display of fighting material utterly unlike anything of the sort they had known—soldiers of mighty stature from the land of Frederick the Great, fearfully and wonderfully garbed and accoutred.

First came a regiment of dismounted dragoons with gorgeous tunics, thick leather breeches, huge hats decked with feathers, and long heavy jackboots with immense spurs, and carrying massive swords and short carbines. Then followed a battalion of grenadiers, equally resplendent, with queues that reached almost to their waist-belts. After them marched two regiments, known as Prince Frederick's and Riedesel's, in strange-looking head-gear and uniforms of dazzling colour, while a corps of Hanau artillery, in blue and gold, with light guns, brought up the rear, the whole force numbering 2,400 officers and men. Later they were followed by other contingents, consisting of the Rhetz and Anhalt-Zerbst regiments, and a battalion of Hessian yagers (sharpshooters).

Such was the fantastic army which a blundering British Government had hired and sent to Carleton to save a distracted colony for the Empire! Colonel Faucitt, the officer entrusted with the mission of procuring German troops, had been enjoined to "get as many men as you can," and with that object in view he had entered into treaties with the Duke of Brunswick, Count William of Hannau, and other rulers of Prussian states on terms that secured to these potentates lavish subsidies.

Brutal and oppressive as German militarism may be to-day, it was, to say the least, no more considerate and humane then. "The recruited soldier," says a German writer, "belonged body and soul to him to whom he sold himself; he had no country; no one belonged to him; he was severed from every tie; in short, he was in every sense of the word the property of the military lord, who could

do with him as he saw fit." And the German youth had small chance of escaping the fate prescribed for him by those rapacious rulers. "All countries, especially all German countries," wrote Carlyle, "are infected with a new species of brutal two-legged animals—Prussian recruiters. They glide about, under disguise, if necessary, lynx-eyed, eager almost as Jesuit hounds are; not hunting the souls of men, as the spiritual Jesuits do, but their bodies, in a merciless, carnivorous manner." No doubt the British recruiting agent had the assistance of these war-dogs in collecting the forces destined for Canada; and the fabulous bounties offered to the impecunious over-lords of the several states, and the liberal pay guaranteed to the recruits, together with specious promises of land in the new country in the West, probably did the rest. It has been estimated that the German auxiliaries sent to Canada alone cost the British Government thirteen million thalers, or in the neighbourhood of ten million dollars.

We shall see later to what extent, if any, this enormous expenditure was justified, but accounts seem to agree that in the matter of physique, at any rate, the Government received fair value for their money. It is true that before the troops sailed, the eagle-eyed Faucitt found fault with the height of some of the Brunswick Grenadiers, and protested that others were too old to fight, but, in the main, he expressed himself satisfied, and his favourable opinion seemed to be confirmed by another British officer, Captain Foy, who somewhat vaguely declared that the Brunswickers were "capable of what might be required of them."

In supreme command of this legion was an officer of European reputation—Baron Riedesel—whose name has found a place in American and Canadian history, not so much by reason of his services in the field, which proved somewhat inglorious, as

because of the interesting and illuminative contributions of himself and his gifted and courageous wife to the records of the period during which they campaigned together in the colony. Of middle age, and medium height, with a round rubicund face, and urbane features, the worthy Baron scarcely looked the part of a swashbuckling German generalissimo. Nor does it seem that his appearance belied him, for his letters and journals indicate that, though a keen soldier, he preferred the comforts of the domestic circle and the pleasures of social life to the rough work and hardships of campaigning. But he had seen a good deal of service under the celebrated Duke Ferdinand of Brunswick in the Seven Years War, and had shown qualities of leadership that were expected to prove even more valuable under the conditions of warfare that obtained in the new world. Accompanying him were a number of officers who had likewise experienced European fighting, his regimental commanders being Lieutenants-Colonel Baum, Praetorius, Ehrenkrook, Specht, Breyman, and Barner, while later came the brothers Rauschenplatt, and Von Loos.

Nor should we forget "Generalin" Von Riedesel, the devoted and plucky wife of the commander, who, in the words of her biographer, "left her home to follow over the wide ocean her beloved husband to the distant shore to participate with him in the dangers and terrors of a wild war, the privations and discomforts of a troublous life," and who "remained always true and brave in all situations, in all dangers." Frederika Von Riedesel may be said to have been, if not the first, one of the few war correspondents of her sex, and her racy descriptions of some of the scenes during Burgoyne's disastrous campaign have been much relied on by historians of the war.

The commander of the German Legion seems to have had all the pride of his type for the military prowess

of his own race, and a corresponding measure of contempt for that of any other country. How typically Prussian, for instance, is his comment on the defences of Quebec! "I have gone all over the fortifications, and we have in Germany four to eight cannon that would make such an opening in a few hours that half a battalion could march through it." As for the garrison, they were in keeping with the forts. "The rebels must be a miserable lot of soldiers," he writes, "since so few men in such a condition are able to oppose them!"—a nice compliment to Carleton, whom he professed to so much admire. It is altogether a different matter with his own troops. "The dragoons and the Regiment Prince Frederick have furnished to-day the first guard in the city," he records with pride. "The parade was good, and Carleton was highly pleased." And then he adds: "These two regiments furnish also a guard of three hundred men for the height opposite Quebec, in order to keep a lot of disloyal Canadians straight!" The picture of German dragoons safeguarding Canadian loyalty causes one furiously to think in these days.

But Carleton had other and more serious business on hand than that of admiring Prussian grenadiers mount guard or overawe suspected Canadians. The Congress troops had to be finally driven from Canada, and to the German Legion was allotted a share of the task. Supported by a few British regiments, a company of Canadian volunteers, and a body of Indians, with Riedesel in command, they were ordered to advance up the river, detachments being left to garrison Quebec. After much marching and counter-marching, during which they encountered no opposition, the Germans reached Laprairie, we are told, "much exhausted." This was the first evidence of a weakness that was to manifest itself with more deplorable results later—a weakness due, no doubt, in large part to the

heavy accoutrements that were the jest of the British troops.

At Laprairie a halt was ordered for a brief period, during which strenuous efforts appear to have been made to perfect the drill of the Germans. Praise from British officers was flattery indeed to the vain and fussy Baron, who never lost an opportunity of boasting to his dual master of the fine condition of his regiments. "All the English officers who have seen us praise us highly," he informs his Serene Highness of Brunswick, and he only wishes the Duke could see them for himself, "so confident am I that you would be satisfied with them." But occasionally there is a fly in the ointment which disturbs the Baron's serenity. "Everything goes well as long as the ranks are closed for a charge," he writes, "but when we open ranks, and the middle line is visible, then I am ashamed." Like the German warlords of to-day, Riedesel believed in close formations, and we are told that it was only after strong pressure, and with great reluctance, that he agreed to change his methods for those more adapted to American warfare.

A greater source of worry to the German commander than the occasional unsteadiness of his troops on parade, however, was the number of desertions from their ranks. Evidently campaigning in Canada was not congenial to many of the Brunswickers, for by the time they reached Laprairie no fewer than seventeen had taken to the woods. Most of them returned and were pardoned; the others, who were caught, had to run the gauntlet, while the Canadians blamed for assisting them to desert received the knout. In the meantime, Carleton was pushing on the work of constructing a fleet on Lake Champlain, and in this task he was assisted by a number of the Germans who had a knowledge of carpentry.

By the end of September, 1776, the Brunswick troops, formed into two brigades, had taken up positions in

the neighbourhood of St. John's, on the lake. The first brigade, commanded by Colonel von Specht, consisted of his own regiment, Riedesel's and the Rhetz battalion; the second comprising Prince Frederick's regiment, the Grenadiers, and the Hesse-Hanau corps. A battalion of Hanau yagers was held in reserve, while the Brunswick Dragoons, mounted at last, furnished an escort at headquarters, the whole force numbering roughly three thousand. Massed in readiness to assist in the operations on Lake Champlain, the Germans witnessed the annihilation of Arnold's fleet, but it does not appear that they took any active part in the fight, though doubtless there were detachments on board some of Carleton's vessels.

With Lake Champlain, the key of Canada, clear of the enemy, Carleton's task was for the present ended. The troops were ordered into winter quarters, and the gallant Governor returned to Quebec, to learn that he had been superseded in the command of the northern army by the incompetent Burgoyne, and that Haldimand was to replace him as the Crown's representative in the colony. Ever mindful of the welfare of those who served him, one of his last official letters was to the Prince of Hesse, recommending the German troops to the care of his successor, "who will show every consideration for them."

The point selected for the headquarters of the Brunswickers during the ensuing winter was Three Rivers, detachments being stationed at Repentigny, L'Assomption, and St. Sulpice, and also at various points below Sorel, on the south shore of the river, while a force under Colonel Ehrenkrook continued to garrison Quebec. At Three Rivers, the old government buildings were transformed into barracks; Riedesel established himself in the most comfortable chateau in the town; and the officers were billeted with the inhabitants. Luckily for the men stationed at the outlying posts,

with only blockhouses to shelter them, the winter proved exceptionally mild, being remembered in the district for years afterwards as "the winter of the Germans." What they complained of was not so much the climate as the deadly dullness of their lot in the forest wilderness. Gaiety there was, but it was reserved for their commander and his staff in Three Rivers. While the soldiers languished in the blockhouses, cursing the fate that had brought them to such an inhospitable clime, Riedesel entertained lavishly, giving dinners and suppers and balls without stint. "I do this," he naively explained, "partly to gain the affection of the inhabitants, and partly to give the officers an opportunity of indulging in innocent amusements, and thus prevent them from visiting taverns and getting into bad company." In neither respect, however, does he appear to have attained his object. More feared than respected, to begin with, the Germans never became popular among the Canadian people, and probably not without cause; for, although discipline was strict, there were frequent complaints of their conduct, as Haldimand's letters testify, and debauchery, on the part of the officers especially, was by no means uncommon. If the "innocent amusements" at Three Rivers, which probably more resembled lively carousals, palled, there was always Quebec to fall back upon. During the winter Riedesel and his officers were frequent visitors to the capital, and he has left us a description of at least one glorious day and night of revelry spent there when Carleton gave a public fête, dinner, and ball, to celebrate the anniversary of the memorable 31st of December, 1775.

When the time came for the resumption of the campaign under Burgoyne, the German Legion, now reinforced, was moved in two brigades to St. John's, on Lake Champlain, where Carleton, according to Riedesel, bade them a moving farewell. For the retiring Governor the Brunswickers had

come to entertain a respect that almost amounted to reverence. He had promised his friend the Prince of Hesse that he would take care of his troops, and he had kept his word; he had "won their hearts," as a German writer puts it, and one can readily understand that it was with no little regret that they saw him go. But one British general was neither here nor there, according to the German idea; the rebels were such contemptible rascals that Riedesel felt sure his troops had "only to attack to get the best of them." And it was in this confident spirit that the Legion, forming the left wing of Burgoyne's army, commenced the advance that led to Saratoga and disaster.

Upon the part they played in that unfortunate campaign, it is needless to dwell at any great length. American writers, indiscriminately classing all the German troops that participated in the war as Hessians, have heaped upon them ridicule and contempt without measure, describing them as a horde of rapacious mercenaries who showed neither courage nor discipline, who deserted their ranks in face of the enemy, and who plundered and looted at large. Canadian historians, on the other hand, have not only thought it necessary to defend, and indeed to justify their employment in the war, but, taking their commander, Baron Riedesel, at his own valuation, have sought to invest their services with a glory which, unfortunately, the records scarcely warrant.

The Brunswick Legion certainly showed qualities superior to those exhibited by the Hessians under Howe; they were guilty of nothing so disgraceful as the rout and surrender of the corps under the drunken Rall at Trenton. But they were slow in their movements, poorly equipped, ill adapted to the kind of warfare in which they were called upon to take part, unreliable at critical moments, and easily disheartened. Few, if any,

of their officers could speak English; they knew nothing about the country in which they operated; and they betrayed a contempt for the enemy that disregarded ordinary precautions, and inevitably led to defeat. While it would be unfair to blame them entirely for the disaster which occurred, it may at least be asserted without prejudice, that they were more a source of weakness than of strength to the British army.

The first occasion on which the Germans went into action was not auspicious. It was part of the plan of Burgoyne, or, as some historians claim, of Germain, the meddling and muddling British War Minister, to make a diversion in the direction of the Mohawk River, and, if possible, to destroy Fort Stanwix, where the Congress troops had established a post. This duty was entrusted to Colonel St. Leger, who took with him a column which included a company of Hanau yagers and a German battery of two light guns. He achieved a success en route to his objective, without the aid of the Hanau soldiers, surprising and routing a superior force of the enemy; but the attack on Fort Stanwix failed miserably, and the leader of the expedition attributed his failure largely to the weakness of the German contingent, and to the utter uselessness of their guns. St. Leger's respect for the Prussians was probably not increased by the fact that a detachment of the Hanau regiment sent to his support failed to reach him until he had retreated half way to headquarters, and then only in a condition that rendered them almost useless.

In the attack on Ticonderoga, which followed shortly afterwards, however, the Brunswickers in some measure redeemed themselves, detachments under Riedesel and Breyman lending valuable support to the troops under General Fraser when these were hard pressed. Again in the action at Hubbardton, the Germans, though unequal to the pace set by the British column

in the pursuit of the enemy, were able to be in at the death, and for this they were handsomely thanked by Burgoyne, who declared that "Major-General Riedesel . . . by his judicious orders and spirited execution of them obtained a share for himself and his troops in the glory of the action."

It was a different story that the British general had to tell after the defeat at Bennington. Sent out with a force largely composed of Brunswickers, to "try the affections of the country," and to obtain horses and supplies, Colonel Baum, one of Riedesel's favourite officers, wandered into a trap set by an unorganized corps of local militia assisting the Congress troops, and was routed with heavy loss, he himself being among the killed. To complete the discomfiture of the Germans, another column, under Colonel Breyman, ordered to Baum's support, marched so slowly and got into so many difficulties that they were not only unable to render any assistance to their compatriots, but were also forced to retreat, badly cut up. An eminent Canadian historian has laboured chivalrously to remove the blame for the Bennington reverse from the shoulders of the Brunswickers; but it is difficult to find excuses for troops that could not cover more than one mile an hour on a forced march, and that were outwitted and routed by a squad of untrained and undisciplined yokels. Burgoyne's comment on the unfortunate affair was: "Had my instructions been followed, or could Mr. Breyman (who had been sent with the Brunswick chasseurs to support Colonel Baum) have *marched at the rate of two miles an hour*, any given twelve hours out of the two and thirty, success would probably have ensued—misfortune would certainly have been avoided." Having regard to all the circumstances, it can hardly be said that Burgoyne's criticism erred on the side of severity.

In the next engagement, known in the history of the war as the battle

of Stillwater, the Legion again showed a dilatoriness that came near to being fatal. Though the action, chiefly sustained by the three British regiments, the 20th, the 21st, and the 62nd, began at noon, it was not until four o'clock that Riedesel's division appeared on the scene and was able to render much needed assistance, which resulted in a qualified success.

But it is evident that at this stage of the campaign Burgoyne had lost faith in the German troops, and, what was more ominous, the latter had turned against their general. "Discontent with the commanding general increased more and more," writes a Brunswick officer in his journal. "This feeling showed itself in audible expression when he appeared in the front." In plainer English, the Brunswickers were on the verge of mutiny, and thus we have a light shed on the Saratoga disaster which seems to have escaped the attention of historians. Certain it is that in that memorable engagement the Germans were the first to give way. "Unable to sustain the contest," says Kingsford, their staunchest apologist, "they commenced to show unsteadiness," and falling back in some confusion they abandoned their guns, and precipitated the retreat which ended in surrender. Fonblanque, Burgoyne's biographer, states that "among his own generals, Riedesel was the only one who advised a retreat upon Fort Edward"; and he adds, "possibly his (Riedesel's) knowledge of the disheartened condition of the German levies may have influenced him in such counsel." It is not without significance, too, that the news which reached England, according to Horace Walpole, was that Burgoyne had surrendered "after great slaughter and desertion of the Germans."

Of the total force which surrendered the Brunswick soldiers numbered approximately two thousand, and in view of the bitter sentiment which prevailed among the Congress troops against the foreign mercenaries, it is

scarcely surprising that the latter were subjected to considerable hardships during their internment. Though a soldier of doubtful quality, the German legionary seems to have had a pride that was not so easily shaken as his morale under fire. Whether in the Canadian camp, or in the enemy's compound, he had a soul above menial work, and when Washington's officers sought to use him as a farm servant or as a general utility man he protested most indignantly. Nor, to his credit be it said, was he more amenable to the suggestion, offered as an alternative, that he serve in the continental army. "Though we are treated not like prisoners of war, but like wretches fallen into the hands of barbarians," wrote one of them, "we replied that every word was thunder in our ears, and were struck dumb with such barbarous proposals." These high-sounding words might have meant nothing more than that the Prussian soldier was tired of fighting, and wanted to be left alone in peace; a more charitable interpretation would be that, with all his faults, he was not lost to a sense of honour.

Four years "of misery, chagrin, and all possible discomforts" elapsed before Baron Riedesel and his officers were able to return to Canada, and one has only to read the diary of the Baroness to appreciate the delight they felt at being restored to the gay and hospitable life of Quebec. Haldimand was now Governor of the colony, and between the gallant Swiss soldier of fortune and the German soldier of misfortune there sprang up a friendship which ripened into a genuine affection. Eager to re-assert his authority, Riedesel at once proceeded to reorganize the German troops that remained in the colony. Of these there was still quite a considerable number, reinforcements having arrived at intervals. Indeed, Quebec might easily have been mistaken for a garrison town in the heart of a Prussian state. Brunswick dra-

goons, with spiked heel and clumsy "palasch" clanked through the streets in company with shabbily attired Zerbsts, a nondescript corps said to have been recruited from the refuse of several states; Hessians in white and gold, and Waldeckers in green uniforms, fraternized with Hanau yagers; the taverns rang with German laughter, and on all sides could be heard the guttural of *Die Deutschen soldatten*.

One thing to be remembered to the credit of those Prussian invaders is that they evidently believed in the use of the pen as well as in the might of the sword. Baron Riedesel kept a journal, the Baroness a diary; and their example seems to have been followed by not a few of the officers, whose letters and papers form interesting reading, and afford curious glimpses of life in Canada at that period.

We learn much, for example, of the character and habits of Governor Haldimand; how he enjoyed a good dinner and liked to smoke a pipe with a friend; of his taste for gardening, of his political and military predilections, and of the company that met at his hospitable table in the beautiful house on the hill. Of more relevance to the present article, perhaps, we get a peep at the character and conduct of the officers of the Legion. There was General Von Loos, who, in the absence of Riedesel, had commanded the Brunswickers in Quebec—a blunt old war-dog, who drank hard, swore copiously, flirted with the belles of the town, and in his cups imagined he was in love, babbling of "le chere couleur de rose," and of the hopelessness of an old man's fancy. Merry times they had, those German swash-bucklers, in the gay old capital. "Next Wednesday we are to have a ball," writes one, "and the day following a concert. Next Saturday is a conversation (*sic*). We play, and at ten o'clock a side table is set out with cold meat, ham, and cake, and each one eats on his own hook!" An-

other records that he "dined well at noon; listened to a duet of Bockerini in the afternoon; played whist, supped *a la* regiment; went to bed at ten o'clock; got up at seven, drank tea, and at nine set out for St. John's." Occasionally, too, we happen across a passage which indicates that the hardened Von Loos was not the only officer of the Legion who loved his liquor. Perhaps he could carry it better than his juniors, for, while he boasts that he knows every tavern in Quebec, he complains that he has had trouble with "the drunken capers of Peusch" (probably Pausch who commanded the Hanau artillery). On the whole, however, the Brunswickers, with their conviviality, appear to have kept on fairly good terms with their neighbours in Quebec, and Riedesel was able to inform his master, the Duke, that "not a single instance of discord has been known between them and the inhabitants," and that "General Loos has gained the entire confidence of both the latter and the Englishmen."

As the result of the reorganization undertaken by the Baron the troops were distributed throughout the colony. Von Loos retained the command of Quebec; Colonel Von Specht was given charge of a division in the vicinity of Montreal, and detachments were stationed at various posts along the banks of the St. Lawrence River. Riedesel himself, and his wife and family, took up their quarters at Sorel, where in a handsome chateau provided by Haldimand, they set up a little court of their own. It is a pretty picture that is presented in the Riedesel memoirs and letters of the happy life the devoted couple led in the little Canadian garrison town, surrounded by their Prussian body-guard. "I have a good comfortable house, and have laid out for myself a very large garden," writes the Baron. "I am as much of a farmer as my duties will allow me." The Baroness, however, would have us believe that the garden was her care,

and many a talk she had with the Governor, who, when not discussing the problems of war with the General was extolling the virtues of certain vegetables to his wife. The one pondered over plans and showed Haldimand how battles were won; the other dragged him round the cabbage patch, and in return for many hints and suggestions taught him how to pickle cucumbers!

When not farming or manœuvring his troops, Riedesel was writing voluminous letters to the Governor and the Duke of Brunswick, giving details of his work or expressing with much omniscience his views on the military situation at home and abroad. He "feels as deeply the misfortunes of last year as if they affected his own country," and is afraid that the only hope of Canada lies in a powerful alliance (presumably with Germany) or "a miracle!" He is consoled by the conviction, however, that the military disposition made by his Excellency "will cost the enemy dear," and is delighted to see the high spirit prevalent in Britain. But he thinks that thirty-five thousand German troops are needed in America to meet the situation! Meanwhile, he is happy to serve under his Excellency and will do all in his power to preserve Canada for Britain.

Haldimand, in one of his letters, acknowledges the "heartiness" which Riedesel shows in his work, and there are other evidences that the energies of the Commander of the German Legion were not wholly confined to farming, writing letters upon the war and European politics, or entertaining.

In winter the troops were exercised in snowshoes for the benefit of their health, as well as to accustom them to marching when the snow was on the ground. In summer they were schooled in new formations, employed in erecting blockhouses and fortifications, and set to rounding up suspected inhabitants and rebel spies. Riedesel took great credit to himself

for the work of his soldiers in these sedition hunts, but it does not appear that Haldimand, friend though he was, shared his satisfaction. Writing to Germain as to the necessity for adopting strong measures to put a stop to espionage and sedition, he declared the Germans were "entirely useless" in that connection, while in other communications he showed that he had not the high opinion of the Brunswickers entertained by their commander. They were not adapted to the work required of them, even in cantonments. They objected to perform duties which they regarded as not strictly military in character, and they were "too much inclined to desert to their countrymen in Pennsylvania." Moreover, they were not a hardy race, and many of them were invalids. Barner's regiment, stationed at Rivière du Loup, had so many sick men on the strength that according to one writer, "nearly the whole battalion was made unserviceable and quite unable to make any resistance to an enemy, or to do any military service effectively." Their officers were neither sufficient in number nor of the proper quality, being, as Haldimand described them, "the refuse of the corps they belonged to"; their clothing and equipment left much to be desired, and altogether his Excel-

lency seemed to think there was a good case to lay before the Duke of Brunswick for redress.

Fortunately for Canada, perhaps, the services of the Legion, as a fighting force, were no further required, and when, in 1783, peace was proclaimed, Baron Riedesel and the bulk of his troops were as glad to take their departure as the inhabitants were to see them go. It has been claimed for them that "as a class, they were above the average soldier of the time," but it would be hard to point to anything in their record that would justify or even support that statement. Their valour was, to say the least, a dubious quantity; their machine-like training and iron-clad discipline were, under the conditions of warfare they had to face, more of a hindrance than a help; they lacked the endurance, and showed neither the steadiness in defence nor the dash in attack of the British line-men; and for the money expended upon them they gave exceedingly poor results.

But if the glory which they came to achieve did not materialize, there were compensations. They were liberally paid—and one has only to read the letters of their officers to appreciate the importance they attach to that consideration.



THE MYSTERY OF THE SAILOR MEN

BY EDEN PHILPOTTS

WHEN old Captain Tuckett of the mercantile marine died, everybody thought that his daughter, Mercy Tuckett, would give up Dunnabridge Farm and go away from Dartmoor; but she didn't. He took to farming when he left the sea, though 'twas only just a pastime with him and he didn't make much money, if any at all, at Dunnabridge. But he liked the Moor and always said that, after the rolling sea, 'twas the best place he knewed; and so he came there and spent a bit of his savings and enjoyed his fag end of life. A widower he was with but one child, Mercy by name; and when he died, two year short of eighty, Miss Tuckett might have been hovering a year or two over fifty perhaps, though she didn't look that by five or six year at the least.

And I was in the early sixties myself—a widower and a sailor also. I'd sailed as a mate along with Miss Mercy's father and known her ever since she was a young and comely girl; and when my missis died and the days of mourning were passed, I began to hanker after my old skipper's daughter; and I was hankering yet, though I'd been a widow man fifteen year at the time of this queer tale.

You see I dwelt up to Princetown village and kept a small house of refreshment there; and as Miss Tuckett's farm weren't above five mile off, 'twas a very common thing for me to drive over and offer myself in marriage from time to time as the fancy took me. It had got to be a

sort of holiday amusement for both of us you might say; and though she always refused me, there weren't no sting to it and I went on trying and feeling that when the right moment came and I caught her just in the proper mood, her 'no' would change to 'yes.' I can't say I was in any great hurry myself.

She was a clever farmer and took to it, and she got a Dartmoor woman, named Alice Mumford, for her right hand at Dunnabridge; and what them two females didn't know about Dartmoor farming weren't worth knowing. The hinds went in terrible fear of Alice, no man nearer than Plymouth was ever known to over-reach her. Spinsters both, but very different, because Miss Tuckett, while firm was kind and full of the milk of human nature, but Miss Mumford—it is enough to say that her grandfather was hanged for sheep-stealing and her father died just in time to escape the heavy hand of the law. And she was a hard case and I never liked and never trusted her neither.

There comed a day—just after Easter Bank Holiday 'twas—when I left my little licensed house to my potman and drove over to have a bit of fun with Mercy Tuckett. And she had news for me and I felt more pleased than not to know that Alice Mumford was going to leave. So far as love-making went it spoilt the day no doubt, because Mercy found herself far too excited to talk or think about anything else but t'other woman. In fact she took it a good

bit to heart and dressed down her old friend pretty sharp. In a word Alice was striking for more wages, and as she'd had 'em raised twice in eighteen months a'ready, her missis began to fear you can pay too dear for anything, and told her she mustn't be so grasping. With that t'other used coarse language and said she was the backbone of Dunnabridge, and assured Miss Tuckett that she'd have the brokers in before a twelvemonth was passed if she got rid of her. But my Mercy, so to call her, had plenty of pluck and she hit out from the shoulder—with her tongue I mean—and in a word, Alice Mumford had given notice and she was going that day month.

And go she did; but she didn't go far. There was an empty cottage to Brownberry—a homestead not above half a mile from Dunnabridge, and there went Alice Mumford and lived on her savings, which was accounted pretty heavy; and she lost no opportunity to say untrue and unkind things of her old mistress.

Her cot stood by the highroad over the Moor, while Dunnabridge hung back a lot and rose up over Dart, where the river runs in a great loop of water full of rocks with furze brakes on the banks. The old farm had been pulled down before the Tuckets went there and a stout modern house had taken its place; but the fields were the same as ever; and the old tar-pitched barn, with the granite steps still stood there, and the spinneys up over, on the hill top above, were a pretty sure draw for a fox most hunting days. Dunnabridge used to be all mud and slush and chickens and pigs and ducks in wet weather; and there was an old stone over the water trough, by an aged white-thorn, that haven't been moved for centuries. And you might generally see a tortoise-shell cat with a broken paw lopping about in the yard or coming down the wooden ladder from the loft. It couldn't have been the same cat, for I'd knowed the place

twenty year by the time of this tale; but a lame cat have always been part of the furniture of the farm, and a bob-tailed, black and gray sheep-dog was generally to be seen about also.

When next I called on Mercy the mystery of the sailor men was in full swing and, as an old sailor man myself, it interested me amazing. I noticed a change in her and was a good deal surprised to find her a thought snappy, which was curious, for a milder tempered woman by nature never drew breath.

Holne Revel 'twas, and I stopped to Dunnabridge on my bay back, to pick a bit of supper with Mercy and give her the news. We talked on general subjects and then she said,

"My stars! I never knowed you so dull, Thomas."

"Twas a hint and no mistake, for along with the revel, and Farmer Redland falling down in a fit by the steam-roundabout, and one thing and another, I'd forgot the matter as always passed between us when we met after a few months' absence.

"Well you may say it," I replied to her. "You might a'most think I was market-merry to have forgot!"

"I wish you was," she answered. "I'd soon have you like that than like this. Here be I—a lonely, forgotten woman that none ever calls upon, except tramps begging for a meal, and you—as haven't seen me since Noah's flood I should think—can't tell nothing livelier than news of a man I don't know falling down in a fit."

"I'm badly to blame," I said. "Never was there such a great know-nought great zany as me."

With that I plunged into the usual thing and offered my heart and hand, and told her that I was steadfast as the northern star and as true as the needle to the pole, and the rest of it.

"Now Alice Mumford be gone," I said, "your state is most forlorn and I wish to God you'd change it. Here be I living a lonely life up the hill, and why to goodness you can't see the foolishness—"

She got a lot happier when I struck into the familiar subject and let me take her hand as usual. She put her fine face to mine, and blinked her beautiful pale brown eyes; and somehow I felt she was in a more yielding frame of mind than ever I'd known her to be since her father died. 'Twas the influence of Alice Mumford gone no doubt, for that whey-faced and cross-eyed creature was always a ferocious man-hater—owing doubtless to the fact that the male sex had no use for her from her youth up. She said that 'twas along of her grandfather being hanged t'other side of the Moor; but 'twasn't at all; because no fair-minded man would let a little thing like that stand between himself and a nice woman if he loved her. But Alice was that crusty and vinegary and evil-minded that no man had ever offered for her; and now the time was passed and she hated 'em all.

Her being once well away from Dunnabridge however, a change had clearly come over Mercy Tuckett, and man though I was, the unexpected softness of her took me a bit by surprise because, as you see, I'd never counted upon it, and 'twas like a bolt from the blue to find after all this time that she wanted me to kiss her—a thing I'd offered to do for fifteen year and been refused. In fact a man bain't screwed up to a feat like that in a minute, and I lost my self-control and held off. I saw in a twinkle the case was altered and that I had but to go in and win; and very well pleased and mighty proud I was; but the climax of my love affair had come too sudden and startling. I wanted to think over it all. I'd got into a sort of habit of paying court and expecting 'no' for an answer; and to find Mercy suddenly altering the run of the game like this here, rather flabbergasted me. In plain English I wasn't sorry when, at the critical moment, there came a loud knock at the door.

There was none to home but her,

for her men and maid were to Holne Revel, so she had to rise up and go; and while she was away, I steadied myself and resolved that I wouldn't return to the subject of marriage no more that day, but come to it—in all the solemn pomp such a thing demanded—somewhere about next Michaelmas, if not later. There was a powerful lot to think of, and since we'd been fiddling and philandering for fifteen years, I felt there couldn't be no crying need to rush it now at a woman's whim.

She came back crusty as an ill-cooked loaf.

"Another of them sailor men," she said. "A plague on 'em! They tell each other, I believe, and not a day goes now but one and sometimes two bain't here. And half of 'em be rogues and not sailors at all I'll warrant."

You see, when her father was dying, he told Mercy never to turn away an old sailor, and she never did. But now she told me how more and more came, and as by her father's orders, every such man was to have sixpence and a full meal, the thing got beyond a joke.

"They was a nuisance from the first, and I thought myself ill-used," said Mercy Tuckett to me as she cut the beggar a lump of bread and cheese and poured him a mug of cider; "but it have got worse by leaps and bounds of late. Half-a-crown the men had out of me last week, and this is the second have called since Thursday last."

"And turnpike sailors I'll wager," I answered her. "You can bring him in here and I'll sit behind this screen and mark him while he eats. You ask him about the sea, and I shall very soon know by his remarks if he can tell a marling-spike from a reefing-block or a boom from a bowsprit."

She obeyed me, and I hid and listened to a cockney tramp, who may or may not have seen the mud barges in a canal, but had certainly never

met with anything nobler afloat. He guzzled and tipped, however, and took his tanner, and I seed the back of him as he went off. He was clad in sailor's clothes, and that was all could be said for the man.

When he was gone Mercy cast about how she could manage to escape from her promise to her dead father.

"My heart sinks when I see the creatures coming down the yard," she said. "Some be old and some be young; some be ginger and some gray; some go lame and some lack an arm or a hand; but they're all dressed in that horrid blue with them dirty trousers tight to the knee and loose below; and they've all got the same tale about a ship at Plymouth—except the maimed ones. They mostly say they be owed money by the State and have to go to the Docks to get it. Rogues! I itch to set the dog on 'em; but I suppose father would turn in his grave if I did."

For my part I smelt a fraud from the first and by good chance on that very day, while yet 'twas broad light, there happened that to make my doubt a certainty.

Not an hour after the cockney was gone, another sailor man turned up; and I did as before and told Mercy to fetch him in the kitchen and let him feed, while I listened unseen. Of course, he was no more a sailor than my pot-boy, and when she asked him about the perils of the deep, he told my nautical ear in half a minute that he was only a wolf in sheep's clothing and knew nought of the seaman's life. But that didn't astonish me; what did was the squint I got of his back view as he went off. Then I stared indeed, till my eyes very near bulged out of my head.

Mercy thought me mad, for, forgetting my hat and everything, I went off after the sham sailor and loped along behind a stone wall and kept him in sight unbeknownst to him.

He marched down the road on very good terms with himself, and I saw him as far as Alice Mumford's cot-

tage in the high road. But there he stopped and went in. With that I crept nearer, till I was right abreast of the house; and I squatted under the wall, like a hare in her form, and bided my time, patient as you please, for I was playing a winning game and well I knowed it.

In ten minutes a man come out of the cottage, but he didn't come alone. Another man followed him; and the first man was the first sailor as had called at Dunnabridge, and the second man was the second sailor as had done so. They'd doffed their sailors' togs and they walked off in very good humour clad like a pair of scare-crows, after the manner of tramps as a rule.

"We'll call again some fine day, ma'am," they said to Alice Mumford, who stood at the door to see 'em go; but she didn't answer, because she was counting pennies, as one of the rogues had give her before they set out.

Of course, I seed the whole wicked trick at a glance; but I was too clever to pounce on the woman at that time. Instead I trotted back to Mercy Tuckett and made a bit of mystery about it and puzzled her not a little. 'Twas my wish, you see, to distract her mind from the subject of matrimony, and I didn't stop very long then, but got on my horse and galloped away pretty soon.

"Fret no more about anything," I told her when she came to see me off in the dimpsy light. "'Twas rare good fortune as brought me to you to-day, Mercy Tuckett; because the luck be double-barrelled by the look of it; and I've heard what will be a great source of joy to me, when I've had time to think it over; and I've found out what will be a great relief to you presently. But I must go cautious in both matters and not do nothing rash or reckless. Only this I'll promise you: I've found out where your sailor men come from, and you shan't much longer be troubled with them."

She looked at me dangerously and

come close and put up her hand to mine as I settled myself on the saddle.

"There's one sailor man as would never be no trouble to me," she said.

"And what might his name be?" I asked, feeling pretty safe perched up on my saddle well out of her reach.

"Thomas Sweet's the man's name," she answered.

"Twas me, of course, and her eyes in the light of the evening very near brought me off my hoss again. But the sudden nature of it had shook me and I felt in justice to myself, as well as the woman, that I must let a few days pass.

"Have no fear for Tom Sweet," I told her, guarded like; and then I rode away with plenty to think upon.

But, after all, I let another man get the credit for my cleverness. Before a week, but not till I had received a strong letter from Merey, I went over to Mr. Byles, at the police station, and told him of the great mystery what I'd found out.

"'Tis like this here, Constable Byles," I said to the man. "Miss Tuckett dismissed that woman, Alice Mumford, from her service a while back, and Alice, who have got bad blood in her without a doubt, swore to be revenged upon her for so doing. And she have been revenged, for since she went, there have come a proper plague of sailor men to Dunnabridge, and owing to her promise to her dead father, Mercy Tuckett, have had to suffer 'em. And, when I was there last, one came and I watched him hidden behind an old leather screen that Miss Tuckett have lately bought, to keep the wind out of her back hair on winter nights; and I heard in a jiffey that he was no sailor; and I also noted that the man had a black patch on his jumper. Away he went and presently up come another scamp—another sailor if you'll credit it! Well, I watched him, likewise, and I stared I warn you, for if he hadn't a black patch on his

jumper also! And now you'll do well to send one of your men to lie behind the hedge there. Then they'll find out as when a tramp goes by Alice Mumford's cottage or calls at it, as the case may be, she has him in her house, and rigs him up in a suit of sailor's clothes, and sends him off to Dunnabridge, where there's a square meal and a certain sixpence awaiting the thief. Then back he goes to her, and as I saw her counting pennies the time I was on the watch, I make no doubt at all that she be very well paid for all her trouble. 'Tis the most barefaced imposition I ever heard tell about on Dartmoor and you'll do well, Constable Byles, to look in the matter and see it don't happen no more."

He was a young officer, with his spurs to win, and he fastened on the job, like a dog to a bone. In fact, he took it on himself, and three days later it happened just as I told him it would happen, and he arrested another fellow coming gaily off from Dunnabridge with sixpence in his pocket and a full meal in his belly and a black patch on his jumper.

So when next I appeared in public 'twas to be a witness against Alice Mumford; and the justices gave her six weeks hard for what she'd done; and she swore something sinful in open court and promised to make it hot both for me and Mercy Tuckett when she comed out of kink again.

But she never had the chance to do us no more wickedness, for a lot may happen in six weeks and before the end of that time, when Alice was let loose on a trusting world once more, I'd taken Mercy's lead and finished our affair out o' hand.

I thought it out, you see, and my common-sense comed to my rescue, and I said to myself, "Thomas Sweet, you've been at this here woman to take you for fifteen year, and now, because she's at last ready and willing to do so, you grow faint about it, and find yourself in two minds. 'Tis all very well to say you're a creature

of habit, and that this be a bit of an upset, by reason of its sudden falling out; but what the mischief would you have?" Being, of course, a reasonable man, I soon rose to the situation, and got accustomed to the idea of Mercy Tuckett as a wife, and took her for that purpose.

In a fortnight from the end of the sailor men, we was tokened; and a month later, with all the dash and fire of youth, we plunged into matrimony. All Princetown was to the wedding pretty near; and when that Alice Mumford came back to Brown-

berry she heard as her old mistress was lifted up to be Mrs. Sweet, and on her honeymoon at that moment. And she likewise heard that Dunna-bridge was to be let or sold; because Mercy had decided to give it up and come to Princetown and throw in her lot with my business.

But my little place was far too small for the likes of her, and 'tis settled that we take the *Snowball Inn* after Christmas. 'Tis a tidy sized place, and the last man worked up a good business, so I'm hopeful that us shall do very clever there.



ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST

This painting, which is reproduced opposite, from a photograph, is regarded as one of the best examples of the work of this celebrated Florentine painter. Del Sarto died in 1531, at the age of forty-four. It was his work and some incidents of his life that impelled Browning to write his famous poem, "Andrea del Sarto." The painting itself is noteworthy for its

revelation of fine draughtsmanship and pleasing composition. The hand and arm, in particular, are unusually well drawn, and the manner in which one side of the figure is lost and found against the background is well worthy of emulation. As to the type and expression of countenance, nothing could be desired, while the arrangement of the drapery is well considered.



From the Painting by Andrea del Sarto
Pitti Gallery, Florence

ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

THE LEAVEN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS

BY WILLIAM HUGO PABKE

HE was named Isaiah, after his father, and Reginald, after a former lover of his mother's. The gossips of Bayfield had never commented on this bizarre combination for two reasons, diametrically opposed, that applied respectively to its component parts. Every one knew the source of his first name; it was entirely obvious, and called for no remark. Whence had come the inspiration for his middle name was known only to the light, scatter-brained woman, who had inveigled the Reverend Isaiah Barlow into matrimony, borne him a son, and died.

The absolute uneventfulness of the boy's life was evidenced by the fact that until the turning-point he was never called otherwise than Isaiah. That he bore up under it is proof positive that he lived his boyhood in the fear of God and of his earthly father. Fate, with its usual grim irony, coupled two events, one tragic, the other frivolous. The coalescence thus formed proved potent enough to burst the bands of custom that shackled to the young man the name of the old prophet.

Shortly after Isaiah reached his majority, the first event of sufficient importance to mark one day in his life as different from another occurred in the death of his father. Isaiah remained Isaiah still, but with the added dignity of possessing a small house, the few acres surrounding it, and an inconsiderable sum of money in the bank. Still another factor added to his remoteness: his sorrow was

very real, very earnest, and set him apart temporarily.

Always there comes a transition period when youthful grief, however poignant, recognizes returning hope, and flirts with her tentatively before finally succumbing to normality. It was during this transition period of Isaiah's mourning that Bayfield pridefully became the county seat. Immediately following this honour came its first county fair; and with the county fair came a horse-trot. This horse-trot proved to be the complementary event that brought about the turning-point.

Isaiah went to the fair, soberly, sedately, something within him, however, crying aloud that it was good to mix with his kind once more. It may have been that his mother's nature was uppermost in him that afternoon, for, as he came to the race-track and saw the horses limbering up, he felt an unconscionable desire to take a chance. His mother would have done so. Impelled by some unrecognized instinct, he placed the few dollars in his pocket on the favourite. The favourite lost.

Gravely, sedately, Isaiah strolled from the fair-ground toward the village. His pulses, in spite of his outward calm, were hammering with a strange new throb. Something had come into his life, something vital, gripping. He had learned to take a chance. Not the faintest flicker in his steady eyes, not the slightest motion of his impassive face betrayed his new-found emotion to the passers-by.

Slowly, calmly, he made his way against the tide of the in-coming crowd, a solitary figure going in the opposite direction from all the world.

On the steps of the village bank he halted, pulled now this way, now that by the two potent forces warring within him. He had lived long in docile obedience to a stern father; the spell still held. His mother's blood in him, however, had just taught him the fascination of the fickle goddess. The lesson in its very newness possessed a force that strove successfully against the inhibitory effects of discipline. He entered the bank, his volition submerged in the battling strains of heredity. As he reached the teller's window, the inner struggle ended in a compromise. Instead of demanding his entire patrimony, he wrote and presented a cheque for the half of his balance.

Methodically placing the few large bills in his pocket-book, he smiled gravely at the teller, who poured forth a bewildering, surging flood of personal questions, and left the bank. Again, he made his unhurried way to the fair-ground, arriving there before the start of the second-class race. This time he knew exactly what he wanted to do. He had already taken a small chance, and the experience had been fascinating, enthralling. Now he took a bigger one. Deliberately ignoring the favourite, he picked out a long, lanky gray creature, which, in the opinion of the book-makers, stood one chance in eight of winning. Isaiah scattered his bets at those odds amongst the entire sporting fraternity there assembled, then he awaited results.

Had the lanky gray creature lost, there would have been no turning-point, and Isaiah would have remained Isaiah to the end of the chapter. But the miracle happened; the brute came first under the wire.

It is a big experience for one to take one's first chance even if one loses; but it is far more thrilling to take the second and to win against large

odds. Isaiah was uplifted, carried out of himself. Had anyone asked him his name while he was making the rounds of the book-makers and collecting his eight-fold winnings, it is extremely doubtful whether he would have answered "Isaiah Barlow." The Isaiah part of it was beginning to fade. As it happened, a small crowd of congratulating acquaintances followed him during his triumphal progress. Cried one:

"Isaiah, that name don't fit you any more! We'll have to call you Reggie!"

The turning-point had come. Sober, serious, workaday Isaiah was no more; in his stead reigned Reggie, the taker of chances.

Lack of harmony with his surroundings makes for many a man's unhappiness. Reggie was out of harmony. He did not fit in with the life about him as had Isaiah. The work on his little farm became irksome to him. He longed for something, vaguely. The longer he pondered, the more certain he became of what it was that called him. There was no answer to the call in Bayfield—between county fair seasons, at least. When the realization finally came to Reggie, he made arrangements to rent his house, packed his few good clothes in a big, old-fashioned trunk, and departed cityward.

As he was fully determined to make chance his lodestar, it was quite in keeping with his new philosophy that he was led to Delphine Daly's boarding-house by haphazard. On the afternoon of his arrival he was walking down a quiet side street, trying to decide at which particular house he should apply for a room. As all the houses were practically identical, and most of them displayed signs that offered shelter of some kind, this took time. He had almost made up his mind when he came into violent contact with a rather excessively well-dressed man, who, instead of resenting the awkwardness, smiled genially.

"Excuse me!" apologized Reggie, a trifle breathlessly. "I was so intent on finding a boarding-place that I didn't see you." He took a few steps, and hesitated. "Could you direct me somewhere?" he asked, with the sudden wistfulness of the stranger.

The man shot a quick, keen glance at him that took in every detail. He nodded once, and rushed into voluble speech:

"I sure can! Delphine Daly's is a corking good place, believe me! She makes it her business to let other people's business strictly alone—that's why I stay there myself. There you are—next house. So long! Hope to see you at dinner," he concluded, waving his hand genially as he hurried away.

When Mrs. Daly, with great swishing of skirts, advanced to greet him in the dark little parlour, Reggie felt surging up within him a sudden, unreasoning dislike for her. She was a type that he had never encountered. Her eyes seemed to him too black, too snapping; her skin, too white, except where it was too artificially red; and her grace was too catlike. Tall though she was, he towered above her, grim, a trifle defiant.

"You have wished to see me?" she purred in a voice that held the same feline quality as her movements.

Delphine Daly was no whit different from the Delphine LaChance, who, years before, had married genial, big-hearted Larry Daly, the politician. She was a milliner's apprentice then, fresh from Paris, irresponsible, unmoral, superficially loving, inwardly shrewd and cold; and every drop of blood in her lithe body was French. Eventually, she broke the great big heart that had been exchanged in its entirety for one tiny, tiny little corner of her own. Larry had been happy with her for a year; then he doubted; then he knew; then he died—of drink, the doctors agreed.

She looked up at her tall visitor, and repeated:

"You have wished to see me?" As she spoke, her brows arched, her shoulders rose slightly, and her hands supplicated.

"About a room," said Reggie brusquely.

"But certainly! Will you give yourself the trouble to follow me?" She glided into the hall with swishing accompaniment, and Reggie followed, frowning.

On the floor above, she threw open the door of a front room. It was light, attractive, and well furnished. She entered, throwing a quick, shrewd glance over her shoulder.

"How much?" asked Reggie.

As he heard the price, his brows came together in sharp perplexity. He was too unsophisticated to know whether it was for a month or for a week, and he would not put himself at a disadvantage by asking.

"I like the room," he began hesitatingly; "but—"

Mrs. Daly interrupted: "I must crave pardon, but I am very, very busy this afternoon. With your permission I shall call my daughter; she can show you another room that perhaps—" She ended the sentence with her expressive shrug and moved sinuously toward the stair. Mounting a little way, she called, "Julie!" She came back in a moment, a mocking smile on her over-red lips.

"My daughter," she announced, "will come presently." Then she withdrew.

Reggie was not particularly interested. He moved to a window and gazed at the houses across the street. "Guess I'll get out," he muttered. "I don't like Mrs. Daly, and she must have meant by the week, and—"

A sound from the doorway made him turn. A girl with wide, questioning eyes was standing there looking at him intently.

"And I think I'll take a chance," continued Reggie, aloud. "I'll stay, anyway."

"What a relief!" breathed the girl raptly, crossing her hands on her

breast in a truly dramatic gesture.

A very flower of a girl was Julie. Slim and tall she was and graceful with the grace of youth; and her hair was the blackest black, and her eyes the merriest, frankest blue except when their dark lashes were partly lowered over them, and they took on the hue of a threatening storm-cloud. And her lips were of the richest red that health can give.

Reggie gazed at her, dazzled as by an upward glance at noonday. Her beauty was unbelievable. He tried to force his eyes away, but the lure of her face held them helplessly captive. At last, he stammered:

"What's a relief?"

"To find that you're neither bald nor flabby," answered Julie. "All the others are."

"What others?"

"My mother's boarders. She seems to prefer them that way—probably because they're the kind that have money."

"I've got money, too," said the boy whimsically. "I don't know how long it will last; but when it's gone, more will come. I'm lucky, you know."

"Are you a sporting man?" she asked, a faint note of displeasure creeping into her voice.

The question staggered Reggie. He puzzled over it a moment, his eyes on the girl's serious, upturned face.

"I guess," he said uncertainly, "I am."

She shook her head ever so slightly.

"Why did you ask? Do you care?" asked Reggie earnestly.

"I hoped you were wholly different from the others—they are all sporting men, too."

"I am different," cried the boy, taking a quick, impulsive step toward her.

She stood motionless, her hands clasped loosely behind her. There was an impelling force in her eyes that drew him on, until he stood directly before her, his boyish, eager face close to hers.

"Prove it!" she said, checking him with a look that held a nuance of distrust.

A dark flush swept over the boy's face. He retreated a step awkwardly.

"I beg you to believe," he said stiffly, "that you need never fear me."

Julie smiled radiantly. The effect was so bewildering that Reggie straightway doubted his own assertion.

"That's a comfort—if it's true." Her smile faded, and a trace of wistfulness crept into her eyes.

"Of course, it's true!" declared Reggie.

"You *are* different from the others!" cried Julie, and, turning, she fled.

As Reggie came downstairs, he met Mrs. Daly in the lower hall. She gave him the same mocking smile with which she had announced Julie. It irritated him beyond measure because he could not fathom its meaning.

"You like the room?" she asked, eyes, shoulders, and hands absurdly exaggerating the importance of the question.

"I'll stay," said Reggie curtly. "I'm going out to look after my baggage. What time is supper?"

"We have the dinner at seven," replied Mrs. Daly. She came quite close to him, and looked up impishly, her black eyes snapping with mirth. "How very young!" she laughed.

"What do you mean?" asked Reggie, drawing himself up with excessive dignity.

"To make it so very plain," she purred, "that you cared not to stay when her poor old *maman* showed you the room, and then decided so quick when Julie—" She checked herself, laughing silently. "There, go! I forgive you!" she cried.

Reggie stalked to the front door, opened it, passed out, and slammed it behind him with unnecessary violence. He knew now the meaning of the mocking smile. The more he saw of Mrs. Daly, the greater was his aver-

sion for her. Nevertheless, he returned in time for dinner.

The boy entered the dining-room a little late. A feeling of acute embarrassment swept over him as he saw that he was the only one not in evening clothes. Mrs. Daly, presiding at the head of the long table, was resplendent in a daring sartorial combination of black and scarlet. She was talking animatedly to a stout man of fifty, or thereabout, who regarded her sleepily with heavy-lidded eyes. As she saw Reggie standing helplessly in the doorway, she said, with a certain graciousness:

"I have placed you beside your friend, Mr. Fenn."

Reggie followed her glance, and recognized the genial man whom he had accosted in the afternoon. As the boy sank into the chair beside him, Fenn exclaimed heartily:

"Glad to have you with us! I told Delphine you were a friend of mine. If there's any way I can help you, just let me know."

Reggie thanked him with a word and lapsed into silence. He looked around the table in wonder. It was all so new to him, so strange. Apart from Mrs. Daly, there were only two women, one rather oldish, the other rather youngish. They did not seem to count. The conversation was entirely of man's affairs. Money was mentioned often—and chance, at which Reggie pricked up his ears. The men all looked like ready money—of the easy come, easy go variety. Also he noticed that they were all either bald or flabby—or both. He started as the thought came to him—he recalled Julie. She had remarked on that fact. He wondered where she was. Evidently she did not take her meals with her mother's sporty guests. Perhaps Mrs. Daly forbade it. Perhaps she herself—

Fenn turned suddenly from his other neighbour, with whom he had been discussing the advisability of passing a jack-pot with openers only, and addressed the boy.

"Got a job?" he asked in his quick, abrupt manner.

Reggie shook his head.

"Hunting one?"

"No," Reggie answered smilingly.

"What are you doing in Montreal?"

"Just taking a chance."

Fenn turned squarely in his chair and studied the smiling face for a moment. Little crinkles of amusement gathered about his keen eyes. He smiled, chuckled, and burst into a good-humoured laugh.

"Say, Kid, you're all right!" he said in a low voice. "I see where you and I are going to be friends. Got a date for to-night?"

Reggie shook his head.

"Come to my room after dinner and we'll make plans."

"When the meal was over, Reggie hurried to his room, and commenced to unpack his simple belongings. He was regarding with critical eyes a coat that had seemed perfectly good in Bayfield, when his door opened, and Fenn bustled in unceremoniously.

"Come into my room, and let's get acquainted," he breezed. "Too early to go out yet."

The boy looked at his watch, and smiled whimsically. He followed the other across the hall with a feeling of exhilaration. According to Bayfield customs, it was already long past bedtime—and his evening had not yet commenced! In Fenn's room he looked about him wonderingly. There were clothes scattered about in every available place—clothes, the like of which he had never seen before. They were all of good material, well made, but gay, gay. His host gathered up a heterogeneous collection of ornate waistcoats and screaming neckties from an easy chair, and bade him be comfortable. Sitting down on the edge of the bed, he said abruptly:

"I like your ways, boy. You don't blat your business all over. But, if we're going to be friends, loosen up a bit. There's something queer about it, somewhere."

Although his manner was genial, the eyes that he fastened on his visitor's face were shrewdly boring. Very little escaped their steady gaze. Reggie gave a little laugh, in which there was a hint of embarrassment.

"There's little to tell that's interesting," he demurred.

"Go ahead," urged the other.

Bit by bit, hesitatingly, the boy told of his life in Bayfield, the blankness, the monotony of it. He told of his two years at the seminary, of his daily tasks on the little farm. Then came his father's death, which he hurried over in a hushed voice. And then the horse trot.

"And that's the reason I'm here," he explained vaguely. "It was the first chance I'd ever taken—and you don't know how it took hold of me!"

The flicker of a smile showed in Fenn's gray eyes. He nodded his head.

"You see," continued the boy, "I didn't belong there after that. It got into my blood, somehow. I wanted to take another chance—and another. That's why I'm here—I told you so before."

"Would you like to have me show you around?" asked Fenn abruptly.

The boy nodded, his eyes widening.

"Ever play poker?"

"A few times at the seminary—for matches."

"I'll take you around to a joint that I know pretty well," said Fenn, rising and slipping on his overcoat. "Get your hat. I'll meet you downstairs."

The light of a new day was growing in the sky when Reggie parted from Fenn with an understanding nod, and stole noiselessly into his own room. The night seemed like a dream to the boy, as he stood at the window looking out at the awakening street. He thrust his hands into his pockets and, touching a mass of loosely-wadded bills, knew that the experience was real. He had enjoyed every exciting moment of the tense play.

Strange to say, he had taken his success for granted; it had left him outwardly cool. He was flattered by the recollection of Fenn's admiring, half-bantering comments as they walked home together in the chill of the dawn. Hastily throwing off his clothes, he tumbled into bed, and sank straightway into the deep sleep of youth.

When he awoke at noon, a feeling of unreality possessed him. He asked himself if there could possibly be in store a repetition of the thrills that the previous night had held. Fenn had said that it was his daily, or rather, nightly life. The genial gambler proved his assertion to be no idle boast. There followed a succession of hectic, feverish nights and somnolent, idle days. The very novelty of it all gripped the boy, held him fascinated. When his quick mind was not busy figuring out some theory of chance, he thought of Julie. Occasionally he met her during the afternoon engaged in some household duty. She always answered his sallies with a bright little smile; and always she left him with a questioning look in her eyes.

One evening Reggie was in Fenn's room as had become his custom after dinner. The two were so engrossed in a discussion over the value of a nine-spot as a hole-card that the time slipped by unnoticed. Suddenly the gambler looked at his watch.

"Eleven o'clock!" he exclaimed. "What d'you know about that! Going out to-night, kid?"

"Sure thing!" cried Reggie.

He flew to his room, thrilling with anticipation. A whole evening at home had become an impossibility. He grabbed his hat, turned out the lights, and hurried into the hall. From below came the sound of Fenn's loud, genial voice in bantering conversation with Mrs. Daly. The boy had reached the landing, when he heard a light step behind him. Turning, he saw Julie mounting the rear stairway.

"Going to bed?" he asked over his shoulder.

She nodded as she came toward him. "It's about time isn't it?" she said quizzically.

He turned to face her, forgetting his engagement for the moment in the witchery of her presence. Leaning toward her, he said:

"I wasn't quite truthful in what I told you the other day."

"What about?" Her eyes were grave as she raised them to his.

"I told you that you need never fear me." He laughed unsteadily. "But I guess you didn't quite believe me."

He took her in his arms, and drew her toward him. A look of bewilderment, of wonder, crossed her face as she yielded herself to him. As their lips met, her eyes, black in the half-light, burned into his. Then, her round young arms crept about his neck.

"Coming, kid?" called Fenn.

"All right," cried Reggie.

He reached up and drew the girl's hands from his shoulders, kissed her again, and ran down the stairs. He looked back once, and saw her standing there, one hand on the banister, the other pressed to her breast. The look of wonder was still in her eyes as she gazed after him.

The next day Reggie awoke to the sound of Fenn's voice calling: "Hey, kid! One o'clock! If we're going to the races, we've got to hustle!"

He jumped out of bed, and dressed in a tearing hurry, impatient to commence the day's activities. He was about to leave the room when a timid knock came to the door. Throwing the door open, he beheld Julie, standing before him with downcast eyes.

"Hello!" he exclaimed, his face lighting at sight of her. "Good morning!"

"Good afternoon," she corrected reproachfully. "My mother sent me to ask if you were ill—or anything. It's so late!"

"No, thanks," he answered; "I'm

all right." Then, clearing his throat, he stammered: "Are you angry at me?"

She raised her eyes, regarding him a bit wistfully. "No," she said.

"Then, may I call you Julie? I can't pronounce it the way your mother does."

"Of course, you may," she said, with a half-sad little smile. "That sounds queer—'Jule'—I like it."

"If you're not angry," persisted Reggie, "what makes you so sorrowful?"

"Just lonely, I guess." She looked away hastily.

"You peach!" exclaimed the boy, under his breath. "Look here! Will you go to the theatre with me to-night?"

"Julie's expression changed as though a sudden ray of sunlight had crossed her face. Her eyes danced; she smiled her radiant smile.

"How lovely!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands in a girlish gesture.

"Your mother won't object?" asked Reggie eagerly.

The gladness faded from the girl's face. Her eyes grew sombre. "My mother? Object? No; I don't believe she would care," she said, a hint of bitterness in her voice.

When Reggie came home, his spirits were soaring. He had made a killing at the races, much to the discomfiture of Fenn, whose advice he had wholly disregarded. During dinner he was unable to think of anything but his engagement. The business of the day over, he was impatient for the evening's pleasure. He left the table before the others, and bounded upstairs two steps at a time. As he ran along the hall toward his room, Julie came down the stairs from the upper floor to meet him. She wore a light, clinging gown, and a big, floppy hat, a combination so alluring that Reggie gasped at sight of her.

"Jule, you darling!" he exclaimed. "I feel like having the time of my life to-night! And you?"

She caught the contagion of his buoyant mood, and nodded, her eyes gleaming with excitement. "Let's run!" she breathed.

Together they flew down-stairs and out into the night life of the city, young, irresponsible, riotously happy. It was long past midnight when they returned. Evidently Mrs. Daly was not a stern parent.

As the autumn merged into winter, and Reggie became more at home in his new surroundings, he gradually broke away from the guidance of Fenn. The boy had learned all that the older man could teach him. He was developing beyond the point where a ten-dollar limit held thrills. He longed for bigger chances than sitting in at stud-poker and waiting for cinches. The stock-market called him; and there Fenn could be of no assistance to him whatever. The genial gamester had a holy horror of stock gambling. He was shrewd enough to realize his limitations; his mentality was sufficient to guide him through the intricacies of his nightly poker game, but beyond that he dared not take a chance with real money. Reggie, therefore, cultivated the acquaintance of some of the older men whom he had met at Mrs. Daly's. Following the tips that they gave him gratuitously, he made a few shoe-string ventures on margin that were mildly successful. These only served to whet his appetite for more.

The greatest factor in the boy's life at this time that evidenced the ascendancy of the faulty moral standards that he had inherited from his mother was his attitude toward Julie. He regarded her as his property—to do with as he wished. Her own actions fostered this attitude of his. Was she not always at his beck and call? Did she not always greet him with a smile of gladness, and welcome his least suggestion eagerly? And were not her kisses his for the taking? There was one aspect of his affair with her that caused him

worry: He was taking more than he gave in return. He was not concerned with such ethical questions as whether the feeling she had for him was not finer, higher than that with which he reciprocated. This never entered his head, which was only natural in view of the life that he was leading. His compunction was on material grounds only. He was taking up a certain amount of her time; he demanded her companionship whenever he felt that her presence would be pleasurable rather than otherwise, and would not interfere with his other activities. And for this surrender of herself he gave nothing in return—or practically nothing. He felt that he should pay. How? As he asked himself the question, the answer came instantaneously. One thing he had learned since coming to the city, and he had learned it well: Debts must be paid with something of value, and the only thing of value was money.

He was pondering his debt to Julie one evening as he was bringing her home from the theatre. Silent and preoccupied, he entered the house with her, trying to determine how he should broach the subject. She had started slowly up the stairs toward her room, when he called her back. Unhesitatingly, as always, she came to him and nestled her head on his shoulder with a little sigh of content as if she were tired.

"Jule," he began, "there's something I want to say—" He checked himself as he caught a slight sound from above. Looking up, he saw Mrs. Daly standing on the stairway and regarding him with a cynical gaze. She raised her hand in mock depreciation.

"Boys will be boys," she purred—"and girls, girls!"

Upon which she silently disappeared.

At sound of her mother's voice, Julie tore herself free. She stood before Reggie, abashed, a stricken look in her eyes.

"Never mind, Jule!" said the boy awkwardly. "Your mother doesn't care."

"Care!" she said tensely. "Care! No; that's just it!" She covered her face with her hands, and choked back a sob. Then, turning abruptly, she flew up-stairs.

For a time Reggie saw comparatively little of Julie. The episode on the stairway had embarrassed him; he could not reconcile himself to Mrs. Daly's attitude. Some weeks elapsed before he had become sufficiently hardened to it to pass it off with a cynical comment to the effect that a virtuous daughter must indeed be an intolerable burden to a woman of Mrs. Daly's stamp. At the same time, he decided off-hand that Mrs. Daly had never been called upon to bear that burden.

Reggie's days were entirely taken up with apocryphal sales and purchases in brokers' offices. Sometimes he guessed wrongly; but more often his innate shrewdness brought him out ahead of the game. Little by little he accumulated a sum that took him out of the shoe-string class, a sum that constituted a lever potent enough to pry the doors off the treasure-house. There came a day when he used that lever to advantage in pyramiding his winnings on a succession of "short" sales, made on perilously close margins, while the market was temporarily reeling, tumbling downward.

When he cashed in at the end of that epochal day, he felt the same sense of elation that had come over him as he collected his eight-fold winnings from the bookmakers at Bayfield. He had taken a perilous chance—and had won out! He had more money than he ever dreamed could be made in a day—it was real money, and he had it with him. A feeling of power possessed him; he felt there was absolutely nothing that he was unable to buy. Into his mind rushed the thought of Julie, and of his debt to her. He could pay it now.

In fact, he could afford to increase the debt. His hot young blood pounded through his veins, whipped into racing measure by the suggestion that his all-potent money whispered to him. Dashing out of the glittering restaurant where he had dined with the acquaintance whose tip had made his winnings a possibility, he hailed a taxicab, and sped homeward.

Chance favoured his impatience; he met Julie in the hallway near his door.

"Jule!" he cried excitedly, "I must have a talk with you! Come into my room!"

He unlocked his door and entered. Julie hesitated on the threshold; it was the first time that she had crossed it since the day of the boy's arrival.

"Shut the door!" commanded Reggie as he snapped on the lights.

She obeyed docilely, her eyes fixed on his gravely. She stood against the casing, her hands clasped loosely before her. Reggie paced up and down, his exultation mounting with each passing moment. Suddenly he stopped and faced her.

"Jule!" he said, his voice breaking—"Jule, I've made a killing! I've got it to burn! I've got it in bunches—in wads! And there's more where that came from; believe me!" He thrust his hand into an inner pocket and brought forth a package of bills, strapped about the centre with a band of heavy paper. "Here, catch!" he cried, tossing the bundle toward her.

Julie's eyes did not leave his face. The money struck her breast, and fell at her feet unheeded.

"And catch again!" cried Reggie, his eyes burning with a feverish light. He threw another package, wildly, this time. It struck the woodwork above her head, and bursting, showered her with yellow notes.

Julie shivered slightly as the paper fluttered about her, and swirled to the floor. "I should say you had made a killing," she remarked casually. She thrust out a slim foot and touched the money before her reluct-

antly with the toe of her slipper. Then, her eyes widening with sudden fear, she asked:

"But just what is all this for?"

"What's it for?" cried Reggie. "What's it for? It's for you! The lure of you is in my blood, Jule of the pretty eyes! At last, I can pay for you! That's what it's for!"

Julie stiffened, and her face went white. She groped behind her with her hands as if seeking support. "You want—to buy me?" she asked, a dull anguish in her voice.

"That's what!"

"You can't!" she moaned. "You can't!"

The boy looked from her drawn face to the money on the floor, and shook his head unbelievably. He had learned his lesson: Money was all-powerful. There was nothing it could not do. He was certain of it!

"Don't you understand?" cried Julie, throwing out her hands in a supplicating gesture. "How can you buy what is already yours?"

"Mine?" he said, dazed. "Mine?"

"Are you blind? Can't you see? I'm yours—all yours—on any terms except *that*!" She pointed to the little heap at her feet.

"I didn't know!" stammered Reggie, abashed.

"Oh, there are lots of things you don't know!" she cried. "You don't know how I've fought, and fought, all my life! Then you came—and I was glad that I had fought! Perhaps, you don't know that it was my first kiss that I gave you. You don't know—"

"Jule!" Reggie grasped her arm in a clasp that made her wince with the pain of it. "Look at me, Jule!" he cried hoarsely. Then, as she raised her eyes to his, eyes as guileless and frank as the noonday, despite the tears that swam in them: "Jule! You're a good girl!"

"I'm not!" she sobbed. "I'm not! How could I be? I'm not—" she choked over the word—"not dirty!"

"You're good!" exulted the boy,

not heeding the denial. "You're good!" he repeated in awed wonder. "And I—" His face became gray and haggard at the thought. The shock of it left him horror-stricken. "O God!" he prayed; "forgive me!"

He turned from her in silent misery, his soul sick within him. The leaven of righteousness that was his legacy from the upright, clean-living man, whom he had loved, urged him to repentance.

Julie laid her hand on his arm, a tender light in her blue eyes. "I forgive," she whispered.

"I dare ask no more," said Reggie humbly.

He regarded her wistfully, longingly, a question trembling on his lips. He brushed his hand across his eyes; then, a yearning note in his voice, he said:

"I know a place that is clean with the breath of the winds from the hills. There stands a house that is mine—it belonged to my father before me. Around it are fields that will soon be covered with green. They call to me in their peacefulness. There we might have lived, Jule—and worked and loved and prayed—together."

Julie crept close to him, wide-eyed, drinking in his words.

"But it's too late!" said the boy bitterly. "It's too late!"

"No!" she cried in passionate denial. "It's not!"

A sudden hope lighted Reggie's eyes. "Jule!" he breathed. "Jule! Do you mean it? Will you come with me out into the sunshine?"

"I am ready," she murmured.

The boy's face became glorified. He took a quick step toward her, and faltered. She had suddenly become too precious to be touched. He turned to the door and opened it.

"Come!" he said gently.

At the foot of the stairway she left him, vanishing in the gloom.

"To-morrow, Jule!" he breathed.

In the stillness, her answer floated back to him, fraught with promise.

"To-morrow, Isaiah!"

THE INTERPRETATION OF VISCOUNT MORLEY

BY J. C. SUTHERLAND

LITERARY as distinguished from general biography is, perhaps, more esteemed in this age than it was in any previous period. This increased interest in the careers of poets and men of letters generally probably began for the English race with Boswell's Johnson. It is certainly within a century that we have learned sincerely and deeply to lament the fact that there was no Boswell for our Shakespeare. In the last fifty years, particularly, there has been a remarkably eager demand for authoritative biographies of the men of letters who passed away just before or during that period; and from Trevelyan's "Macaulay" down to the "Letters" of George Meredith there has been notably high production in this line. The motives of the more general interest in literary biography are, of course, various and complex. No doubt with many, curiosity with regard to the inner personality of men long before the public is the principal motive. Carlyle, for instance, had been in evidence in the newspapers for many years with thousands of people who had never taken the trouble to read or study his books. Stories both of his humour and of his brusqueness had been frequent, and most people had come to think that they knew the man Carlyle from this amount of evidence. There was another Carlyle, however, of stranger and sterner stuff to be revealed in the

"Reminiscences"—one biography, at least, from which the public recoiled with a shock. In the case of Darwin, on the other hand, who may be rightly classed as a man of letters as well as scientist, biography revealed a personality far simpler and grander than the general public had imagined.

There is, however, a just and critical value of the highest importance in literary biography, even when it is as "injudicious" as Mr. Froude's treatment of Carlyle in the "Reminiscences" and as the four volumes of the "Life" were judged at the time to be. It has its interpretative purposes, and even the foibles of genius have their significance. Biography, it is true, is not always absolutely essential to the full grasp of a writer's general philosophy. It would be a great help if Shakespeare had written to a friend explaining the full meaning of Hamlet's character, and this letter had been preserved, but the two volumes of Huxley's "Life and Letters," although intensely interesting, and full of charm, are not needed for the interpretation of Huxley's scientific and philosophical works. Darwin's biography was not needed as an interpretation of Darwinism, even although it exhibited the vast patience and the true scientific spirit with which he pursued his observations and experiments. The "Letters" of Matthew Arnold throw no new light upon "Literature and

Dogma." Both the negative and positive sides of Arnold's religious philosophy are displayed in the work which Professor Saintsbury has unduly dispraised. The "Letters" only showed that Matthew Arnold had a very much harder struggle in life than most of us supposed, and that at times he could be as unreasonable about some things as the rest of us. "Literature and Dogma," however, was complete in itself. There could be no doubt whatever of the fact that he had vigorously rejected some fundamentals of orthodoxy, and that, on the other hand, he intensely believed not only that "conduct is the three-fourths of life," but that Israel, to the general benefit of all later generations, had, more than any other people, loved righteousness and pursued it. Matthew Arnold interprets himself.

Of writers still living, and of those who were contemporary with him during the last forty years, and who, like him, have dealt with religious and philosophical questions, none has been clearer in exposition than Lord Morley. No one, therefore, would seem to be in less need of special interpretation. But the popular estimate of his relation to religious criticism was, thirty years ago at any rate, crudely wide of the facts, thanks to the vigour of counter criticisms; and even to-day the general impression on this point is probably vague. He was and is regarded chiefly as a "denying spirit" in religious questions. The negative side of his work has received most emphasis with the general public—the fact that there are positive elements in it is hardly known.

That there are negations of large import in his works is, of course, certain, but it should be equally well known that this profound thinker and profound historical student, possessed of remarkable independence of mind, had produced towards the close of the nineteenth century a body of critical work which stands in marked contrast with that of Gibbon at the

close of the eighteenth century, in its relations to the Christian religion. The martyr, the missionary, and the realities of the Christian life are of as intense interest to Lord Morley as they were of supreme indifference to Gibbon. He is as distinctly constructive in spirit as the eighteenth century was destructive. Yet we gather this from a body of critical thought in which the personal element is never obtruded. Nowhere in his critical works does Lord Morley afford what may be called those intimate confidences which mark the work of his friend Matthew Arnold. No preface confesses or explains a viewpoint; no bibliography is offered which might suggest "tendencies."

In the two volumes on Rousseau, the two volumes on Diderot, the one volume on Voltaire, and the one volume "On Compromise," it is the laws and principles of pure criticism which the reader knows that he is asked to consider, and not the features of a personality. Invited or not, however, the student of the foregoing works of Lord Morley finds the personal question an interesting one, and discovers himself at each reading instinctively making quantitative estimates of the positive and negative elements. Whether the future biographer of Lord Morley—whose duties let us hope may be long delayed—will throw added light upon the positive character of his religious thought or not, cannot now be determined, but there are certain clear indications in his published works which are worth considering in this connection.

In the first place it is to be noted that his principal critical volumes were published between forty and thirty years ago, a time when, owing to the active reconstruction of the whole machinery of thought caused by the wider outlook of science, it was almost the general fashion to regard positive assertion in things religious and philosophical as a false note. The ready reckoner, to use Carlyle's ear-

lier phrase, was actually being tested. Certainty in science, but uncertainty in philosophy was the watchword; and the principle reached its high-water-mark a little later in Mr. Balfour's "Foundations of Belief." The reaction against agnosticism with which we are now familiar had hardly begun. But there is no poised hesitation in Lord Morley. The large dossiers of his subjects had been thoroughly and keenly examined, and independent judgments were rendered. To him the fundamental bases of thought, critical and philosophical, were firm and reliable. The progress of modern science had compelled their re-statement in modern terms, but they were still valid, and, moreover, still powerful. Man is man, and was man long before modern investigation had thrown its great light upon the origin of his complex nature. Darwinian biology had called for an immense reconstruction of thought in all lines, but it was not necessarily a relentless besom of destruction. The critic could still go forward in unperturbed confidence.

Mr. Huxley once explained that he had invented and adopted the label of Agnostic because everybody else had a label and he had none. Lord Morley has not labelled himself, and he would be hard to classify by the mere process of balancing accounts between affirmation and denial. In one chapter of "Compromise" he says:

"It is no object of ours to bridge over the gulf between belief in the vulgar theology and disbelief. Nor for a single moment do we pretend that, when all the points of contact between virtuous belief and virtuous disbelief are made the most of that good faith will allow, there will not still and after all remain a terrible controversy between those who cling passionately to all the consolations, mysteries, personalities, of the orthodox faith, and us who have made up our minds to face the worst, and to shape, as best we can, a life in which

the cardinal verities of the common creed shall have no place."

Yet in the same chapter, and almost preceding the foregoing words, we are given a more cheerful outlook:

"Christianity was the least great religious synthesis. It is the one nearest to us. Nothing is more natural than that those who cannot rest content with intellectual analysis, while awaiting the advent of the Saint Paul of the humanitarian faith of the future, should gather up provisionally such fragmentary illustrations of this new faith as are to be found in the records of the old. Whatever form may be ultimately imposed on our vague religious aspirations by some prophet to come, who shall unite sublime depth of feeling and lofty purity of life with strong intellectual grasp and the gift of a noble eloquence, we may at least be sure of this, that it will stand as closely related to Christianity as Christianity stood closely related to the old Judaic dispensation. It is commonly assumed that the rejecters of the popular religion stand in face of it, as the Christian stood in face of the pagan belief and pagan rites in the Empire. The analogy is inexact. The modern denier, if he is anything better than that, or entertains hopes of a creed to come, is nearer to the position of the Christianizing Jew. Science, when she has accomplished all her triumphs in her own order, will still have to go back, when the time comes, to assist in the building up of a new creed by which men can live. The builders will have to seek material in the purified and sublimated ideas, of which the confessions and rites of the Christian churches have been the grosser expression. Just as what was once the new dispensation was preached *a Judaëis ad Judaëos apud Judaëos*, so must the new that is to be, find a Christian teacher and Christian hearers. It can hardly be other than an expression, a development, a readaptation, of all the moral and spiritual

truth that lay hidden under the worn-out forms. It must be such a harmonizing of the truth with our intellectual conceptions as shall fit it to be an active guide to conduct. In a world *'where men sit and hear each other groan, where but to think is to be full of sorrow,'* it is hard to imagine a time when we shall be indifferent to that sovereign legend of Pity. We have to incorporate it in some wider gospel of Justice and Progress."

Those words were written in the seventies of the last century, the time when the reconstructed Religion of Humanity was offered, to use the auctioneer's phrase, by several hands at once. John Morley, however, was not one of those who came forward with proposed formularies, and it was only Sir Oliver Lodge's recent example which reminded us all that some years ago there had been greater activity in that direction than we are now accustomed to. Since that earlier time there has been a change in the direction of constructive thought. Not more, but certainly not less, courageously do we follow the motto from Archbishop Whately prefixed to the volume "On Compromise": "It makes all the difference in the world whether we put Truth in the first place or in the second place." We have been "facing the worst," for one thing, by a widespread attention to the results of that Higher Criticism and modernist interpretation which many of us believe have gone far to restore the true lineaments and the ever deeper truth of Christianity. And it is just here that we believe that the critical work of Lord Morley helps, on its positive side, to show the true scope and possibilities of religious criticism. The chapter on religion in his "Voltaire" is, again, a difficult combination of affirmation and denial, if one desires quantitative statements, but it points the way in more than one paragraph to those principles which we believe are now operating with great force to attach

thinking men more than ever to the "consolations, mysteries, personalities" of the Christian religion, even although it has never been so widely realized among mankind that our spiritual as well as our moral conceptions have been subject to the law of development.

The "Voltaire" volume opens with the declaration that "when the right sense of historical proportion is more fully developed in men's minds, the name of Voltaire will stand out like the names of the great decisive movements in the European advance, like the Revival of Learning, of the Reformation." His individual genius "changed the mind and spiritual conformation of France, and in a less degree of the whole of the West, with as far-spreading and invincible an effect as if the work had been wholly done, as it was actually aided, by the sweep of deep-lying collective forces. A new type of belief, and of its shadow, disbelief, was stamped by the impression of his character and work into the intelligence of his own and the following times. We may think of Voltairism in France somewhat as we think of Catholicism or the Renaissance or Calvinism. It was one of the cardinal liberations of the growing race, one of the emphatic manifestations of some portion of the minds of men, which an immediately foregoing system and creed had either ignored or outraged." This text is expanded into some forty pages of eloquent defence and apotheosis, but the rest of the work, following the biographical record in its several aspects, is more measured and critical. The chapter on Religion is a careful analysis of the Voltairean attack, and of the motives and circumstances which prompted it. The attack is, also, in general defended, with such due allowances, for instance, as the fact that in so far as it was prompted by the need of asserting the right of Toleration, it would have been unnecessary if the same doctrines which prevailed in England at that time on

the subject had also prevailed in France. In general, however, the defence is relentless; but relentless as it is there is one striking passage which again clearly illustrates the positive tendencies of Lord Morley's mind:

"It is necessary to admit from the point of view of impartial criticism, that Voltaire had one defect of character, of extreme importance in a leader of this memorable and direct attack. With all his enthusiasm for things noble and lofty, generous and compassionate, he missed the peculiar emotion of holiness, the soul and life alike of the words of Christ and Saint Paul, that indefinable secret of the long hold of mystic superstition over so many high natures, otherwise entirely prepared for the brightness of the rational day. From this impalpable essence which magically surrounds us with the mysterious and subtle atmosphere of the unseen, changing distances and proportions, adding new faculties of sight and purpose, extinguishing the flames of disorderly passion in a flood of truly divine aspiration, we have to confess that the virtue went out in the presence of Voltaire. To admire Voltaire, cried a man who detested him, is the sign of a corrupt heart, and if anybody is drawn to his works, then be very sure that God does not love such a one. The truth of which is, that so vehement a paraphrase amounts to this, that Voltaire has said no word, nor ever shown an indirect appreciation of any word said by another, which stirs or expands the emotional susceptibility, indefinite exultation, and far-swelling inner harmony, which De Maistre and others have known as the love of God, and for which a better name, as covering most varieties of form and manifestation, is holiness, deepest of all the words that defy definition. Though the affronts which his reason received from certain pretensions, both in the writers and in some of those whose actions they commemorated, this sublime trait

in the Bible, in both portions of it, was unhappily lost to Voltaire. He had no ear for the finer vibrations of the spiritual voice."

We are not concerned here with the character of some of the undertones in this passage which may have an unpleasant sound to those who believe that the only safeguard of faith is the maintenance of strict standards. To such Christians, indeed, we would rather commend the words which were written a few years before by the author of "Eccle Homo":

"Compare the ancient with the modern world; 'Look on this picture and on that.' One broad distinction in the character of men forces itself into prominence. Among all the men of the ancient heathen world there were scarcely one or two to whom we might venture to apply the epithet 'holy.' In other words, there were not more than one or two, if any, who besides being virtuous in their actions, were possessed with an unaffected enthusiasm of goodness, and besides abstaining from vice regarded even a vicious thought with horror. Probably no one will deny that in Christian countries this higher-toned goodness, which we call holiness, has existed. Few will maintain that it has been exceedingly rare. Perhaps the truth is that there has scarcely been a town in any Christian country since the time of Christ where a century has passed without exhibiting a character of such elevation that his mere presence has shamed the bad and made the good better, and has been felt at times like the presence of God Himself. And if this be so, has Christ failed? or can Christianity die?"

Our purpose has been served, however, in indicating, if incompletely, the fact that there are constructive elements in Lord Morley's critical work, which are of service in a period of synthesis, even although particular applications of his thought may go beyond the original intention and mind of the critic.

WIND AND FOAM

(TO PHYLLIS)

By ALFRED GORDON

WE were only just boy and girl, Love,
And nothing of ill was done;
And you came from the waves like a naiad,
And laughing you ran in the sun.

I was nothing to you but a boy, Love,
And what did I understand?
You were swift and straight as an arrow,
And your feet flew over the sand.

You fled like a startled fawn, Love,
And your limbs were as fair as your face,
Yet though I was only a boy, Love,
I followed not after in chase.

(I had no word for it then, Love,
But I felt you a spirit, and I—
I worshipped, not daring to touch you,
Save with a kiss like a sigh.)

Till you tired and you lay down beside me,
And talked of the sea and the ships,
And I played with your hand and your hair, Love,
And longed all day for your lips.

I can remember your hair, Love,
Remember the light of your eyes,
They were brown (and your lips were red, Love),
Yes, brown and wondrously wise!

I remember so many things, Love,
So little I understand,
But most I remember you flying,
A naiad over the sand.

Yes, Love, you are always flying,
Your hair far out on the wind;
And though my heart break to follow,
I worship you time out of mind!



THE ICE HARVEST

From the Painting by
Maurice Cullen, R.C.A.

Exhibited by the
Royal Canadian
Academy

BROOD OF THE WITCH QUEEN

BY SAX ROHMER

IX—THE ELEMENTAL

I.

THE breakfast-room of Dr. Cairn's house in Half Moon Street presented a cheery appearance, and this despite the gloom of the morning; for thunderous clouds hung low in the sky, and there were distant mutterings ominous of a brewing storm.

Robert Cairn stood looking out of the window. He was thinking of an afternoon at Oxford, when to such an accompaniment as this, he had witnessed the first scene in the drama of evil wherein the man called Antony Ferrara sustained the leading rôle.

That the denouément was at any moment to be anticipated, his reason told him; and some instinct that was not of his reason forewarned him, too, that he and his father, Dr. Cairn, were now upon the eve of that final, decisive struggle which should determine the triumph of good over ill—or evil over good. Already the doctor's house was invested by the uncanny forces marshalled by Antony Ferrara against them. The distinguished patients, who daily flocked to the consulting-room of the celebrated specialist, who witnessed his perfect self-possession and took comfort from his confidence, knowing it for the confidence of strength, little suspected that a greater ill than any flesh is heir to, assailed the doctor to whom they came for healing.

A menace, dreadful and unnatural,

hung over that house as now the thunder clouds hung over it. This well-ordered household, so modern, so typical of twentieth century culture and refinement, presented none of the appearances of a beleaguered garrison; yet the house of Dr. Cairn in Half Moon Street was nothing less than an invested fortress.

A peal of distinct thunder boomed from the direction of Hyde Park. Robert Cairn looked up at the lowering sky as if seeking a portent. To his eye it seemed that a livid face, malignant with the malignancy of a devil, looked down out of the clouds.

Myra Duquesne came into the breakfast-room.

He turned to greet her, and, in his capacity of accepted lover, was about to kiss the tempting lips, when he hesitated—and contented himself with kissing her hand. A sudden sense of the proprieties had assailed him; he reflected that the presence of the girl beneath the same roof as himself—although dictated by imperative need—might be open to misconstruction by the prudish. Dr. Cairn had decided that for the present Myra Duquesne must dwell beneath his own roof, as in feudal days the Baron at first hint of an approaching enemy formerly was accustomed to call within the walls of the castle those whom it was his duty to protect. Unknown to the world, a tremendous battle raged now in London; the outer works were in the possession of the enemy

—and he was now before their very gates.

Myra, though still pale from her recent illness, already was recovering some of the freshness of her beauty, and in her simple morning dress, as she busied herself about the breakfast-table, she was a sweet picture enough, and good to look upon. Robert Cairn stood beside her, looking into her eyes, and she smiled up at him with a happy contentment, which filled him with a new longing. But—

“Did you dream again, last night?” he asked, in a voice which he strove to make matter-of-fact.

Myra nodded—and her face momentarily clouded over.

“The same dream?”

“Yes,” she said in a troubled way; “at least—in some respects—”

Dr. Cairn came in, glancing at his watch.

“Good morning!” he cried, cheerily. “I have overslept myself.”

They took their seats at the table.

“Myra has been dreaming again, sir,” said Robert Cairn slowly.

The doctor, serviette in hand, glanced up with an inquiry in his gray eyes.

“We must not overlook any possible weapon,” he replied. “Give us particulars of your dream, Myra.”

As Marston entered silently with the morning fare, and, having placed the dishes upon the table, as silently withdrew, Myra began:

“I seemed to stand again in the barnlike building which I have described to you before. Through the rafters of the roof I could see the cracks in the tiling, and the moonlight shone through, forming lights and irregular patches upon the floor. A sort of door like that of a stable, with a heavy bar across, was dimly perceptible at the farther end of the place. The only furniture was a large deal table and a wooden chair of a very common kind. Upon the table stood a lamp—”

“What kind of lamp?” jerked Dr. Cairn.

“A silver lamp”—she hesitated, looking from Robert to his father—“one that I have seen in—Antony’s rooms. Its shaded light shone upon a closed iron box. I immediately recognized this box. You know that I described to you a dream which—terrified me the first time that I dreamt it.”

Dr. Cairn nodded, frowning darkly.

“Repeat your account of the former dream,” he said. “I regard it as important.”

“In my former dream,” the girl resumed—and her voice had an odd, far-away quality—“the scene was the same, except that the light of the lamp was shining down upon the leaves of an open book—a very very old book, written in strange characters. These characters appeared to dance before my eyes—almost as though they lived.”

She shuddered slightly, then:

“The same iron box, but open, stood upon the table, and a number of other, smaller boxes, around it. Each of these boxes was of a different material. Some were wooden; one, I think, was of ivory; one was of silver—and one, of some dull metal, which might have been gold. In the chair, by the table, Antony was sitting. His eyes were fixed upon me, with such a strange expression that I awoke, trembling frightfully—”

Dr. Cairn nodded again.

“And last night?” he prompted.

“Last night,” continued Myra, with a note of trouble in her sweet voice, “at four points around this table stood four smaller lamps, and upon the floor were rows of characters apparently traced in luminous paint. They flickered up and then grew dim, then flickered up again, in a sort of phosphorescent way. They extended from lamp to lamp, so as entirely to surround the table and the chair.

“In the chair, Antony Ferrara was sitting. He held a wand in his right hand—a wand with several copper rings about it; his left hand rested upon the iron box. In my dream, al-

though I could see this all very clearly, I seemed to see it from a distance; yet, at the same time, I stood apparently close by the table—I cannot explain. But I could hear nothing; only by the movements of his lips could I tell that he was speaking.”

She looked across at Dr. Cairn as if fearful to proceed, but presently continued:

“Suddenly I saw a frightful shape appear on the far side of the circle—that is to say, the table was between me and this shape. It was just like a gray cloud having the vague outlines of a man, but with two eyes of red fire glaring out from it—horribly—oh, horribly! It extended its shadowy arms as if saluting Antony. He turned and seemed to question it. Then with a look of ferocious anger—oh, it was frightful!—he dismissed the shape, and began to walk up and down beside the table, but never beyond the lighted circle, shaking his fists in the air, and, to judge by the movements of his lips, uttering most awful imprecations. He looked gaunt and ill. I dreamt no more, but awoke conscious of a sensation as though some dead weight, which had been pressing upon me had been suddenly removed.”

Dr. Cairn glanced across at his son significantly, but the subject was not renewed throughout breakfast.

Breakfast concluded.

“Come into the library, Rob,” said Dr. Cairn, “I have half an hour to spare, and there are some matters to be discussed.”

He led the way into the library with its orderly rows of obscure works, its store of forgotten wisdom, and pointed to the red leathern arm-chair. As Robert Cairn settled himself and looked across at his father, who sat at the big writing-table, that scene reminded him of many dangers met and overcome in the past, for the library at Half Moon Street was associated in his mind with some of the blackest pages in the history of Antony Ferrara.

“Do you understand the position, Rob?” asked the doctor abruptly.

“I think so, sir. This I take it is his last card—this outrageous, ungodly thing which he had loosed upon us?”

Dr. Cairn nodded grimly.

“The exact frontier,” he said, “dividing what we may term hypnotism from what we know as sorcery, has yet to be determined; and to which territory the doctrine of elemental spirits belongs it would be purposeless at the moment to discuss. We may note, however, remembering with whom we are dealing, that the one hundred and eighth chapter of the Ancient Egyptian ‘Book of the Dead’ is entitled ‘The Chapter of Knowing the Spirits of the West.’ Forgetting, *pro tem.*, that we dwell in the twentieth century, and looking at the situation from the point of view, say, of Eliphaz Levi, Cornelius Agrippa, or the Abbé de Villars, the man whom we know as Antony Ferrara, is directing against this house, and those within it, a type of elemental spirit, known as a Salamander.”

Robert Cairn smiled slightly.

“Ah!” said the doctor, with an answering smile in which there was little mirth, “we are accustomed to laugh at this mediæval terminology, but by what other can we speak of the activities of Ferrara?”

“Sometimes I think that we are the victims of a common madness,” said his son, raising his hand to his head in a manner almost pathetic.

“We are the victims of a common enemy,” replied his father sternly. “He employs weapons which often enough, in this enlightened age of ours, have condemned poor souls as sane as you or I, to the mad-house! Why in God’s name,” he cried with a sudden excitement, “does science persistently ignore all those laws which cannot be examined in the laboratory? Will the day never come when true men of science shall endeavour to explain the movements of a table upon which a ring of hands

has been placed? Will no exact scientist condescend to examine the properties of a planchette? Will no one do for the phenomena termed thought-forms what Newton did for that of the falling apple? Ah, Rob, in some respects this is a darker age than those which bear the stigma of darkness."

Silence fell for a few moments between them. Then:

"One thing is certain," said Robert Cairn deliberately. "We are in danger! Antony Ferrara, realizing that we are bent upon his destruction, is making a final stupendous effort to compass ours. I know that you have placed certain seals upon the windows of this house, and that after dusk these windows are never opened. I know that imprints, strangely like the imprints of fiery hands, may be seen at this moment upon the casements of Myra's room, your room, my room, and elsewhere. I know that Myra's dreams are not ordinary, meaningless dreams. I have had other evidence. I don't want to analyze these things; I confess that my mind is not capable of the task. I do not even want to know the meaning of it all; at the present *who is Antony Ferrara?*"

Dr. Cairn stood up, and, turning, faced his son.

"The time has come," he said, "when that question which you have asked me so many times before shall be answered. I will tell you all I know, and leave you to form your own opinion. For ere we go any further I assure you that I do not know for certain who he is."

"You have said so before, sir. Will you explain what you mean?"

"When his adoptive father, Sir Michael Ferrara," resumed the doctor, beginning to pace up and down the library, "when Sir Michael and I were in Egypt in the winter of 1893, we conducted certain inquiries in the Fayoum. We camped for over three months beside the Meydum Pyramid. The object of our inquiries

was to discover the tomb of a certain queen. I will not trouble you with the details, which could be of no interest to anyone but an Egyptologist, I will merely say that apart from the name and titles by which she is known to the ordinary students, this queen is also known, to certain inquirers as the Witch-Queen. She was not an Egyptian, but an Asiatic. In short, she was the last high priestess of a cult which became extinct at her death. Her secret mark (I am not referring to a cartouche or anything of that kind) was a spider; it was the mark of the religion or cult which she practised. The high priest of the principle Temple of Ra, during the reign of the Pharaoh who was this queen's husband, was one Hortotel. This was his official position, but secretly he was also the high-priest of the sinister creed to which I have referred. The temple of this religion—a religion allied to black magic—was the mysterious Pyramid of Méydûm.

"So much we knew—or Ferrara knew, and imparted to me, but for any corroborative evidence of this cult's existence we searched in vain. We explored the interior of the pyramid foot by foot, inch by inch—and found nothing. We knew that there was some other apartment in the pyramid, but in spite of our soundings, measurement and laborious excavations, we did not come upon the entrance to it. The tomb of the queen we failed to discover, also, and therefore concluded that her mummy was buried in the secret chamber of the pyramid. We had abandoned our quest in despair, when, excavating in one of the neighbouring mounds, we made a discovery."

He opened a box of cigars, selected one, and pushed the box towards his son. Robert shook his head, almost impatiently, but Dr. Cairn lighted the cigar, ere resuming:

"Directed as I now believe by a malignant will, we blundered upon the tomb of the high priest—"

"You found his mummy?"

"We found his mummy—yes. But, owing to the carelessness—and the fear—of the native labourers, it was exposed to the sun and crumpled—was lost. I would a similar fate had attended the other one which we found!"

"What! Another mummy?"

"We discovered"—Dr. Cairn spoke very deliberately—"a certain papyrus. The translation of this is contained"—he rested the point of his finger upon the writing-table—"in the unpublished book of Sir Michael Ferrara, which lies here. That book, Rob, will never be published now! Furthermore, we discovered the mummy of a child—"

"A child!"

"A boy. Not daring to trust the natives, we removed it secretly at night to our own tent. Before we commenced the task of unwrapping it, Sir Michael—the most brilliant scholar of his age—had proceeded so far in deciphering the papyrus, that he determined to complete his reading before we proceeded further. It contained directions for performing a certain process. This process had reference to the mummy of the child!"

"Do I understand—"

"Already you are discrediting the story! Ah! I can see it! but let me finish. Unaided, we performed this process upon the embalmed body of the child. Then, in accordance with the directions of that dead magician—that accursed, malignant being, who thus had sought to secure for himself a new tenure of evil life—we laid the mummy, treated in a certain fashion, in the King's Chamber of the Méy-dûm Pyramid. It remained there for thirty days, from moon to moon—"

"You guarded the entrance?"

"You may assume what you like, Rob, but I could swear before any jury, that no one entered the pyramid throughout that time. Yet since we were only human, we may have been deceived in this. I have only to add that when at the rising of the new

moon in the ancient Sothic month of Panoi, we again entered the chamber, a living baby, some six months old, perfectly healthy, solemnly blinked up at the lights which we held in our trembling hands!"

Dr. Cairn reseated himself at the table, and turned the chair so that he faced his son. With the smouldering cigar between his teeth he sat, a slight smile upon his lips.

Now it was Robert's turn to rise and begin feverishly to pace the floor.

"You mean, sir, that this infant, which lay in the pyramid was adopted by Sir Michael?"

"Was adopted, yes. Sir Michael engaged nurses for him, reared him here in England, educating him as an Englishman, sent him to a public school, sent him to—"

"To Oxford! Antony Ferrara! What! Do you seriously tell me that this is the history of Antony Ferrara?"

"On my word of honour, boy, that is all I know of Antony Ferrara. Is it not enough?"

"Merciful God! It is incredible!" groaned Robert Cairn.

"From the time that he attained to manhood," said Dr. Cairn evenly, "this adopted son of my poor old friend has passed from crime to crime. By means which are beyond my comprehension, and which alone serve to confirm his supernatural origin, he has acquired—knowledge. According to the Ancient Egyptian beliefs, the *Khu* (or magical powers) of a fully-equipped Adept, at the death of the body, could enter into anything prepared for its reception. According to these ancient beliefs, then, the *Khu* of the high priest Hortotel entered into the body of this infant who was his son, and whose mother was the Witch-Queen, and to-day, in this modern London, a wizard of Ancient Egypt, armed with the lost lore of that magical land, walks amongst us! What that lore is worth, it would be profitless for us to discuss, but that he possesses it—all of it—I know, beyond

doubt. The most ancient and most powerful magical book which has ever existed was the "Book of Thoth."

He walked across to a distant shelf, selected a volume, opened it at a particular page, and placed it on his son's knees.

"Read there!" he said, pointing.

The words seemed to dance before the younger man's eyes, and this was what he read:

"To read two pages enables you to enchant the heavens, the earth, the abyss, the mountains, and the sea; you shall know what the birds of the sky and the crawling things are saying, and when the second page is read, if you are in the world of ghosts, you will grow again in the shape you were on earth."

"Heavens!" whispered Robert Cairn. "Is this the writing of a madman? or can such things possibly be?" He read on:

"This book is in the middle of the river at Koptos, in an iron box—"

"An iron box!" he muttered. "An iron box!"

"So you recognize the iron box?" jerked Dr. Cairn.

His son read on:

"In the iron box is a bronze box, in the bronze box is a sycamore box, in the sycamore box is an ivory and ebony box, in the ivory and ebony box is a silver box, in the silver box is a golden box, and in that is the book. It is twisted all round with snakes and scorpions, and all the other crawling things."

"The man who holds the 'Book of Thoth,'" said Dr. Cairn, break the silence, "holds a power which should only belong to God. The creature who is known to the world as Antony Ferrara holds that book. Do you doubt it? Therefore you know now, as I have known long enough, with what manner of enemy we are fighting. You know that this time it is a fight to the death."

He stopped abruptly, staring out of the window.

A man with a large photographic

camera, standing upon the opposite pavement, was busily engaged in focusing on the house.

"What is this?" muttered Robert Cairn, also stepping to the window.

"It is a link between sorcery and science," replied the doctor. "You remember Ferrara's photographic gallery at Oxford? The Zenana, you used to call it. You remember having seen in his collection photographs of persons who afterwards came to violent ends?"

"I begin to understand."

"Thus far his endeavours to concentrate the whole of the evil forces at his command upon this house have had but poor results, having merely caused Myra to dream strange dreams, clairvoyant dreams, instructive dreams more useful to us than to the enemy, and having results in certain marks upon the outside of the house adjoining the windows—windows which I have sealed in a particular manner. You understand?"

"By means of photographs he concentrates in some way malignant forces upon certain points."

"He focuses his will—yes. The man who can really control his will, Rob, is supreme, below the Godhead. Ferrara can almost do this now. Before he has become wholly proficient—"

"I understand, sir!" snapped his son grimly.

"He is barely of age, boy," Dr. Cairn said, almost in a whisper. "In another year he would menace the world. Where are you going?"

He grasped his son's arm as Robert started for the door.

"That man yonder—"

"Diplomacy, Rob; guile against guile! Let the man do his work, which he does in all innocency; then follow him. Learn where his studio is situated, and from that point proceed to learn—"

"The situation of Ferrara's hiding-place?" cried his son excitedly. "I understand. Of course, you are right, sir."

"I will leave the inquiry in your hands, Rob. Unfortunately, other duties call me."

II.

Robert Cairn entered a photographer's shop in Baker Street.

"You recently arranged to do views of some houses in the West End for a gentleman?" he said to the girl in charge.

"That is so," she replied, after a moment's hesitation. "We did pictures of the house of some celebrated specialist, for a magazine article they were intended. Do you wish us to do something similar?"

"Not at the moment," replied Robert Cairn, smiling slightly. "I merely want the address of your client."

"I do not know that I can give you that," replied the girl doubtfully. "But he will be here about eleven o'clock for proofs, if you wish to see him."

"I wonder if I can confide in you," said Robert Cairn, looking the girl frankly in the eyes.

She seemed rather confused.

"I hope there is nothing wrong," she murmured.

"You have nothing to fear," he replied. "But, unfortunately, there is something wrong, which, however, I cannot explain. Will you promise me not to tell your client—I do not ask his name—that I have been here, or have been making any inquiries respecting him?"

"I think I can promise that," she replied.

"I am much indebted to you."

Robert Cairn hastily left the shop, and began to look about him for a likely hiding-place from whence, unobserved, he might watch the photographer's. An antique furniture dealer's some little distance along the opposite side attracted his attention. He glanced at his watch; it was half-past ten.

If, upon the pretence of examining some of the stock, he could linger in the furniture shop for half an hour,

he would be enabled to get upon the track of Ferrara.

His mind was made up. He walked along and entered the shop. For the next half-hour he passed from item to item of the collection displayed there, surveying each in the leisurely manner of a connoisseur; but always he kept a watch through the window upon the photographer's.

Promptly at eleven o'clock a taxicab drew up at the door, and from it a slim man alighted. He wore, despite the heat of the morning, an overcoat of some woolly material, and in his gait, as he crossed the pavement to enter the shop, there was something revoltingly effeminate—a sort of cat-like grace which had been noticeable in a woman, but which in a man was unnatural, and for some obscure reason sinister.

It was Antony Ferrara!

Even at that distance, and in that brief time, Robert Cairn could see the ivory face, the abnormal red lips, and the long black eyes of this arch-fiend, this monster masquerading as a man. He had much ado to restrain his rising passion, but, knowing that all depended upon his cool action, he waited until Ferrara had entered the photographer's. With a word of apology to the furniture dealer, he passed quickly into Baker Street. Everything rested now upon his securing a cab before Ferrara came out again. Ferrara's cabman evidently was waiting for him.

A taxi-driver fortunately hailed Cairn at the very moment that he gained the pavement, and Cairn, concealing himself behind the vehicle, gave the man rapid instructions.

"You see that taxi outside the photographer's?" he said.

The man nodded.

"Wait until someone comes out of the shop and is driven off in it, then follow. Do not lose sight of the cab for a moment. When it draws up, and wherever it draws up, drive right past it. Don't attract attention by stopping. You understand?"

"Quite, sir!" said the man, smiling slightly.

And Cairn entered the cab.

The cabman drew up at a point some little distance beyond, from whence he could watch. Two minutes later Ferrara came out and was driven off. The pursuit commenced.

His cab, ahead, proceeded to Westminster Bridge, across to the south side of the river, and by way of that commercial thoroughfare at the back of St. Thomas's Hospital, emerged at Vauxhall. Thence the pursuit led to Stockwell, Herne Hill, and yet onward towards Dulwich.

It suddenly occurred to Robert Cairn that Ferrara was making in the direction of Mr. Saunderson's house at Dulwich Common, the house in which Myra had had her mysterious illness, in which she had remained until it had become evident that her safety depended upon her never being left alone for one moment.

"What can be his object?" muttered Cairn.

He wondered if Ferrara, for some inscrutable reason, was about to call upon Mr. Saunderson. But when the cab ahead, having passed the park, continued on past the lane in which the house was situated, he began to search for some other solution to the problem of Ferrara's destination.

Suddenly he saw that the cab ahead had stopped. The driver of his own cab without slackening speed, pursued his way. Cairn crouched down upon the floor, fearful of being observed. No house was visible to right nor left, merely open fields, and he knew that it would be impossible for him to delay in such a spot without attracting attention.

Ferrara's cab passed.

"Keep on till I tell you to stop!" cried Cairn.

He dropped the speaking-tube, and, turning, looked out through the little window at the back.

Ferrara had dismissed his cab. He saw him entering a gate and crossing a field on the right of the road. Cairn

turned again and took up the tube.

"Stop at the first house we come to," he directed. "Hurry!"

A deserted-looking building presently was reached, a large, straggling house which obviously had no tenant. Here the man pulled up, and Cairn leapt out. As he did so, he heard Ferrara's cab driving back by the way it had come.

"Here!" he said; and gave the man half a sovereign. "Wait for me!"

He started back along the road at a run. Even had he suspected that he was followed, Ferrara could not have seen him. But when Cairn came up level with the gate through which Ferrara had gone, he slowed down and crept cautiously forward.

Ferrara, who by this time had reached the other side of the field, was in the act of entering a barn-like building, which evidently at some time had formed a portion of a farm. As the distant figure, opening one of the big doors, disappeared within:

"The place of which Myra has been dreaming!" muttered Cairn.

Certainly, viewed from that point, it seemed to answer externally to the girl's description. The roof was of moss-grown red tiles, and Cairn could imagine how the moonlight would readily find access through the chinks which beyond doubt existed in the weather-worn structure. He had little doubt that this was the place dreamed of, or seen clairvoyantly, by Myra, that this was the place to which Ferrara had retreated in order to conduct his nefarious operations.

It was eminently suited to the purpose, being entirely surrounded by unoccupied land. For what ostensible purpose Ferrara had leased it, he could not conjecture; nor did he concern himself with the matter. The purpose for which actually he had leased the place was sufficiently evident to the man who had suffered so much at the hands of this modern sorcerer.

To approach closer would have been indiscreet. This he knew, and he was

sufficiently diplomatic to resist the temptation to obtain a nearer view of the place. He knew that everything depended upon secrecy. Antony Ferrara must not suspect that his black laboratory was known. Cairn decided to return to Half Moon Street without delay, fully satisfied with the result of his investigation.

He walked rapidly back to where the cab waited, gave the man his father's address, and in three-quarters of an hour was back in Half Moon Street.

Dr. Cairn had not yet dismissed the last of his patients. Myra, accompanied by Miss Saunderson, was out shopping, and Robert found himself compelled to possess his soul in patience. He paced restlessly up and down the library, sometimes taking a book at random, scanning its pages with unseeing eyes, and replacing it without having formed the slightest impression of its contents. He tried to smoke, but his pipe was constantly going out, and he had littered the hearth untidily with burnt matches, when Dr. Cairn suddenly opened the library door and entered.

"Well?" he said eagerly.

Robert Cairn leaped forward.

"I have tracked him, sir!" he cried. "My God, while Myra was at Saunderson's, she was almost next door to the beast! His den is in a field no more than a thousand yards from the garden-wall—from Saunderson's orchid-houses!"

"He is daring," muttered Dr. Cairn, "but his selection of that site served two purposes. The spot was suitable in many ways, and we were least likely to look for him next door, as it were. It was a move characteristic of the accomplished criminal."

Robert Cairn nodded.

"It is the place of which Myra dreamed, sir. I have not the slightest doubt about that. What we have to find out is at what times of the day and night he goes there—"

"I doubt," interrupted Dr. Cairn, "if he visits the place during the day.

As you know, he has abandoned his rooms in Piccadilly, but I have no doubt, knowing his sybaritic habits, that he has some other palatial place in town. I have been making inquiries in several directions, especially in certain directions—" He paused, raising his eyebrows significantly.

"Additions to the 'Zenana'?" inquired Robert.

Dr. Cairn nodded his head grimly.

"Exactly," he replied. "There is not a scrap of evidence upon which, legally, he could be convicted; but since his return from Egypt, Rob, he has added other victims to the list!"

"The fiend!" cried the younger man. "The unnatural fiend!"

"Unnatural is the word; he is literally unnatural; but many women find him irresistible; he is typical of the unholy brood to which he belongs. The evil beauty of the Witch Queen sent many a soul to perdition; the evil beauty of her son has zealously carried on the work."

"What must we do?"

"I doubt if we can do anything to-day. Obviously the early morning is the most suitable time to visit his den at Dulwich Common."

"But the new photographs of the house? There will be another attempt upon us, to-night?"

"Yes, there will be another attempt upon us to-night," said the doctor wearily. "This is the year 1914; yet here, in Half Moon Street, when dusk falls, we shall be submitted to an attack of a kind to which mankind probably has not been submitted for many ages. We shall be called upon to dabble in the despised magical art; we shall be called upon to place certain seals upon our doors and windows, to protect ourselves against an enemy who, like Eros, laughs at locks and bars."

"Is it possible for him to succeed?"

"Quite possible, Rob, in spite of all our precautions. I feel in my very bones that to-night he will put forth a supreme effort."

A bell rang.

"I think," continued the doctor, "that this is Myra. She must get all the sleep she can, during the afternoon; for to-night I have determined that she, and you, and I must not think of sleep, but must remain together, here in the library. We must not lose sight of one another, you understand?"

"I am glad that you have proposed it!" cried Robert Cairn eagerly. "I, too, feel that we have come to a critical moment in the contest."

"To-morrow," continued the doctor, "I shall be prepared to take certain steps. My preparations will occupy me throughout the rest of to-day."

At dusk that evening Dr. Cairn, his son, and Myra Duquesne met together in the library. The girl looked rather pale.

An odour of incense pervaded the house, coming from the doctor's study, wherein he had locked himself in the evening, issuing instructions that he was not to be disturbed. The exact nature of the preparations which he had been making, Robert Cairn was unable to conjecture; and some instinct warned him that his father would not welcome any inquiry upon the matter. He realized that Dr. Cairn proposed to fight Antony Ferrara with his own weapons, and now, when something in the very air of the house seemed to warn them of a tremendous attack impending, that the doctor, much against his will, was entering the arena in the character of a practical magician—a character new to him, and obviously abhorrent.

At half-past ten the servants all retired in accordance with Dr. Cairn's orders. From where he stood by the tall mantelpiece, Robert Cairn could watch Myra Duquesne, a dainty picture in her simple evening gown, where she sat reading in a distant corner, her delicate beauty forming a strong contrast to the background of sombre volumes. Dr. Cairn sat by the big table, smoking, and apparently

listening. A strange device which he had adopted every evening for the past week, he had adopted again to-night. There were little white seals, bearing a curious figure consisting in interlaced triangles, upon the insides of every window in the house, upon the doors, and even upon the fire-grates.

Robert Cairn at another time might have thought his father mad, childish, thus to play at wizardry; but he had had experiences which had taught him to recognize that upon such seemingly trivial matters, great issues might turn, that in the strange land over the Border, there were strange laws—laws which he could but dimly understand. There he acknowledged the superior wisdom of Dr. Cairn; and did not question it.

At eleven o'clock a comparative quiet had come upon Half Moon Street. The sound of the traffic had gradually subsided, until it seemed to him that the house stood, not in the busy West End of London, but isolated, apart from its neighbours; it seemed to him an abode, marked out and separated from the other abodes of man, a house enveloped in an impalpable cloud, a cloud of evil, summoned up and directed by the wizard hand of Antony Ferrara, son of the Witch-Queen.

Although Myra pretended to read, and Dr. Cairn, from his fixed expression, might have been supposed to be preoccupied, in point of fact they were all waiting, with nerves at highest tension, for the opening of the attack. In what form it would come—whether it would be vague moanings and tappings upon the windows, such as they had already experienced, whether it would be a phantasmal storm, a clap of phenomenal thunder—they could not conjecture, if the enemy would attack suddenly, or if his menace should grow, threatening from afar off, and then gradually penetrating into the heart of the garrison.

It came, then, suddenly.

Dropping her book, Myra uttered a piercing scream, and with eyes glaring madly, fell forward on the carpet, unconscious!

Robert Cairn leaped forward with clenched fists. His father stood up so rapidly as to overset his chair, which fell crashingly upon the floor.

Together they turned and looked in the direction in which the girl had been looking. They fixed their eyes upon the drapery of the library window—which was drawn together. The whole window was luminous as though a bright light shone outside, but luminous as though that light were the light of some unholy fire!

Involuntarily they both stepped back, and Robert Cairn clutched his father's arm convulsively.

The curtains seemed to be rendered transparent, as if some powerful ray were directed upon them; the window appeared through them as a rectangular blue patch. Only two lamps were burning in the library, that in the corner by which Myra had been reading, and the green shaded lamp upon the table. The end of the room by the window, then, was in shadow, against which this unnatural light shone brilliantly.

"My God!" whispered Robert Cairn—"that's Half Moon Street—outside. There can be no light—"

He broke off, for now he perceived the Thing which had occasioned the girl's scream of horror.

In the middle of the rectangular patch of light, a gray shape but partially opaque, moved—shifting, luminous clouds about it—was taking form, growing momentarily more substantial!

It had some remote semblance of a man; but its unique characteristic was its awful *grayness*. It had the grayness of a rain cloud, yet rather that of a column of smoke. And from the centre of the dimly defined head, two eyes—balls of living fire—glared out into the room!

Heat was beating into the library from the physical heat, as though a

furnace door had been opened—and the shape, ever growing more palpable, was moving forwards towards them—approaching—the heat every instant growing greater.

It was impossible to look at those two eyes of fire; it was almost impossible to move. Indeed, Robert Cairn was transfixed in such horror as, in all his dealings with the monstrous Ferrara, he had never known before. But his father, shaking off the dread which possessed him also, leaped at one bound to the library table.

Robert Cairn vaguely perceived that a small group of objects, looking like balls of wax, lay there. Dr. Cairn had evidently been preparing them in the locked study. Now he took them all up in his left hand, and confronted the Thing—which seemed to be *growing* into the room—for it did not advance in the ordinary sense of the word.

One by one he threw the white pellets into that vapoury grayness. As they touched the curtain, they hissed as if they had been thrown into a fire; they melted; and upon the transparency of the drapings, as upon a sheet of gauze, showed faint streaks, where, melting, they trickled down the tapestry.

As he cast each pellet from his hand, Dr. Cairn took a step forward, and cried out certain words in a loud voice—words which Robert Cairn knew he had never heard uttered before, in a language which some instinct told him to be Ancient Egyptian.

Their effect was to force that dreadful shape gradually to disperse, as a cloud of smoke might disperse when the fire which occasions it is extinguished slowly. Seven pellets in all he threw towards the window—and the seventh struck the curtains, now once more visible in their proper form.

The Fire Elemental had been vanquished!

Robert Cairn clutched his hair in a sort of frenzy. He glared at the

draped window, feeling that he was making a supreme effort to retain his sanity. Had it ever looked otherwise? Had the tapestry ever faded before him, becoming visible in a great light which had shone through it from behind? Had the Thing, a Thing unnameable, indescribable, stood there?

He read his answer upon the tapestry.

Whitening streaks showed where the pellets, melting, had trickled down the curtain!

Lift Myra on the settee!"

It was Dr. Cairn speaking, calmly, but in a strained voice.

Robert Cairn, as if emerging from a mist, turned to the recumbent white form upon the carpet. Then, with a great cry, he leaped forward and raised the girl's head.

"Myra!" he groaned, "Myra! speak to me—"

"Control yourself, boy," rapped Dr. Cairn sternly; "she cannot speak until you have revived her! She has swooned—nothing worse."

IV.

"AND WE HAVE CONQUERED!"

The mists of early morning still floated over the fields, when these two, set upon strange business, walked through the damp grass to the door of the barn, wherefrom radiated the dreadful waves which on the previous night had reached them, or almost reached them, in the library at Half Moon Street.

The big, double doors were padlocked, but for this they had come provided. Ten minutes' work upon the padlock sufficed, and Dr. Cairn swung wide the doors.

A suffocating smell—the smell of that incense with which they had too often come in contact, was wafted out to them. There was a dim light inside the place, and without hesitation both entered.

A deal table and chair constituted the sole furniture of the interior. A part of the floor was roughly boarded,

and a brief examination of the boarding sufficed to discover the hiding-place in which Antony Ferrara kept the utensils of his awful art.

Dr. Cairn lifted up two heavy boards, and in a recess below lay a number of singular objects. There were four antique lamps of most peculiar design; there was a large silver lamp, which both of them had seen before in various apartments occupied by Antony Ferrara. There were a number of other things which Robert Cairn could not have described, had he been called upon to do so, for the reason that he had seen nothing like them before, and had no idea of their nature or purpose.

But, conspicuous amongst this curious hoard, was a square iron box dissimilar from any workmanship known to Robert Cairn. Its lid was covered with a sort of scroll-work, and he was about to reach down, in order to lift it, when—

"Do not touch it!" cried the doctor. "For God's sake, do not touch it!"

Robert Cairn started back, as though he had seen a snake. Turning to his father, he saw that the latter was pulling on a pair of white gloves. As he fixed his eyes upon these in astonishment, he perceived that they were smeared all over with some white preparation.

"Stand aside, boy," said the doctor—and for once his voice shook slightly. "Do not look again until I call to you. Turn your head aside!"

Silent with amazement, Robert Cairn obeyed. He heard his father lift out the iron box. He heard him open it, for he had already perceived that it was not locked. Then quite distinctly, he heard him close it again, and replace it in the cache.

"Do not turn, boy!" came a hoarse whisper.

He did not turn, but waited, his heart beating painfully, for what should happen next.

"Stand aside from the door," came the order, "and when I have gone out

do not look after me. I will call to you when it is finished."

He obeyed, without demur.

His father passed him, and he heard him walking through the damp grass outside the door of the barn. Then followed an intolerable interval. From some place, not very distant, he could hear Dr. Cairn moving, hear the chink of glass upon glass, as though he were pouring out something from a stopped bottle. Then a faint, acid smell was wafted to his nostrils, perceptible even above the heavy odour of incense in the barn.

"Relock the door!" came the cry.

Robert Cairn reclosed the door, snapped the padlock fast, and began to fumble with the skeleton keys with which they had come provided. He discovered that to reclose the padlock was quite as difficult as to open it. His hands were trembling, too; he was all anxiety to see what had taken place behind him. So that when at last a sharp click told of the task accomplished, he turned in a flash, and saw his father placing tufts of grass upon a charred patch, from which a faint haze of smoke still arose. He walked over and joined him.

"What have you done, sir?"

"I have robbed him of his armour," replied the doctor grimly. His face was very pale, his eyes were very bright. "I have destroyed the *Book of Thoth!*"

"Then, he will be unable—"

"He will still be able to summon his dreadful servant, Rob. Having summoned him once, he can summon him again, but—"

"Well, sir?"

"He cannot control him."

"Good God!"

That night brought no repetition of the uncanny attack; and in the gray, half-light of the dawn, Dr. Cairn and his son, themselves like two phantoms, again crept across the field to the barn.

The padlock hung loose in the ring.

"Stay where you are, Rob!" cautioned the doctor.

He gently pushed the door open—wider—wider—and looked in. There was an overpowering odour of burning flesh. He turned to Robert, and spoke in a steady voice.

"The brood of the Witch-Queen is extinct!" he said.

THE END.



DEAR FATHER

SECOND LETTER FROM A SON WHO WOULD MAKE SOMETHING OF
HIMSELF TO A SELF-MADE FATHER

EDITED BY ALBERT R. CARMAN

[Note.—The young man wrote this letter before the Germans had fastened a bad odour upon the word "Culture" and while Paris was securely at peace, with the Louvre and the Luxembourg wide open.—A. R. C.]

Hotel de ———, Paris.

Dear Father:

So my first talk didn't make a sale, eh? Well, they are poor goods which are not worth more than one talk. I judge that it was the label on the package that queered them—Culture. As you would say, the goods marked "Culture" which you have handled have been "no good for the general trade," and have been mighty unsatisfactory when sold as something "extra fine."

Well, Dad, no one knows better than you that there is such a thing as forging a trade-mark; or—quite as bad—closely imitating one. All is not sugar-coated culture that talks like a Cockney. Breakfasting late, reading French translations, and having "the men" into one's den of a night to talk "literachueh" and drink whisky, are not the only signs of a cultured intellect. And it will never do to condemn a brand by the shortcomings of its imitations.

You remember Parsons, the hide man? Well, he's over here trying to get some good out of his money. I met him the other day; and he told me — incidentally — that he had "done" the Louvre and the Luxembourg. I asked him which he liked best.

"The Luxembourg," he replied promptly.

"Why?" I inquired.

"Well," he said, "it's like this"—laying a hand in my arm so I would not stray off and let some other hide-salesman get hold of me—"you know when I start in to do a thing, I like to wind it up and make a clean job of it. Now, I just nicely got through the Luxembourg in a day—lunched near there, you know, to save time—but there is so much of the Louvre that I couldn't get all round, though I more than hustled; and I don't quite know where I was at when they turned us out at night. I haven't been back; for it is just as if somebody had interrupted me when I was packing my trunks for the road; and I didn't know what I had put in and what I had left out."

Then he took me home to his hotel to dine with him. I tried to get out of it; but—you know Parsons. He has the best suite of rooms in the place; and it is one of the most expensive in Paris. The waiters are so well "tipped" that they all suffer from a sort of St. Vitus dance whenever he appears. He has everything that money can buy; and yet he is utterly miserable. It worries him to travel by railway trains in which you cannot get up and roam through in search of a possible customer. It makes him profane every time he thinks of the street railway opportunities going to waste in this city of

omnibuses. He began by buying seats at the opera; but a couple of nights tired him out. Now he only drops in for the ballet. Guides drag him around to see famous examples of architecture and world-renowned pieces of art; but he lumps it all together as "tommyrot." He has yet to see anything to touch the Auditorium. The one thrill of joy he has felt since he landed was when he discovered the only water "cooler" in Paris; and it was in an American building.

Now I know that your patriotic heart is all a-glow, and you are promising yourself to have Parsons over at the club as soon as he gets back. That is the kind of a patriotic citizen you like—a man who travels the world over and sees nothing half so good as the Windy City. But perhaps you'll agree with me that Parsons is wasting his money over here. He is like a dyspeptic at Delmonico's. Mentally speaking, he sits down to a French dinner which is the last word of culinary art, and longs for "buckwheats" and pie. He is paying for champagne and thinking of the beer Milwaukee used to make. Now, as a business man, what do you think of that for judgment?

Let me tell you about another American who is over here. He is a young chap from Buffalo. He can draw a little—not enough to hurt; and for years he has been trying to educate himself in art. He drew for one of the Buffalo papers and took lessons in New York; and gradually he saved some money. Now he is over here spending it. He never expects to be a successful artist; but he has cultured himself in the matter of art until it is a most exquisite pleasure for him to sit down before a masterpiece in the Louvre and study out the artist's struggles and intentions in the making of it. He is living on a good deal less than a dollar a day so that he can stay longer; and artistic Europe is one uncloying feast to him. He is now planning to go down to

Italy; and it makes my mouth water enviously to hear him gloating over the enjoyment he is going to get there. Parsons would have to sell hides, right along every day, at treble their value to an ever-increasing number of customers who would "never come back at him," in order to get half as much enjoyment out of life. Then Parsons would soon find even that to be work; whereas my young Buffalo friend increases his pleasure every day he spends cultivating his mind.

Now don't you think that young Buffalo man has learned a trick or two that it would have paid Parsons to acquire? We are all in this thing to get happiness, I suppose. When a man sells hides—or pork—for money, he has only completed half of the bargain. He must then sell his money for happiness; and the final test of his good business head is the amount of happiness which he gets for his "pork"—i.e. for his labour. Now Parsons has got young Buffalo beaten to death in the first part of the bargain—the selling of his labour for money; but I rather think that young Buffalo overhauls him and puts him all to the bad by his success in the second part of the transaction. That is, young Buffalo gets more happiness for his labour than Parsons does, or than Parsons ever can.

That is what Culture is, dear Dad. It is the gift of selling money for happiness. You have a keen eye for men who have the gift of selling pork for money. And you know the immense value of the "gift." It is not enough to have the will to do it. Lots of men set out from your office determined to sell pork. Their very livelihood depends on it. Yet they cannot make the sale. The pork is the "best ever"; the customers need it; and the men are frantic to sell. But they lack the "gift." They can't strike a bargain. They do not seem to be able to make pork and money connect. Other men, by closely observing the methods of their elders, by patient study of the business, and

by a hundred and one other labours, have acquired the "gift." They can turn pork into money.

Now the cultured man is the successful salesman on the other part of the route. He can sell his money for happiness to the best advantage. He is the star commercial traveller for the House of Dollars, Cents & Company. And that is the part of the business that it seems to me I ought to learn. You are a past-master in the first part. You have attended to the manufacture of pork into dollars for the family; and, unless you intend to endow a sanatorium for dropsical porkers, you have piled up a heap of nice new dollars that will go bad on your hands unless somebody can sell them for you. As for yourself, you don't want to sell them. You have said again and again that you will never retire while you have health; for you take your pleasure in making the dollars. Yet nothing is more certain than that those dollars of yours will be sold by somebody for something. You remember how that fine line of pickled dollars that Samuel Anderson put up, were sold by his young hopeful, Sammy Junior? He sold them for slippered champagne, *a la* chorus girl, and a night-light life, *a la* automobile. When he came to take stock, he had one dissipated body, one empty head, and an assorted box of expensive appetites. These he now exchanges for a clerkship which he holds because someone used to be a friend of his father's.

The trouble with Sammy was that

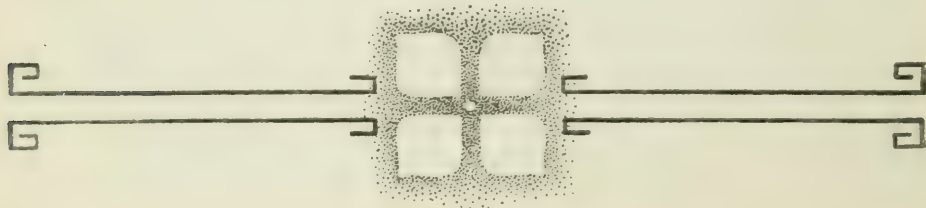
he was a poor and untrained salesman of dollars. If he had had the "gift," he could have got an inexhaustible stream of happiness out of merely the interest on his dollars; whereas he was only able to buy a few feverish pleasures with gaudy but unstable colours, frazzled at the edges with morning headaches and stained indelibly with self-contempt, for his whole stock of dollars, interest and all. In one word, what Sammy lacked was—Culture.

Now, dear Dad, the simple question before you is whether the pile of dollars of which you are so justly proud shall be sold by a good or bad salesman. It is true that you may bring me home and make me into a salesman at the other end of the business—the selling of pork for dollars. But that will only mean that there will be a bigger pile of dollars for someone to sell when I get through working at the heap you will leave. And unless that salesman, when he comes, has the "gift"—has Culture—he will infallibly make a bad family bargain for us in the end. The best dollar-maker is at the mercy of his dollar-seller.

Just to get my hand in, in case you come to these heretical views I have been expressing, I am going off tomorrow to sell a few of your dollars for some weeks at Barbizon, where one ought to learn more of art-in-the-making than at any place outside the Latin Quarter.

Your affectionate son,
JOHN.

The third and concluding letter of this series will appear in the February Number.





From the Etching
by W. R. Duff

THE
BIRCHES

CURRENT EVENTS

BY LINDSAY CRAWFORD

ANY doubts that may have lingered as to the ultimate results of the European campaign are dispelled by the news from the seat of war on both fronts and the continued success of the Allies in every quarter where the enemy has acted on the offensive. In Flanders and Poland the Allies are making steady progress. The great battle of Lodz, which Berlin reported to have ended in a sweeping German victory, turned out after all to be another strategic victory for the Grand Duke Nicholas. The only thing certain about the battle was the terrible loss of life on both sides. The Russian commander has displayed remarkable gifts of strategy and from the first move in the campaign has made no blunder. Deprived of the railway facilities at the disposal of the Germans, the Grand Duke Nicholas, nevertheless, has succeeded in checkmating every move of the enemy. The success of the Russians is due to some extent to the blunder of the Germans in underestimating the fighting qualities of the Muscovite forces. In the early stages Germany, counting upon the slower mobilization of her eastern foe, was content to send against her on the Prussian frontier troops of the second line. Later, when the mistake was recognized, Russia had succeeded in completing the concentration of her forces in time to meet the first-line troops that were sent against her from the western front. From the outset the indications pointed to the Cracow-Breslau route as the line of advance

on Berlin, offering, as it does, distinct advantages over the more northerly roads.

On the western front Germany is spending her strength in vain against the aggressive Allies. The serious illness of the Kaiser is reported. Prince von Bülow has initiated conversations at Rome with the view, it is thought, of preparing the way for terms of peace. That Germany recognizes now the hopelessness of the struggle and is anxious for peace is evident from the statement issued by the Official Press Bureau a fortnight ago, in which it was announced: "Immediately Germany received the suggestion of Pope Benedict for a truce among the warring nations during the Christmas holidays an affirmative reply was sent to the Vatican. The reply, however, was conditional on the acquiescence of all the other belligerents in the Pope's suggestion."

It is not the intention of the Allies to agree to a peace which at this stage would be accepted by the enemy. The cost to the Allies in blood and treasure, and the pitiable condition of the once fertile and prosperous Belgium, added to the exacting demands of previous years in keeping pace with German war preparations, make peace impossible until Germany's power for further mischief is utterly shattered. That the Kaiser and his advisers would agree to the terms which the Allies would be forced to dictate is unlikely. No action by the United States or Italy—both of which have avoided a conflict which is as much

theirs as the Powers involved—will accelerate negotiations leading up to peace. Germany has appealed to the sword. By the sword the civilized world will be avenged.

Without a parallel in the world's history, the European war is unprecedented also in the large volume of literature bearing upon the subject which has been published. One may hazard the conjecture that no previous campaign has so obsessed the public mind or raised such a storm of controversy as to the issues involved. With commendable enterprise local publishers have provided books on every possible phase of the campaign. A number of books written before the war have proved to be among the best sellers, as they supply a most reliable index to the causes that led up to the war. Chief among these are "Germany and the Next War," by General Von Bernhardt, and "Germany and England"—four lectures delivered by the late Professor Cramb at Queen's College, London. Bernhardt's book lays bare the ulterior designs of his country, and is a frank avowal of the ultimate end of German world-policy expressed in terms of crudest Nietzscheism. Nothing has so stirred the conscience of the civilized world against Germany as this volume. Professor Cramb had an intimate knowledge of Germany, and in these lectures endeavoured to awaken Britain to a like understanding of German ideas and ambitions. These two books give a clear insight into the fundamental and irreconcilable differences between Britain and Germany, and enable the reader to grasp the salient fact that this war is much more than a physical appeal to arms between nations politically estranged. At the bottom it is seen to be a conflict of ideals. Another illuminating book published just before the outbreak of the war is Prince Von Bülow's "Imperial Germany." Written in the suave tones of the polished diplomatist it nevertheless confirms the worst impressions produced

by Bernhardt's book. Bülow conceals the mailed fist of Prussianism beneath a silken glove, but Bernhardt, with military brusqueness, dips his sword-point into blood when he writes.

Of the books written since the war began two have attracted wide attention on this side of the Atlantic. "In the Supreme Court of Civilization" (Putnam), James M. Beck, late Assistant Attorney-General of the United States, drafts a crushing indictment of Germany. The other volume is from the pen of Dr. Starr Jordan, and treats of the biological aspect of the American Civil War.

From the seat of war come some graphic pen-pictures of life at the front. Two of these deserve a place here. One is from the pen of Irving S. Cobb, who was, for a time, the "guest" of the German Headquarters Staff. He says:

"Scouting up a narrow winding alley, one of the party who spoke German found a courtyard behind a schoolhouse called imposingly *L'Ecole Moyenne de Beaumont*, where he obtained permission from a German sergeant to stable our mare for the night in the aristocratic company of a troop of officers' horses. Through another streak of luck we pre-empted a room in the schoolhouse and held it against all comers by right of squatter sovereignty. There my friends and I slept on the stone floor, with a scanty amount of hay under us for a bed and our coats for coverlets. But before we slept we dined.

"We dined on hard-boiled eggs and stale cheese—which we had saved from mid-day—in a big, bare study hall full of lancers. They gave us rye bread and some of the Prince de Chimay's wine to go with the provender we had brought, and they made room for us at the long benches that run lengthwise of the room. Afterward one of them—a musician, for all his soiled gray uniform and grimed fingers—played a piano that was in the corner, while all the rest sang.

"It was a strange picture they made there. On the wall, on a row of hooks, still hung the small umbrellas and book-satchels of the pupils. Presumably at the coming of the Germans they had run home in such a panic that they left their school-traps behind. There were sums in chalk, half erased, on the blackboard; and one of the troopers took a scrap of chalk and

wrote 'On to Paris!' in big letters here and there.

"A sleepy parrot, looking like a bundle of rumpled green feathers, squatted on its perch in a cage behind the master's desk, occasionally emitting a loud squawk as though protesting against this intrusion on its privacy."

The other vivid narrative is by Philip Gibbs, special correspondent of *The London Chronicle*. It gives an account of a visit to Dixmude with three ambulances attached to the British Hospital in Belgium:

"At a turn in the road the battle lay before us, and we were in the zone of fire. Away across the fields was a line of villages with the town of Dixmude a little to the right of us, perhaps a mile and a quarter away. From each little town smoke was rising in separate columns which met at the top in a great black pall. At every moment this blackness was brightened by puffs of electric blue, extraordinarily vivid, as shells burst in the air. From the mass of houses in each town came jets of flame, following explosions which sounded with terrific thudding shocks. On a line of about nine miles there was an incessant cannonade. The farthest villages were already on fire.

"Quite close to us, only half a mile across the fields to the left, there were Belgian batteries at work and rifle fire from many trenches. We were between two fires, and Belgian and German shells came screeching over our heads. The German shells were dropping quite close to us, ploughing up the fields with great pits. We could hear them burst and scatter and could see them burrow. It appeared to me an odd thing that we were still alive. Then we came into Dixmude. When I saw it for the first and last time it was a place of death and horror. The streets through which we passed were utterly deserted and wrecked from end to end, as though by an earthquake. Incessant explosions of shell fire crashed down upon the walls, which still stood. Great gashes opened in the walls, which then toppled and fell. A roof came tumbling down with an appalling clatter. Like a house of cards blown by a puff of wind, a little shop suddenly collapsed into a mass of ruins. Here and there, further into the town, we saw living figures. They ran swiftly for a moment, and then disappeared into dark caverns under toppling porticos. They were Belgian soldiers.

"Even as we turned toward the Town Hall, parts of it were falling upon the ruins already on the ground. I saw a great pillar lean forward and then topple down.

A mass of masonry crashed from the portico. Some stiff, dark forms lay among the fallen stones; they were dead soldiers. I hardly glanced at them, for we were in search of the living.

"Our cars were brought to a halt outside the building, and we all climbed down. I lighted a cigarette, and I noticed two of the other men fumble for matches for the same purpose. We wanted something to steady our nerves. There was never a moment when shell fire was not bursting in that square. Shrapnel bullets whipped the stones. The Germans were making a target of the town hall and dropping their shells with dreadful exactitude on either side of it.

"The work of getting three wounded men into the first ambulance seemed to us interminable; it was really no more than fifteen or twenty minutes. I had lost consciousness of myself. Something outside myself, as it seemed, was saying that there was no way of escape; that it was monstrous to suppose that all these bursting shells would not smash the ambulance to bits and finish the agony of the wounded, and that death was very hideous. I remember thinking, also, how ridiculous it was for men to kill one another like this and to make such hells on earth.

"Then Lieutenant de Broqueville spoke a word of command. We had a full load of wounded men, and we were loitering. I put my head outside the cover and gave the word to the chauffeur. As I did so a shrapnel bullet came past my head, and, striking a piece of ironwork, flattened out and fell at my feet. I picked it up and put it in my pocket, though God alone knows why, for I was not in search of souvenirs."

The rebellion in South Africa, fostered by the Germans, has been snuffed out. General Christian de Wet has been captured, and General Beyers was shot crossing the Vaal River and drowned. The way is now clear for the serious operations against German Southwest Africa undertaken by the Union Government.

Germany has been singularly unfortunate in obtaining so little value for the vast amount of money expended through her secret service agents. Her immense network of espionage has broken down through its own inherent rottenness. Men suborned to supply secret information regarding the British Empire earned their money by forwarding exaggerated re-

ports on which, it is now found, no reliance can be placed.

The annexation of Egypt, it is reported, will shortly be announced by the British Government. The word officially employed is "unification," but no one need be surprised, after the action of the Porte and the Khedive, that Great Britain intends to put an end to the principle of dual control in Egypt and the Soudan.

*

The University of Toronto has been the scene of heated discussions regarding the status of certain German professors. According to the statutes no professor may be appointed or dismissed save on the recommendation of the president. President Falconer declined to recommend the dismissal of the professors, and hit upon the ingenious plan of granting them leave of absence on full salary. Sir Edmond Osler resigned in consequence, favouring more drastic measures. Enlightened public opinion will agree with President Falconer that even German professors in Canada are entitled to "British fair play."

*

The sinking of British cruisers off Coronel has been swiftly avenged by the sinking of four German cruisers off Falkland Island. The Dresden was the only ship to escape to the Pacific end of the Straits of Magellan. Hopelessly outclassed, the Germans went down, practically, without being able to get within range of the British warships. In the North Sea the appalling silence and secrecy was only relieved by the unsuccessful German submarine raid on Dover Harbour.

*

Britain is greatly perturbed over the action of two royal princes who are fighting on the side of Germany. One of these is the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, the son of the late Duke of Albany, and grandson of Queen Victoria. His mother, the Duchess of Albany, resides in Eng-

land and is a constant visitor at the military hospitals. There seems to be little doubt that when the Duchy was vacant through the death of the late Duke of Edinburgh, the present Duke accepted the position on the advice of his royal relatives. The Duke of Connaught and his son, Prince Arthur, it will be recalled, declined to accept the Duchy. Having transferred his allegiance to Germany, it is only right and proper that the Duke of Saxe-Coburg should transfer his sword as well. The British pension goes to his mother.

The other case is that of Prince Albert of Schleswig-Holstein. The circumstances are somewhat peculiar, as his mother, the Princess Christian, is a daughter of the late Queen Victoria, and resides with her husband in England. Prince Albert was educated in England, and his brother, Prince Christian Victor, fought on the British side against the Boers and died of enteric fever during the South African campaign. Prince Albert is heir-presumptive to the Duchy of Schleswig-Holstein, and it is stated that the fear of losing his inheritance led him to join the German forces on the outbreak of war. Were this Prince captured, a nice point in military law would arise. If a British subject he is liable to be shot as a traitor. This, at least, would be the fate of men in humbler circumstances.

That the strain of war is beginning to tell on Germany financially is the inference to be drawn from a statement issued recently by the Swiss Bankverein, an important banking concern with agents in London. The depreciation of the German exchange by ten per cent. is an ominous symptom of lack of faith among the German people. The Swiss Bankverein states that the methods adopted by the German Government for raising loans "must result in serious financial disaster." The strain of war, combined with the effectiveness of the British naval blockade, is beginning to tell.

The Library Table

BLANTYRE: ALIEN

BY ALAN SULLIVAN. Toronto: J. M. Dent and Sons.

WHILE Mr. Sullivan's writing has been familiar to us for a number of years, this is his first novel. It is not, however, his first published volume, for he already had to his credit a collection of superior short stories presented under the general title of "The Passing of Oul-I-But," and a slighter volume of aphorisms entitled "I Believe That—". This novel, however, is his most important essay, and it can be accepted as the best novel written by a Canadian in some years. The author himself might not regard that as high praise, but it is given for what it is worth. The novel depicts well a number of characters, and two of them, Blantyre and Stella, are quite excellent. These two meet in mid-ocean. Blantyre is the ship's surgeon, and Stella is a young heiress *en tour*. They fall in love with each other, and pass their brief courtship in Italy. Very shortly thereafter they are married in London and sail for Canada, where in her home city (Yorkton) the bride buys a practice for her clever, handsome husband. Soon they are taking part in social life—dining at the country club, passing a week in Muskoka, and indeed making the conventional social round of a city like Toronto. Their interests are not exceptional, nor does one feel that, apart from themselves and one or two others (particularly another doctor who is in love with Stella), the things they discuss are of absorbing interest. Still it all

goes to make up a true picture of the average well-to-do class in Toronto. And of all this, even of his wife, Blantyre, who always is an alien, soon tires. He tires of his bought-and-paid-for practice. He feels the recall of the sea, and when he quietly leaves home, without a word to anyone, and takes ship at Montreal, and at length heroically rescues a woman and child from drowning, one cannot help regarding him as a peculiar admixture of chivalry, courage, cowardice, selfishness, and human-kindness. The description of the shipwreck, even if one does feel that it could have been left out, is one of the best passages in the book. And after the wreck Blantyre is picked up and taken to a hospital in Montreal, where he is discovered by the very other doctor who is in love with his wife. He is taken back to Yorkton, and in the office of the other doctor he commits suicide, leaving the way open for the union of two who had discovered their fitness for each other when, as they thought, it was too late. The tale is well told; indeed, it reveals knowledge of the art of writing and the composition of the novel.

*

ARCADIAN ADVENTURES WITH THE IDLE RICH

BY STEPHEN LEACOCK. Toronto: Bell and Cockburn.

ONCE again the author of "Sunshine Sketches" justifies the claim that he is our national humourist. But his reputation by no means rests there, and indeed he now may

be regarded as our international humourist. For while "Sunshine Sketches" was descriptive of a rural Ontario town, the scene of "Arcadian Adventures" seems to be laid in New York. But, again, Mr. Leacock is not merely a humourist; he may be called at times a grave cynic and satirist. An instance is furnished by a passage from "Arcadian Adventures":

"Dr. McTeague was a failure, and all his congregation knew it. 'He is not up-to-date,' they said. That was his crowning sin. 'He don't go forward any,' said the business members of the congregation. 'That old man believes just exactly the same sort of stuff now that he did forty years ago. What's more, he preaches it. You can't run a church that way, can you?'"

The coming of the Duke of Dulham to "Plutopia" to raise money, not, as many thought, to invest, furnishes fine opportunity for the author to indulge his fancy. We notice a little error, which would not be worth noticing were it not common to novelists. He is commenting on the little attention paid by the Plutopian press to the advent of the Duke, and he quotes *The Plutopian Citizen* as simply saying: "We understand that the Duke of Dulham arrived at the Grand Palaver this morning." No metropolitan newspaper would use the pronoun "we" in such a connection, and it would not say "understand," for it would make sure that the Duke *was* at the hotel. But Professor Leacock quotes from three newspapers, and in each instance begins with the same pronoun. Not one of them would begin in that archaic fashion. However, that need not detract from the real humour of the book.

✱

BOOKS ON THE WAR

A VAST quantity of material dealing with the war has been published, and hundreds of books have been turned out that never would have seen print had the war not been waged. Some of these books

are good, but many of them are the work merely of hack writers. One of the good ones is entitled "How Armies Fight," and its goodness rests largely in the fact that it does not pretend to explain the present war, but rather to show how modern warfare is carried on. It is therefore an excellent book for anyone interested in the conduct of war, whether one be in actual service or not. The author is an officer of the Royal Engineers (Toronto: Thomas Nelson and Sons), and what he has written has been highly commended by Lord Roberts and Marshall Oyama. Another important volume by the same publishers is a learned study of "The Anglo-German Problem," by Charles Sarolea, head of the French Department in the University of Edinburgh. As to its merits, it is enough to quote the appreciation of the King of Belgium: "I have read your volume from beginning to end. It is a prophetic book. It reveals rare perspicacity and a remarkable sense of political realities." It is interesting to note the fact that Monsieur Sarolea contributes the introduction to the English edition of "The German Enigma," by Georges Bourdon (Toronto: J. M. Dent and Sons), whom he describes as one of the ablest publicists of modern France. The main question raised in this book is one of principle and international right. Then comes "War and the Empire," by Colonel Hubert Foster, R.E., which embraces the wider problem of Imperial defence (London: Williams and Norgate). The author at one time was Quartermaster-General in Canada.

✱

THE LIFE OF A LITTLE COLLEGE

BY ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

WE presume that this is a historical sketch of Dalhousie College, but whether it is or not makes no dif-

ference to the reader who cares nothing about the actual place but much about the literary quality of the writing. And, indeed, it is because of its fine literary quality that this book will be read and cherished. It is a pleasing example of refinement in letters, and the description of the old professor of mathematics gives it value in characterization. The volume is, strictly speaking, a collection of miscellaneous essays, the first providing the title. It is the kind of writing that tests one's taste in literature.

*

THE FAMOUS MATHER BYLES

BY ARTHUR HAMILTON WENTWORTH EATON. Boston: W. A. Butterfield.

DR. MATHER BYLES was a famous Congregational divine in the Boston of pre-Revolutionary days. He was celebrated perhaps more for his wit than his preaching, and it is said of him that he kept Boston laughing for twenty-five years. His popularity suffered, seriously, however, because of his unswerving British sympathy; and it seems only fitting, therefore, that his biography should be written by a Britisher, a native of Nova Scotia—Dr. Eaton. This biography, while of peculiar interest to Bostonians, is of general interest because of the remarkable qualities of the subject and the many humorous anecdotes connected with his name.

It is said, for instance, that on a certain Sunday morning the learned Dr. Thomas Prince was to preach for Dr. Byles, but, at the hour of service, had not arrived. Glancing with perturbed mind, no doubt, at the entrance to the pulpit from time to time, Dr. Byles began the service. But Dr. Prince, who had possibly entirely forgotten his appointment, failed to come, and Dr. Byles was obliged to preach himself. The text he announced was, "Put not your trust in princes." The volume is well illus-

trated with reproductions of portraits by Copley, the Pelhams, and others.

*

A LAD OF KENT

BY HERBERT HARRISON. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

TO the sated reader of to-day this novel will perhaps prove a welcome diversion because of its distinctly old-fashioned flavour, its blithe and inconsequential ramblings, its wealth of surprises and mysteries, and its lack of haste or method in explaining them. An orphan lad, brought up haphazard by a recluse and scholar, who half starves the boy because he spends the sum sent periodically for the latter's maintenance on rare old books and parchments, suddenly finds all his fortunes changed by the death of his old guardian and the advent of a stranger of courtly appearance, who claims to be a former unsuccessful suitor for the hand of the boy's dead mother, and undertakes to take him away and provides generously for his future. The period of the story is at the opening of the nineteenth century, when smuggling was euphemistically called "free trading," and when crime and lawlessness largely went unpunished.

*

THE ACHIEVEMENT

BY E. TEMPLY THURSTON. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company.

THIS is the end of a notable trilogy of novels, of which Richard Furlong and Constance were leading characters. There is not the human interest in this the third novel, but the author's supreme artistry of words raises it above the ordinary run. While there is no strong characterization, there are some passages that are transporting in their very excellence. An instance of this is given when Dicky finally pulls a successful print:

"To the sound of her husband's breathless exclamations and the noise from the room beyond, Emily left the counter in the shop and opened the door. At the sight of her, Dicky left his partner and seized her about the waist instead. 'I've got it! I've got it!' he yelled as he danced; then stopped as suddenly, and catching up the print, held it in the light for both of them to see. 'Is that what it's all about?' said Emily as callously as her want of breath would permit her. 'That's it,' said Dicky. 'My God, isn't it enough? Do you think you're going to beat that in a hurry? Look at the green of that grass getting up at you through the mist! Look at the shoes of that man—wet through!' 'You can't see 'is shoes—is feet's 'idden,' said Emily. 'No!' exclaimed Dicky; 'but you live with that for a day or two, and you'll see his shoes quick enough. You'll be able to count how many mushrooms they've got in their baskets if you live with it long enough.' "

*

NANCY THE JOYOUS

By EDITH STOW. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company.

THE title gives a good idea of what the book is like. It is a simple, wholesome story of life in the Tennessee Mountains, and while it has plenty of sentiment and human interest, it is not mawkish or gushing. There are homely characters, picturesque settings, an abundance of local colour, with a romantic vein running throughout. The make-up of the book is unusually attractive.

*

—An English edition of Dr. Hermann Turek's "The Man of Genius" (London: A. and C. Black), has been published at an inopportune time. The volume had a great success in Germany, but as Germany and German philosophy are not popular abroad just now the less said about this book the better. It might be said, however, that it is a study of the nature of genius as demonstrated by some of

its greatest claimants, and that Dr. Turek practically identifies genius with love. It is withal an interesting volume.

*

—"Methuen's Annual," which is edited by E. V. Lucas, and published at a shilling, is well worth having if for nothing more than the names of the distinguished contributors, among them J. M. Barrie, Arnold Bennett, Austin Dobson, Stephen Leacock, John Galsworthy, Maurice Hewlett, "Saki," Hugh Walpole, F. Austey, E. V. Lucas, Robert Browning, John Ruskin, R. L. S. (London: Methuen and Company).

*

—Useful pamphlets on the war, issued at five cents each, are "Neutral Nations and the War," by Viscount Bryce; "Our Russian Ally," by Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace, and "How Britain Strove for Peace," by Sir Edward Cook. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada).

*

—"Gray Knitting" is the happy title of an appropriate brochure of war poems by Katherine Hale (Toronto: William Briggs). The paper is of a light shade of gray, and a dark shade for cover, and the whole is tied with a gray woollen yarn. The cover design depicts a soldier at the camp-fire and a woman in an arm-chair, knitting. The brochure includes a number of the author's best known poems, but its present interest lies in the first, a stanza of which we reprint to give an idea of its spirit:

"All through the county, in the autumn
stillness,
A web of gray spreads strangely, rim
to rim;
And you may hear the sound of knitting
needles,
Incessant, gentle, dim."



YOUTH AND SUNLIGHT

From the Painting by A. Suzor Côté in
the National Art Gallery of Canada



THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

XLIV

TORONTO, FEBRUARY, 1915

No. 4.

HEROES OF THE CANADIAN ARCTIC

AN ACCOUNT OF THE DISASTER THAT OVERTOOK INSPECTOR FITZGERALD
AND THREE CONSTABLES ON THE FORT MCPHERSON-DAWSON TRAIL

BY A. V. THOMAS

IT was more than mere fact which prompted Commander Evans, second in command of the ill-fated Scott Antarctic Expedition, to refer in his recent Canadian lectures to the tragic death which overtook Inspector Fitzgerald and Constables Carter, Kinney, and Taylor, in February, 1911, on the Fort McPherson-Dawson trail. For Commander Evans knew, as few others could know, just what the Fitzgerald tragedy meant.

When the news of the Scott Antarctic disaster reached Canada few Canadian newspapers or magazines, it is surprising to note, recalled the grim fatality, which, just one year previously, took place at the other end of the earth. Yet when Commander Evans addressed the Winnipeg Canadian Club it was the first thing he mentioned. His words were as follows:

"I have been much struck with the similarity of two celebrated journeys—

that of Captain Scott, of whose party I was a member, and that of the McPherson-Dawson Mounted Police patrol. You must be very proud of the Northwest Mounted Police, who face such a stern climate unflinchingly and do their duty without shouting about it.

"To go on to speak of the great similarity between these two journeys. In Captain Scott's polar journey the disaster was due to diminishing provisions, decreasing temperatures, and delays occasioned by bad surfaces. Inspector Fitzgerald had the same trying conditions, the same temperatures (around fifty degrees), and in both expeditions the leader, as far as we know, was the last man to survive. In both the leader never thought of himself, but only of his companions and of those who were to be left behind him."

So Commander Evans. Such was the interest that the Fitzgerald tragedy aroused in an old-countryman. Yet a compendious review of Canadian affairs for the year 1911, a stout volume of over 800 pages, devotes just six lines to the fate of Inspector Fitzgerald and the three constables. Dr.

Norman F. Black, however, in his recently-published history of Saskatchewan, gives a detailed account of the Fitzgerald disaster.

It is safe to say that no hearts throbbed faster than those of the Mounted Police in the Canadian Northland, when, weeks or months after the rest of the world, they read of the death of Captain Scott and his four companions in the far Antarctic. For the Mounted Police, those at Fort Churchill and Cape Fullerton, as well as those in the Yukon and on the Mackenzie, have felt the fascination of "The sun and stars, and the long white road and the sky," not like Captain Scott's party beneath the Southern Cross, but beneath the starry dome where the Great Bear and Cassiopea and Auriga for ever chase one another round Polaris.

Inspector Fitzgerald's party, consisting of himself and Constables Kinney, Taylor, and Carter, left Fort McPherson for Dawson City on December 21st, 1910, to make the winter mail patrol inaugurated between the two points during the winter of 1904-05. It had for some time been Inspector Fitzgerald's ambition to undertake the patrol, and his wish had been granted. His reputation as a tried member of the force had been established.

The Inspector left Herschel Island, at the mouth of the Mackenzie, on December 3rd, 1910, and spent a fortnight at Fort McPherson in preparations for the patrol to Dawson. His party left, as stated, on December 21st. They took with them three dog teams of five dogs each. Under fair conditions of travel the trip from Fort McPherson to Dawson City is made by the Mounted Police and by Indians in less than a month. The Fort is on the Peel River, close to its confluence with the Mackenzie, and some seventy miles within the Arctic Circle. To reach Dawson the Peel valley has to be climbed, the height of land crossed, and then the valley of the Yukon descended.

At Dawson Inspector Fitzgerald's party was expected at latest by the end of January. As the patrol then failed to appear, apprehension began to be felt. Anxiety grew day by day and was much increased by the report made by a number of Indians from Fort McPherson, who arrived at the Dawson post on February 20th. One of these Indians, a man named Esau, reported that he accompanied Inspector Fitzgerald's party as far as the head of one of the creeks off the Peel River, acting as guide.

Esau stated that the Inspector paid him off on New Year's Day, 1911. The Indians estimated that from where Esau left the party to Dawson was only twenty days' travelling, so that the patrol was already a month overdue. Superintendent Snyder, commanding officer of the Dawson post, communicated forthwith with Commissioner Perry, the head of the force, at the Regina barracks, with the result that a fast relief patrol was at once prepared at Dawson for Fort McPherson.

This relief patrol consisted of Corporal Dempster, Constables Fyfe and Turner, and an Indian named Charles Stewart. It left Dawson on February 28th, 1911. Superintendent Snyder's instructions to Corporal Dempster included the following directions:

"I understand that at Hart River Divide, no matter what route he took, he would have to cross this divide. I think it would be advisable to make for this point and take up his trail from there. I cannot give you any specific instructions; you will have to be guided by circumstances and your own judgment, bearing in mind that nothing is to stand in your way until you have got in touch with this party."

On the third day out Constable Turner froze both feet when going over a long stretch of bare glacier. He remained in pain from frost bites for ten days. Early on the journey the whole party went through the ice and had to change their underwear. Their moccasins were frozen stiff. On

March 7th Corporal Dempster's party reached the divide between the Yukon and the Mackenzie. The ascent had been arduous owing to the comparative absence of snow and to the slipperiness of the glacier ice.

As the party advanced trouble arose through the flooded condition of streams. Several times the sledges had to be dragged through surface water. The portaging from creek to creek was also unusually laborious owing to bad weather. On March 12th the party struck a trail, which, in Corporal Dempster's opinion, might have been Fitzgerald's or might have been only an old Indian trail. This trail could only be seen in places as the river was flooding and obliterating it. No traces of a camp were to be found. Corporal Dempster, with the Indian Stewart, left the constables and reconnoitered for some distance on an alternative route which the Inspector's party might have taken. They crossed and re-crossed from bank to bank, but finding no traces they returned.

However, later on this same day, March 12th, Corporal Dempster's efforts were rewarded by the discovery of what, there is now no doubt, was one of Inspector Fitzgerald's night camps. Butter tins, corned beef tins, and a piece of a flour sack marked "R.N.W.M. Police, Fort McPherson" were found upon the ground. This point, some twelve days' journey from the Dawson post, probably represented the furthest of Inspector Fitzgerald's night camps.

The following day the same intermittent trail was picked up. After two hours' travel another night camp was discovered, only four miles from the first one. Corporal Dempster concluded from the proximity of these two camps that the Inspector's party had then been returning, but nothing further was found that day, March 13th.

On March 14th three more night camps were found, all within the space of some fifteen miles. So many

camp in so short a distance greatly strengthened the belief that the Inspector's party had been returning to Fort McPherson. Weather conditions on March 15th were favourable but the going heavy. One night camp was found, five miles from the last. It was noticed that the snowshoe trail which the patrol was still following kept to the river instead of taking a portage which would have saved three miles.

On March 16th Corporal Dempster's party received grim indication that they were hot upon Inspector Fitzgerald's trail. After less than two hours' travel a little cabin was reached wherein were found cached a toboggan wrapper and seven sets of dog harness. On further examination the paws of a dog and a dog's shoulder-blade were discovered. With regard to this day Corporal Dempster wrote in his diary:

"Although everything along the Big Wind River seemed to indicate that the party had returned to McPherson, this discovery was the first positive proof that they had turned back, and also that they were short of provisions. Even at this time I could not bring myself to believe that they had been compelled to eat their dogs, as I found a very small quantity of dried fish in a corner of the cabin above mentioned, which indicated that they still had dried fish with them, and I felt confident that the party had returned to McPherson in safety."

After this four days were spent in hard travel. Snowdrifts were encountered and territory new to Corporal Dempster's party had to be covered. On the evening of March 20th a further important discovery was made. This is described as follows by Corporal Dempster:

"On the evening of March 20th we arrived at a cabin known as 'Colin's Cabin,' between fifty and sixty miles from McPherson. This cabin is situated on a high bank, and I could see no trail leading up to it, but as it was getting dark I decided to pull up to it and camp. In this cabin I saw a couple of packages on a beam, and I remarked, 'I wonder what old Colin has cached up there.' Stewart, the Indian, said he would pull it down and see, and

we then discovered the despatch bag and a bag of mail. These I took possession of and took on to the Fort.

"Even with this discovery I did not think that any untoward accident had occurred to the party, but thought it strange that they had not sent back for it. I thought the party had been somewhat pressed and had put off everything possible to make their load light, with the intention of patrolling back again for their cache. I thought that after finding the seven sets of dog harness they still had two teams of four dogs each."

The remainder of Corporal Dempster's story, covering the finding of the bodies of Inspector Fitzgerald and of Constables Kinney, Taylor, and Carter, is best told in the Corporal's own words, as follows:

"The following morning (March 21st), about ten miles from this cabin, on the Seven Mile Portage, I found a tent and stove alongside the trail. There were also tent-poles, a plate, and thermometer. I could find nothing else, so proceeded on for about ten miles when I found a toboggan and two sets of dog harness out on the river, some hundred yards from the bank. I noticed that the rawhide ground lashing had all been cut off. Tied to a willow on the bank was a blue handkerchief, the trail leading towards it. I went over and climbed the bank, and back through a fringe of willows into the timber, and here I found a small open camp and I found two bodies, one of which I recognized as that of Constable Kinney, and I believed the other to be that of Constable Taylor, which belief was afterwards confirmed.

"Constable Taylor had evidently committed suicide by blowing off the top of his head with a 30-30 rifle which he still grasped in his left hand. Both men lay in bed side by side. A fire had been at their feet; each lay on his back; they had three Alaska sleeping-bags, one under and two over them; there was a frying-pan, camp kettle, a small tin with a few matches in it, an axe with a broken handle, axe being very blunt. The camp kettle was half-full of moose skin which had been cut up in small pieces and appeared to have been boiled. Beneath the robe on which they lay was a gunny sack containing Inspector Fitzgerald's diary, some old socks, duffles, and moccasins, also a notebook belonging to Constable Kinney. There was also a pocket barometer which had been borrowed from Mr. Campbell, at Red River.

"On the following morning about ten miles further down the river a trail ap-

peared to lead towards the bank, and while feeling for the trail we picked up a pair of snowshoes. We then climbed up the bank and a little way back in the woods we found the bodies of Inspector Fitzgerald and Special Constable Carter. This was Wednesday, the 22nd March. Carter had evidently died first, as he was lying on his back with his hands crossed over his breast and a handkerchief over his face. He appeared to have been drawn from ten or fifteen feet from the fire. Inspector Fitzgerald was lying on his back on the place where the fire had been burning, his left hand on his breast, the right lying almost parallel with the body, but slightly extended outwards. Two half-blankets were wrapped around him. A kettle and cup and a blunt axe with a broken handle were near him. There had been a little tramping around, caused, I suppose, by getting firewood. No effort of any kind had been made in making any kind of a camp.

"On the body of Inspector Fitzgerald I discovered a gold watch in a little sack suspended around his neck. On Carter's body I found a Department of Fisheries and Marine cheque for \$50, and \$7 in cash. His toes appeared to have been frozen and his fingers were bandaged. The bodies of all four were in a terribly emaciated condition. The stomach of each was flattened almost to the backbone, the lower ribs and hip bones showing very prominently. After the clothing had been cut off, I do not think either of them weighed a hundred pounds. Constable Kinney's feet were swollen to almost twice their natural size. Inspector Fitzgerald's feet were also very much swollen. The flesh of each man was very much discoloured, being a reddish-black, and the skin was peeling off. They had put on all the clothing they had with them. Each had on two suits of underwear and the usual outer clothing."

Corporal Dempster's party covered the bodies of the Inspector and the three constables with brush and proceeded to Fort McPherson, which they reached on March 22nd, having taken twenty-two days making the patrol from Dawson. The four bodies were brought to the fort on March 25th by Corporal Somers, in charge of the fort McPherson post, and two Indians. They were laid out in the Anglican mission church of the Fort, covered with black cloth, and buried on the afternoon of March 28th by the Reverend C. E. Whittaker, Anglican missionary at the Fort.

The bodies were laid in one grave side by side, "A firing party of five men," says Corporal Dempster, "fired the usual volleys over the remains of our departed comrades, and even though the funeral was held in the most northern part of the Empire, I am glad to be able to assure you that everything was done in connection with the last sad rites that could possibly be done under the circumstances."

In one of the pockets of Inspector Fitzgerald was found his will, which had evidently been written with a piece of charred wood. It reads as follows: "All money in despatch bag, and bank, clothes, etc., I leave to my dearly-beloved mother, Mrs. John Fitzgerald, Halifax. God bless all."

In the diary of Inspector Fitzgerald, found beneath the bodies of Constables Taylor and Kinney, the last item reads:

"Forty-eight below. Saturday, February 5th.—Fine with strong S.E. wind. Left camp at 7.15 a.m.; nooned one hour and camped about eight miles further down. Just after noon I broke through the ice and had to make fire; found one foot slightly frozen. Killed another dog to-night; have only five dogs now, and can only go a few miles a day; everybody breaking out on the body and skin peeling off. Eight miles."

With this entry Inspector Fitzgerald's diary runs out, but earlier entries tell the whole sad story. After dismissing the Indian Esau on New Year's Day, 1911, the party made fair progress for about ten days. It had then reached a point where it was a question of finding the right river crossing the divide into the Yukon basin. Inspector Fitzgerald had been relying absolutely upon Constable Carter, who had made the trip from Dawson to Fort McPherson, but not in the direction in which the patrol was then going. Carter failed to find the pass. Hence the whole tragedy. On January 23rd Inspector Fitzgerald wrote in his diary as follows:

"Carter is completely lost and does not know one river from another. We have only ten pounds of flour and eight pounds of bacon and some dried fish. My last hope is gone, and the only thing I can do is to return, and kill some of the dogs to feed the others and ourselves, unless we can meet some Indians. We have now been a week looking for a river to take us over the divide, but there are dozens of rivers and I am at a loss. I should not have taken Carter's word that he knew the way from Little Wind River."

So ran the tragic chronicle. It is clear that Inspector Fitzgerald would have done anything rather than turn back and that it was his ardent desire to carry out his commission successfully that cost him his life. The very first day after turning back towards Fort McPherson the party was forced to the desperate expedient of killing dogs. As ill-luck would have it, very bad weather was encountered at the start of the return journey. The policemen had to contend with mists and with snowstorms. Severe cold was also experienced and on one day the thermometer dropped to sixty-two below. But with cruel irony the weather became fine again a few days before the diary ran out.

What the four policemen must have endured in their effort to get back to Fort McPherson passes comprehension. On January 30th the Inspector wrote in his diary: "All hands feeling sick, supposed to be from eating dog's liver." Yet they trudged fourteen miles that day, seventeen miles the following day, and sixteen miles the day after that. On February 3rd, two days before the diary ran out, the party made fourteen miles and the Inspector had still heart enough to write: "We have travelled about 200 miles on dog's meat and have still about 100 miles to go, but I think we will make it all right, but will have only three or four dogs left."

Depositions made after the tragedy all agreed that Inspector Fitzgerald should not have trusted to Constable Carter as a guide over the height of land between the Mackenzie and the

Yukon systems. But in spite of these opinions, the sincerity of which cannot be doubted for a moment, it would be unjust to declare off-handedly that the tragedy was due to negligence. Inseparable from life in the northern wastes are great risks. They have to be taken. It must be assumed that Inspector Fitzgerald, a tried member of the force, was well aware of the risks and believed that he had made reasonable provision to meet them. Only his judgment erred, as any man's judgment can err.

To Canadians the story of Inspector Fitzgerald's attempt to get back to civilization, his heroism, his fortitude, his dignity in death, must ever remain a precious inheritance, a

classic of the Canadian Arctic. When on December 29th, 1912, a bronze tablet to the memory of the Inspector and the three constables was unveiled at the Mounted Police barracks at Regina, Commissioner Perry pronounced the words: "The heroic effort to return to Fort McPherson have not been exceeded in the history of Arctic travel."

Inscribed upon the tablet is the legend:

"In memory of Inspector Francis Joseph Fitzgerald, Constable George Frances Kinney, Constable Richard O'Hara Taylor, and Special Constable Sam Carter, who lost their lives in the discharge of their duty on patrol from Fort McPherson to Dawson, February, 1911. Erected by their comrades."

THE OLD WARRIOR

By FRANCES BEATRICE TAYLOR

MY good sword in its scabbard is,
 Idle long years, and bound with rust,
 My brother's lips, that tasted this,
 Are dust, as might and fame are dust.
 Here, in my quiet ingle-place
 I hear the strife I knew afore,
 We have forgot our nation's grace,
 Beneath the flaming hand of war.

Honour, I know, a man must hold
 Above the blood of other men;
 The generals of our race unfold
 Valour and majesty again,
 Yet, 'ere we go, upon our knees,
 God teach us His humanity,
 Lest, though we win, our enemies
 Should know the greater victory.



FAMOUS CANADIAN TRIALS

II.—WALKER'S EAR; AN INCIDENT TO THE FRICTION DEVELOPED BETWEEN
THE MILITIA AND CIVILIANS IN MONTREAL DURING
GOVERNOR MURRAY'S ADMINISTRATION

BY A. GORDON DEWEY

AMONG the *causes célèbres* of Canadian history the assault committed upon Thomas Walker takes a prominent place. This was the culminating incident in a series of troubles between the civil and military sections of the population which lasted throughout the administration of Governor Murray and attracted wide-spread attention. Yet these troubles were, as far as we know, confined to Montreal and the immediate vicinity, and concerned only the new British mercantile element, the French being involved but indirectly, and that from association with the English. These disputes form a study in themselves, but an outline of their principal causes is essential to our story.

The first English-speaking merchants of Montreal were sutlers, and those who immediately followed were not much better; between them and the officers of the garrison there was a social barrier, evidencing itself in contempt on the one side and hatred on the other. In official circles, between Brigadier Burton, the military commandant of Montreal, and Governor Murray in Quebec, there was distinct lack of co-operation, if not active intriguing against each other. During "Le Régime Militaire" (1760-1764) the militia captains adjudicated suits for the newly-arrived Britishers, to the latter's great dis-

satisfaction, while differences with the troops were decided by courts-martial. Then when civil government with courts more after the English model was established, the justices of the peace under the new system were thwarted in the rôle of popular tribune by the fact that appeals from former decisions to the new courts were seldom allowed, owing to the small sums generally involved.

The main source of disturbance, however, was the difficulty of housing the troops. The absence of barracks in Montreal made it necessary to quarter the soldiers in private houses. This, Murray tells us, was the accepted custom in other Provinces, and the Executive Council of Quebec lost no time after their appointment in passing two ordinances to legalize and regulate the system in Canada. Trouble was not apparent until justices of the peace had been appointed to administer the affairs of Montreal. The majority of these performed their duties without comment, but certain of them constituted themselves spokesmen of the more turbulent elements in the community and did all in their power to upset Murray's arrangements.

Captain John Fraser, a half-pay officer, who as *custos rotulorum* of the Court of Quarter Sessions also represented the civil magistrates, was thought best fitted to take charge of

the billeting in Montreal. The accepted leader of the party opposed to him was Walker, the most hot-headed of the justices. The colleagues most in accord were Thomas Lambe and Francis Noble Knipe, but these two went into disgraceful bankruptcy and were dismissed within the year, leaving Walker to play John Hampden by himself.

Thomas Walker was an English merchant who came to Montreal in 1763 and engaged in the western fur trade. Though he had been in Boston before coming to Canada, his commercial relations were with London. We are not surprised to find him claiming official notice of his arrival in our country; the *Registre des Audiances* of the Montreal military court records a suit brought by Emond, captain of a river schooner, for freight of goods brought from Quebec to Montreal on what we learn from other evidence was the merchant's first trip up the St. Lawrence; he offers to pay, less value of a mirror broken *en route*. Being well supplied with energy, ability, and capital, Walker soon ranked among the most prominent Montreal citizens. Murray evidently knew him by reputation before their first encounter, of which he has left a characteristic note in a private letter, now in the Archives at Ottawa: "Walker and Knipe have been here with a very respectful address. I have had much conversation, and if any confidence can be put in them, we may hope to find the people in Montreal very tractable; to contribute to it, I have made Walker and Knipe justices of the peace. The first is certainly a sensible man, and with proper management may be kept within the bounds of moderation and made a useful member of society; the man is proud and wants not, perhaps, a more than moderate share of ambition; to give a right turn or bias to such passions is to show we know how to govern properly." These fond hopes of Murray's were, however, from his point of view unfulfilled.

The contest over the billeting was waged with all the bitterness of petty spite. It was charged that some officers in assigning billets made a practice of sending three or four of their wildest men to the house of some well-to-do citizen, and then allowing him after earnest entreaties to buy exemption. Walker urged, probably with a good deal of truth, that the soldiers were very hard to please in the matter of lodgings, and high-handed in their methods, threatening to take the citizens' beds from under them, seizing their food, and sitting up all night carousing, "and upon the least reprimand threaten to burn them and their houses. The women are still more impertinent and abusive than the men." Upon the side of the justices, we are not surprised to learn that their method of procedure was suggested to Walker by his wife. When he was first shown the ordinance, she was standing by and noted that "there was nothing said about candles yet." "No more there is," replied her husband. "I suppose there will be more disputes about that." Trouble soon began. Captain Mitchelson, commanding the detachment of the 28th in Montreal, complained to Burton (November 21st, 1764):

"There appears to be a general spirit amongst the inhabitants of this place, stirred up it seems by some malicious person, tending to deprive the officers and soldiers the common allowances of firewood and candles, beds, and, in short, all necessities hitherto allowed by every person billeted upon, and without which it is impossible that the troops can resist the severity of the climate." John Livingston, a Montreal justice, in repudiating his earlier connection with the disaffected party, blames Walker for fomenting trouble, and says that the few would not have refused what the many had hitherto agreed to until they had, as he put it, "idle notions put in their heads of a strange sort of liberty and independence, which

has caused much disturbance in the town of Montreal." Evidence as to the prime mover was soon forthcoming. Several officers and soldiers testified before Justice Gagy to having been put out of their quarters, given rooms inferior to those first assigned them, or to having been deprived of firewood, furniture, candles, and so on, in each case by the intervention of Mr. Walker, generally among French Canadian landlords. Relations between the soldiers and the citizens were thus becoming dangerously strained during November, 1764, and meanwhile a move of certain magistrates rendered peace impossible.

Captain John Fraser, as a half-pay officer, had been occupying rooms in the house of Charles Réaume, but when given charge of the billeting he exchanged these for quarters in the court-house. Three or four days later Captain Payne, of the 28th, newly arrived in town, applied to him for a billet, and was given the key to the rooms lately occupied by the *custos*. Justice Knipe was also a lodger in the house and had his shop there. He immediately wrote to Fraser, claiming that Payne's billet was illegal as he, Knipe, was a justice, and the house therefore exempt. Fraser answered that the exemption applied to the other's rooms only, not to the whole house, and reiterated his order. Walker's version has it that Fraser threatened Réaume with fixed bayonets if he refused to carry out the billet; "they added insult to oppression by pouring down such quantities of water upon the floor over his (Knipe's) head as wet his papers, spoiled his furniture, and obliged him to quit his room . . . (Fraser) in his general conduct acted more like a Turkish Bashaw [sic] than a British justice of the peace." Payne slept unmolested in Réaume's on the night of November 5th, but was next

morning accosted by Knipe in his dressing-gown and ordered out. Meanwhile four of the justices—Dumas St. Martin, John Livingston, Walker, and Lambe—met, and without notifying the other parties, prepared a warrant for Captain Payne, mentioning the spilled water grievance and warning him to leave on pain of imprisonment. As this was disregarded, three of them (Livingston having backed down and apologized) prepared a new warrant for the commitment of Payne for forcible entry and the seizure of his effects; this was served the same afternoon. After a few days in jail Payne was released on habeas corpus and later prosecuted the authors of this affront in the Superior Court. When Murray heard of the affair he at once ordered the offending magistrates to Quebec to explain their conduct.

The military party was furious; feeling ran so high that "every man now took one side or the other as his profession or connections swayed him"; the soldiery, from Burton to the smallest drummer, were united against the civilians. Livingston was thought to have acted from a mistaken sense of duty and to be absolved by his retraction, Dumas was equally ignorant of the English language and English law, so that the vials of military wrath were poured out upon Lambe and Walker only. They were declared boycotted by the garrison. Walker complained that the soldiers were forbidden upon the public parade to have any dealings with him upon pain of four hundred lashes. Men who had got supplies from Lambe were threatened with severe punishment if seen near the house again; but a more marked vengeance for the chief enemy was resolved upon.*

Shortly before nine o'clock on the evening of December 6th, 1764, two days before his intended departure for Quebec for the Payne investiga-

* The following narrative is compiled from the depositions of Walker and his wife, and from evidence given at the various trials.

tion, Walker and his family were in their house at supper. To the right of the entrance hall where they were sitting was the parlour, and beyond that a bedroom where loaded firearms were always kept. Opening off the hall, almost opposite the street entrance, were two doors, one of which led into the kitchen, the other to the back yard. Walker was sitting with his back to the street door and three or four feet from it, his wife was opposite him; the third member of the party was a friend, Miss Jennie Hurd. The French servant, William Fontaine, was waiting on the table; in the kitchen were the black cook and her daughter, and John Lilly, the apprentice. Suddenly a noise was heard at the door, and Mrs. Walker called "entrez," followed by a scream, "Good God, what is this!" as the heavy outer door opened, and the blackened faces of a row of men peered one above the other at her through the glass of the inner door. Walker jumped from his seat as the first assailant, clad in a Canadian cotton nightgown and brandishing a sword, made at him. Mrs. Walker and the other woman rushed through the kitchen and yard into the cow-shed, where they listened in terror to the sounds proceeding from the house, and to the hammering of more assailants at the back gate. With three cuts in his head, Lilly, the clerk, made off to give the alarm. A man with a naked broadsword pursued the French servant into a gallery, whence he escaped by jumping into the yard through some broken railings. Walker meanwhile had received a five-inch wound in his head at the first attack, but turned towards the parlour to reach his weapons, his dozen assailants all dealing him repeated blows on the back, head, and shoulders with their bludgeons as he went. Unable to climb the stairs leading from the parlour to the bedroom, or to open the door, he turned at bay and attempted to parry with his hands the slash of one who called, "Let me at him, I

will despatch him with my sword!" Another struck him on the chest with the butt of a pistol. With astonishing vitality Walker drove back these two with his fists and attempted to get hold of the fire-shovel, but was seized by the leg and throat by two others who tried to throw him into the fire; amid his frantic struggles to free himself, a violent blow on the head felled him to the ground, where he lay all but dead.

He describes his next sensation as that of a severe blow on the loins. One of the assassins kneeling upon him made as if to cut his throat, Walker in attempting to parry felt a severe cut below his right ear which he thought surely mortal, so despairing of further resistance he stretched out with a groan, as if in his death agonies. One said, "The villain is dead"; another, "Damn him, we have done for him now"; a third made some other remark, whereupon they all went out hastily, leaving as additional souvenirs of their visit a regimental hat and bayonet of the 28th, and some pieces of tongs and pokers. The victim of this devilish assault, it is said, received in all fifty-two wounds. As both ends of the street were guarded by soldiers during the attack, no help had come to Walker's continual cries of "Murder." After three or four minutes in the cow-shed, for the whole scene had passed as quickly, Mrs. Walker mustered sufficient courage to return to the house, where she found the intruders gone, and her husband all over blood in the arms of Fontaine, surrounded by some friends whom the boy had brought. "She asked him whether he would die; he said he believed not, but to fetch a surgeon."

Immediately after the assault, while Lieutenant Tottenham and two other officers were sitting in the main guard-room, two men whom all conveniently failed to recognize came in, threw down something wrapped in paper upon the table with the words, "This is Walker's ear," and then left.

After this outrage Montreal was in a ferment. Mrs. Walker applied for a personal body-guard. A correspondent of Murray's thus describes the state of the city and victim a week after the assault: "My stay here won't be above eight days, and indeed the situation of things is such as makes it disagreeable to be so long, as not a man in the street meets another but he thinks of having his throat cut or being despatched somehow or other; a melancholy scene to see every person so on the watch, I don't mean one set of people more than another, for every man seems to be doubtful of his neighbour." He hasn't seen Walker's head dressed yet, but "as for his body, it is one continued piece of mummy, beat as if with frailles [sic] till it is as black as a hat and so swelled that you can barely know the remains of his face or the colour of his skin. The quantity of blood he lost I think saved his life, for if it had depended upon his being bleed [sic] with a lancet, I think the world could not have saved him. . . . The ear is almost divided in the middle, but to make up they have cut off a large piece of his cheek, and this was carried to a person of this town for his supper, whose affidavit on that occasion you will see soon."

There were good reasons to believe that officers of the garrison, if not actually concerned in the assault, certainly countenanced it. Though the magistrates, particularly Lambe, were zealous in their investigations, but lukewarm support was given by the military authorities. This was in no small measure due to "Mr. Walker's behaviour and the suspicions he vented of almost every officer in the place." The Government offered a reward of two hundred pounds, a free pardon, and a discharge from the army, if a soldier, to anyone who would furnish information; the citizens of Montreal at a meeting also promised three hundred pounds, but all to no purpose. Conrad Gugs,

Lambe, and some other magistrates, were able to collect a certain amount of evidence; this and charges contained in a letter to Walker from a man signing himself "Matthew Gospel," led to seven arrests—Sergeant Rogers, who, it was testified, had borrowed a broadsword under suspicious circumstances on the night of the assault; Captain Payne, who was considered likely to harbour thoughts of revenge for his treatment; Sergeant Mea, at whose house the men had disguised themselves; Coleman and McLaughlin, two soldiers suspected of taking part in the assault, and Lieutenant Tottenham, for his suspiciously weak efforts to arrest the men who had presented him with Walker's ear. Payne and Tottenham were at once released on bail, as a mutiny in the 28th was imminent, Captain Mitchellson informing Burton that he could not answer for the behaviour of any man under his command.

When this state of affairs was reported to Murray, he with some members of the Executive at once set out for Montreal; the Governor's description of the city as he found it is much like Ainslie's. A meeting of Council was held there on January 3rd, when three resolutions arranging for the trial of the Walker case and the disposal of the troops were passed. The garrison of Montreal then consisted of five companies of the 27th Regiment and eight of the 28th; it was decided to order five companies of the disaffected 28th into cantonments in adjacent parishes to relieve the congestion, shortly afterwards the whole eight were sent to Quebec, whence two battalions of the 60th marched to replace them.

After making these arrangements and, as he thought, restoring order, Murray returned to Quebec. Immediately after his departure, however, just after roll-call on the afternoon of January 16th, a large body of the departing 28th went to the prison, picked the lock, and freed their three comrades, Coleman, Mea, and Mc-

Laughlin (Rogers had been sent in irons to Quebec). Two officers who were in the provost marshal's room heard their whoops and cheers, and went out after them, one through the window, the other through the door, but were unable to do anything. Captain Skene meeting the party as they left the city jumped over the wall and followed on foot as long as his breath lasted, then commandeering a passing *cariole* he and another officer drove past them and with drawn swords ordered a halt. One who made as if he would go forward was run through and arrested; the rest marched back and the prisoners were again jailed. At midnight the performance of the afternoon was repeated; the prison lock was broken, the three sleeping guards locked in, and the prisoners released, this time without disturbance. Next afternoon they appeared at Chambly Fort with three companions and gave themselves up. The deputy provost marshal went that night to arrest them and their companions, but as he was received with fixed bayonets, decided to let the military authorities themselves escort the men to Quebec. Throughout this whole affair, as usual, no one was arrested or even recognized, save the men who had gone to Chambly, and Ensign Hamilton, who was unfortunate enough to be wounded.

When these cases of assault and prison breach were about to be brought to trial, serious complications arose. The Governor naturally had told Walker that the hearing would be in Montreal, forgetting, he tells us, till the fact was brought to his attention by the lawyers, that "there being but fifty-two Protestant householders in Montreal, it would be impossible to hold the tryal [sic] there, as most of the people in that place might and would have been challenged by one side or the other"; and elsewhere he writes, "None were exempted from a challenge, as each man in the place had publicly taken a side and loudly declared his opinion." To

remedy this difficulty, the only apparent course was taken; the trial was ordered for Quebec, and an ordinance was passed on March 9th, directing that in future all juries should "be summoned and returned from the body of the Province at large, without distinction or regard to the vicinage of any particular district in the same." Protests at once came from Walker and the jurymen summoned from Montreal, who represented that not only the journey to Quebec in early spring, but also the danger from the presence of the 28th now in that place amount to a denial of justice. Accordingly at the Hilary Term of the Court of King's Bench in Quebec, when no one appeared to prosecute, the bills were all returned *ignoramus* and the prisoners discharged.

William Conyngham, the soldiers' attorney, was dismissed for unprofessional conduct in connection with the case. Walker, for his "scandalous and libellous" notarial protest against the recent changes in the judicial arrangements in the Province, was suspended from the Commission of the Peace. A new trial of the case was ordered for the next term, this time to be held in Three Rivers, with, as before, a jury from the Province at large. To avoid another refusal of those from Montreal to attend through fear of the soldiers, Murray wrote to Major Brown, now commanding the 28th, forbidding any officers or men of that regiment save those who were witnesses, to attend the trial.

Major Brown, contrary to the advice of his friends, insisted on going to Three Rivers himself. Fourteen of the grand jurymen were from Quebec district and seven from Montreal; all the witnesses were present but Walker and his family, who were fined five hundred pounds for non-attendance. True bills were found against most of the prisoners, but they were eventually all acquitted save Hamilton, who was convicted of rioting only, and given the light sentence

of a year and a day in prison, with a fine of twenty marks. The only noteworthy event at the trial was an outburst on the part of the hot-headed Major Brown. When Sergeant Mea's wife was testifying that during her deposition before Lambe shortly after the assault, he had threatened and forced her into saying more than the truth, Major Brown exclaimed that he believed this quite probable, twitted Lambe on his recent expulsion from the magistracy, and finally declared he believed him capable of anything—all of which was in due time reported in England as additional evidence of lack of discipline in the Murray administration.

Although the suspects had been released, the Walker case was by no means at an end. Walker himself sailed for home, to lay his case before political friends in England. Meanwhile the London merchants engaged in the Canadian trade had presented a petition (April 18th, 1764) to the Government, complaining of the whole administration of this country—the trade regulations, the military, the recent assault on Walker, and the prison breach. One of them, John Stretell, made more specific objection in a memorial to the holding of the trial in Quebec and to the method of summoning juries. The merchants all through enjoyed the advantage of getting in the first word. Murray's lengthy report of March 3rd had not yet been presented and the King-in-Council expressed angry surprise at having had no word from him, and ordered a thorough inquiry by the Lords of Trade.

The board accordingly held several meetings and presented their recommendations (October 8th), which were promptly approved. Considering the uncertainty of the evidence offered, they suggested the recall of Murray and Burton to England to furnish full accounts of the late occurrences. They had considered the complaints of Walker regarding the

Quebec and Three Rivers trials, and suggested the issuance of a new commission to try the offenders, the attorney and solicitor-general to be consulted as to the legality of such a course. The conduct of Chief Justice Gregory all through "having appeared to the committee extremely irregular," they recommended his dismissal. Unless the present troubles subsided, they urged the entire removal of the 28th Regiment from the Province. Finally, they expressed disapproval of the notorious grand jury presentments of 1764. The Governor was informed of his recall, and in due time left to undertake the defence of his administration before the British Government.

It is difficult to see any other course for Murray than that which he had pursued. With the small British population, the complete division into two parties, and the high state of feeling existing at the time in Montreal, a fair trial could not have been held there. On the other hand, Walker's objections to Quebec were well founded; the changes in the judicial system were contrary to British usage, the journey to Quebec with all his family was difficult and dangerous at that season, and broke in upon the preparations for summer trading to the upper country, but none of these disadvantages could be avoided under the circumstances; the much-talked-of danger from the soldiers was more fancied than real, as Murray had made arrangements for the complete removal from the city during the trial of all the troops in question. The Governor did what he could to aid Walker in obtaining justice, the one great difficulty was the long distance to be traversed, and to lessen this the trial at Three Rivers in midsummer was granted. Walker does not seem to have any excuse for absenting himself this second time; in fact, his conduct gives a good deal of colour to the motive suggested by Murray. "Till lately I could not conceive," he records, "the indefatigable pains

Mr. Walker took to baffle every attempt the Government made to punish the perpetrators of those outrages. I little suspected he wanted to persuade the merchants of London of the impossibility of procuring justice here, and that they would as readily believe that, as they did the establishment of a whale fishery on Lake Ontario."

A strong point for Murray is the fact that he was able after reaching England to justify his administration before men who, if we read aright, had been diligently prejudiced against him. An Order-in-Council of April 13th, 1767, dismisses the petitions and complaints against him as "groundless, scandalous, and derogatory to the honour of the said Governor." Murray was continued in office, though resident in England, till 1768.

Walker, meanwhile, after successfully pleading his cause in England, had returned to Canada with an order from Conway expressing horror at the treatment he had received and ordering his restoration to the magistracy. Another letter to the Governors of Michigan and Detroit complained of their methods and ordered every countenance and support to be given the bearer in his trading ventures.

The merchant's next move would be hard to justify.* The keen party struggles of the last few years seem to have so inflamed and embittered this excitable character that he was unable to discount any story or scheme, however impossible, which was agreeable to his prejudices. Carleton, the new Governor, was but lately arrived and as yet unacquainted with the details of the past trouble; the time was favourable; the choice of victims is illuminating. George Magovock, a discharged soldier who had been living some four months with Walker, impelled obviously by

the hope of reward, came forward to swear that he knew the perpetrators of the assault, had indeed been their accomplice. The deposition was made before the new Chief Justice, and as Walker represented that the matter was urgent and he in imminent danger of his life, it was thought best to effect the arrests secretly and by military force. Accordingly one or two hours after midnight (November 18th, 1766) a detachment of soldiers with fixed bayonets visited in turn the homes of six of the most prominent Montrealers, and carried them off to prison. Those arrested were St. Luc la Corne, Knight of St. Louis and representative of the Canadian noblesse; Captain John Fraser, of whom we have already heard; Captain Campbell of the 27th, the Indian agent; Captain Disney, late of the 44th, now town major; Lieutenant Evans, of the 28th, and Joseph Howard, a leading merchant. They applied for bail. Chief Justice Hey requested Walker to waive any protest, but the merchant was firm, repeating his late assertion, "that he was in danger of his life, and should not think it worth a day's purchase if any of them were at liberty"; so that despite the arguments of defending counsel and the representations of the accused, Hey had no recourse but to declare his judicial opinion that the offence was not bailable.

In this proceeding, public opinion was strongly against the prosecutor. The French Canadians, as yet unable to appreciate the levelling character of English criminal law, were especially grieved that a seigneur and Knight of St. Louis should be thrown into the common prison upon the testimony of a common soldier, whom they knew to be infamous and merely seeking a reward.

Immediately after the arrest the prisoners, at their own request, were taken to Quebec, where they hoped

* Much of the material relating to this episode has been printed verbatim in the Archives report for 1888, Note A. A process-verbal of Disney's trial is to be found in Almon's Remembrancer.

to be released on bail. Here they received letters of condolence from friends in the Government and army. A petition signed by six members of Council, some other officials, and a large number of Quebec merchants and army officers, was prepared, and on Sunday, after religious service, a large procession visited first Hey, then the Governor. This proceeding Carleton considered quite irregular, and promptly dismissed from the Council Irving and Mabane, who had headed the concourse of petitioners.

Upon Chief Justice Hey's final refusal to grant bail, the prisoners were taken back to Montreal, and as neither the jail nor court-house were fit to receive them, they were lodged under guard in the house of a principal merchant. Here they kept open house for the many friends who resorted to "the Bastille," and public favour was maintained by every art to please. On the other hand, as Hey tells us, "the unyielding and surly carriage of Mr. Walker every day drew from him and his cause some of the few who had before given him their countenance, so that when I arrived in Montreal I found them both under a most notorious and almost universal prejudice."

Nevertheless Walker determined to proceed. An attempt to have the trial postponed till September was relinquished when he was informed that the prisoners would in this case be bailed; a request for a republication of the rewards for information regarding the assault was also refused.

Lieutenant Evans was the first prisoner indicted. The charges were two in number and were preferred against all six accused. The first was burglary, that is, forcible entry with the object of committing a felony, in this case murder. The other was brought under the "Coventry Act" of Charles II., against maiming with the intention of disfiguring. The grand jury numbered among them eight of the French Canadian noblesse, who all met Walker's challenge by cheerfully

taking the oath of allegiance then and there. They threw out the indictment against Evans, at which Walker was very wroth, and accused them of browbeating the evidence. This was resented by the jury, but the Chief Justice's coolness and tact allayed the confusion. He reminded them that they were to hear the case for the prosecution only, and the next prisoner was put on trial. A true bill was found against Captain Disney, but "no bill" against St. Luc La Corne. Upon this Walker refused to proceed against any of the others, so Captain Disney's trial was begun.

The case was heard on Saturday, February 28th, and Wednesday, March 11th, 1767. Walker, who in his first deposition shortly after the assault had expressed mere vague suspicions against two other officers, now swore positively that Disney was the wearer of the cotton nightgown who had led the assault. Case, a soldier, testified to having seen him on the night in question armed and disguised leaving Walker's house. McGovock was very nervous and contradicted himself sadly, until the jury refused to give him any credence; the defence successfully advanced an alibi. It appears that on the night of Walker's misfortune the accused and his witnesses had attended a "ball" at the house of a former army officer. The élite consisted of three officers and their wives, Madame Landriève, Major Disney, Mrs. Howard and the wife of another merchant. The company assembled about four in the afternoon. They first boiled molasses to make "tire." Then came tea and a game of blind man's buff, Major Disney devoting special attention to the handsome French widow. English country dances were next engaged in. Then they all sat round the stove and rested while the cloth was being laid. After supper came more dances. This delightfully informal party was interrupted about a quarter to ten by the arrival of a messenger from Brigadier Burton for Dis-

ney, announcing the attack upon Walker and ordering the town major upon duty.

Though emphasizing the fact that Lieutenant Robertson's house was within two hundred yards of the scene of the crime, the prosecuting attorney was unable to persuade the jurymen that Disney could have slipped out, committed the assault, and returned unobserved; the accused was promptly acquitted. Mr. Walker and his wife were presented for perjury; the jurymen also, "inflamed by Walker's accusations," avowed their intention of entering individual actions against him for defamation. The Chief Justice expressed himself as quite satisfied with the verdict, and in concluding his report he said: "Mr. Walker's violence of temper and an inclination to find people of rank in the army concerned in this affair has made him a dupe to the artifices of a villain whose story could not have gained credit but in a mind that came too much prejudiced to receive it, and the unhappy consequences of it, I fear, will be that by mistaking the real objects of his resentments, the public will be disappointed in the satisfaction of seeing them brought to justice." Hey's expectations were fulfilled, and no one was ever convicted of this now famous assault.

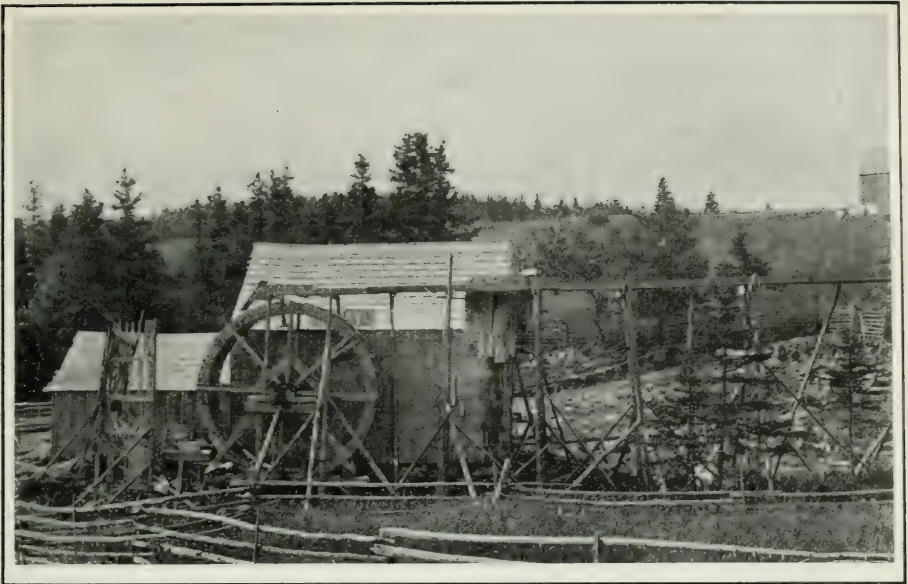
This ends the episode of "Walker's Ear." The disturbances, too, of which it was the outstanding event had also ceased. The billeting grievance had been removed by the provision of proper barracks for the soldiers; the riotous 28th had been sent away, first to Quebec, and then to Ireland; Burton had returned home, and Murray was also recalled. Of the incendiary justices Walker alone remained, and he had turned his attention from attacking the military to attacking the Government. The history of this headstrong but forceful character is by no means at an end, but we cannot detail it here. He in Montreal and Zachary Macauley in Quebec led the Canadian opposition to the Quebec Act, basing it on two grounds, the denial of representative institutions, and the granting of liberties to French Roman Catholics. When the situation in the New England colonies became acute, Walker, apparently despairing of British rule, took sides with them and plotted with remarkable temerity in the interests of Benedict Arnold. He was arrested, but freed by the Americans when they captured the vessel in which he was being taken in irons to Quebec. Returning with them to Boston, he finally turned up with Du Calvet in London, where we shall leave him.





IN THE LAURENTIANS

From the Painting by Clarence A. Gagnon— Exhibited by the Royal Canadian Academy



A MILL, WITH OVERSHOT WHEEL, IN UNFREQUENTED NOVA SCOTIA

TRAMPING IN UNFREQUENTED NOVA SCOTIA

BY W. LACEY AMY

NOVA SCOTIA, almost equally with Newfoundland, is little more as yet than a coast-line. The great interior remains a hunting-ground, despite the existence along the coast for a century and a half—long before Ontario passed the forest stage—of a hard-working, serious-minded people, who have struggled, first to hold the country for England and latterly in some parts to hold existence in the face of commercial disadvantages. On the south coast from Halifax westward the tourist has begun to seize the scenery as his own, but eastward there is still no railway, no tourist traffic, and little in the way of real industry save cod fishing.

To see this country of unsearched

rivers, untrod forests to the very water, and indentations that twist and wind behind an outpost of innumerable islands, you must forgo your chauffeur—and a lot of other things you may have become accustomed to connect with comfortable travel. It depends upon your point of view. So long as you refuse to lend yourself to the scheme of life that is on a fair way to make man's legs merely historical—like the appendix and the tonsils—there are pleasures to be enjoyed along that coast that outweigh the absence of comforts. The Woman-who-worries and I thought so. Three hundred miles of roadway—and four times that length of coast—was bound to open up new delights not obtainable where the dining-car menu faces

you or the summer resort obtrudes its tiresome affectation.

Along that railwayless coast lives a thin line of fishermen—nothing north of them for fifty miles but manless forest, nothing south but the ocean, nothing in life but the harvest of the water. Stores there are few. Boarded-up show-windows here and there tell of the inroads of the mail-order house, the cheapness of water transportation from Halifax, and latterly the parcels post. All along the road stand these mute signs of a dead trade, with empty houses thickly strewn. Steadily, year after year, the people have moved to the West, or died of the dread scourge, tuberculosis, which plays such havoc with the fishermen. Many of those who remain will tell you of depleted fisheries and repeat longingly the lurid tales of fortunate friends in the West. A kindly people and honest, with hands out to the stranger and an unaccountable lack of many of the ordinary comforts of life. Doctors are few and scattered, visiting their patients in summer by motor-boat and naturally dependent upon Halifax for surgery. The few stores offer few luxuries. The mail-order catalogue is the closest connection between the fisherman and the life we know.

Along that three hundred miles of coast there is but one road, with little off-shoots leading southward here and there to fishing villages on the peninsulas. The "coach road" has covered everything even the careless indulgence of a winking government could permit, but it couldn't reach every cluster of houses on such a sinuous shore. There seemed to be no other limitation to it. Payment per mile has made the miles many. Hills that might have been avoided, with a saving of length, structural difficulties, repair, and climbing, are carelessly included. The road glimpsed over simple country only a mile away wanders two or three to get there, for no reason save the extra mileage it means. One would think that the na-

tural tangle of that coast would satisfy even a government contractor.

Thus it is that settlements appearing on the map four or five miles apart are really ten, and in the passage every physical feature of the surrounding country is encountered.

It is not mere rhetoric to assert that a new road could be built through every essential point almost as cheaply as to repair the old one. For years there has evidently been no attempt to repair the bridges over some sections; in one stretch of twenty miles there were missing culverts of an average much exceeding one a mile. How the mail driver overcomes them at night is a mystery; upon inquiry he merely grins and says the horses know the holes by this time. Right in the heart of Ship Harbour the roadway up a grade misled me into thinking we had wandered into the bed of a dry stream. Everywhere along the way springs use the road as the simplest channel for getting there. They ripple merrily along the trail, crossing unbridged at their leisure, fulfilling no purpose but the drainage of the Provincial Treasury and the convenience of the thirsty traveller.

Here and there are short stretches that show the possibilities of the road, and a few cement bridges were under construction over the more dangerous streams. And yet it was under more continued pseudo-repair than any road I ever saw. "Where will we reach decent roads?" asked one of the two automobiles we met in our walk, more than a hundred miles east of Halifax. I referred them to the possibilities beyond Halifax; I had never been there.

It was a hundred miles of that kind of road we trudged—and walking was the only method of doing it with anything resembling comfort. It gave us time, and exercise, and entire freedom of action. The only other way to do it was by "coach"—what we would call the stage—and we tried some days of it to the most kindly memories of the walking.



A RELIC OF PROSPEROUS TIMES

It was a lonely hundred miles—lovely and lonely, lovely and lovely. In that distance we met two automobiles—and they were sorry for it—and not more than a half-dozen vehicles outside the settlements. There seems to be no communication between settlements save by coach and telephone. It is explained by the fact that there is no inter-trade. Each village looks only to Halifax, where it sells its fish, buys its supplies, spends its holidays. Mile after mile there was evidence that nothing but the coach had passed that way for days.

We commenced our walk from Musquedoboit Harbour, a name we learned to pronounce with the greatest pride. Further along we came to a dozen villages that troubled us more—that we mentioned to each other in our own jargon, and stumbled blindly over in getting directions. I carried a large map as the simplest method of finding our way. Chezzetcook, Petpeswick, Newdy Quoddy, Necumteuch, Ecumsecum, Mushaboon and the rest of them derive their names from sources of criminal intent, the tourist is apt to think. Get-

ting rid of the words with quick confidence is the only chance of being understood.

Musquedoboit Harbour will some day be a week-end resort for Halifax. My memories of it are a deserted sawmill, a deep, menacing river with steep banks, and an inexhaustible supply of four-pound speckled trout that lay beneath the dam awaiting the first bare hook to be “jigged” out for the table. “Jigging” may be the extreme of bad sportsmanship, but it makes unrivalled eating at Musquedoboit Harbour.

The daily coach provided a solution of the baggage problem, and we experienced little difficulty in keeping in touch with our conveniences. From Musquedoboit Harbour we set out one afternoon eight miles for Jeddore Oyster Pond. On the way we passed through the tiny settlements of Salmon River Bridge, Head of Jeddore, and Smith’s Settlement, each liable to be missed, but jealous of its name. A little Sunday-school picnic in a sheltered nook beside an arm of the sea reminded us that there was still pleasure-taking along the coast. Not



SHEET HARBOUR, AN IMPORTANT NOVA SCOTIAN VILLAGE

even in the settlements did we see another sign of life.

Jeddore Oyster Pond derives the familiar portion of its name from the cultivation of oysters there at one time. A saw-mill quickly put an end to that. Now there are only a few white shells to tell of it. At Jeddore we had our first taste of the possible difficulties we might have to face. By request the coach-driver had unloaded our baggage before a house which had been named to us as a possible stopping-place. But stopping-places along that coast are only possible, as a rule—by which I mean nothing to their discredit. Liquor is not sold east of Halifax, and the road-houses serve you or not, as they please. There are very few to serve. Our baggage was in front of the house, all right, but we were firmly informed that it was not a stopping-place, and even if it had been, a wedding the day before prevented the entertainment of guests. A mile back there was a woman who might take us. I looked at the two suit cases and decided camping out there had its attractions over a mattress a mile back. We went

up the road begging accommodation, and a woman took compassion on us; for the nights were cold. It was no relief later in the evening to be told in a kindly way that no one would have seen us stuck for a place to sleep. We learned then that there must be no guesswork in our information, and that there was not a horse to be had anywhere for moving baggage. It increased our delight that we had not trusted to the steamboats running along the coast, the landings being anywhere up to a couple of miles from the stopping-places.

Next morning we set out for Ship Harbour, an easy day of ten miles, intending to stop for dinner at Lower Ship Harbour, reported to be four miles on the way. By the time my pedometer registered the four miles we had advanced a mile beyond the last house into the heart of unbroken, dismal forest. It was noon, and we had had no meat—and little else—since the noon before, and I carried thirteen pounds of camera. Once more we had come a mile too far—and didn't go back. On we ploughed into the most lonely bit of road we



POWERFUL WATERFALLS WASTING THEIR FORCES IN UNFREQUENTED NOVA SCOTIA

met in the whole journey—not a sign of habitation, not even the tinkle of cowbells, and but the dim tracks of the coach of the day before. We learned to yearn for the cowbells from that day, for they told of settlement near at hand.

At two o'clock we burst suddenly on a welcome road-gang at the edge of Ship Harbour, and a few minutes later were making a meal at a table that haunted us for the rest of the trip. Mrs. Newcombe, of Ship Harbour, I remember as one of the bright spots of the journey. With sickness on her hands she still had time for cleanliness of house and pleasing variety of table—and a roll of hooked rugs beneath the parlour sofa made me regret the limits of my baggage.

At Ship Harbour was a relic of prosperous times, a deserted saw-mill. All along the way we came on them. Financed by English capital, they had gone the way of so many industries in Canada thus backed, through prodigal management, ignorance of local conditions, and careless control by the shareholders. Some of the mills were closed through the clear-

ing-out of the saleable timber, and powerful waterfalls and well-built dams were wasting their force. Only one other industry revealed itself along the coast. Two or three gold mines were making desperate efforts to keep at work, depressed a little by the failure of others. At Tangier and Sheet Harbour there were lively hopes that the local workmen would not be turned off.

Ship Harbour, situated at the head of a beautiful arm of the sea, is now best known along the coast for its salmon; but the salmon season was about over, the one or two belated fishermen we met being most concerned about the quickest way out. Down each side of the arm a road ran, the one used only by the coach to avoid the ferry, and the other leading to a fishing settlement down by the sea and to a ferry across to the coach road.

That four-mile walk down to the ferry on a vivid Saturday morning—the coach road, they told me, was almost impassable—was one of the most beautiful stretches along the coast. A church or two, one lone blacksmith

shop, a working sawmill, an old mill of our grandfathers with its overshot wheel, and here and there a herring fisherman drawing his nets—these were enough, without the fleeting glimpses of faraway sea, deep green islands, and quaint houses. Hanging on the fence I found the horn to summon the ferryman across the three-quarters of a mile of water. It was a small horn for such a big job, but it possessed a voice that would have made it the most brilliant memory of any youngster's Christmas. It echoed and rolled over the water, and up the hill behind me, and in among the trees, until I thought I had been playing with a tempest. The little rowboat that ferried us over for seven cents each was manned by a boy who could have had no possible use for land.

I found it difficult to explain that we were tramping—with enough money to pay our way. One kindly-intentioned resident considered he was elaborating on my story by telling of his meeting with "another fellow walking along the coast. He was covering more ground than you a day,

and he'd worn the soles off his shoes and had paper tied around them. His feet were terrible sore." If we had not providentially got through two days before the declaration of war I have no doubt of our classification as German spies. As it was, we were—a new kind of tramp.

That day we had before us a walk of twenty-three miles. We had heard of the stopping-place at Spry Bay, and wished to make it for Sunday. On the way we encountered one of the confusing tangles of the country. Many of the villages have neighbouring settlements distinguished from them only by some qualification. Ship Harbour has its distant suburbs of Ship Harbour Lake, Lower Ship Harbour, and Lower Ship Harbour East, covering an area of a dozen miles, and entirely disconnected by miles of unsettled country. A careless memory is a calamity on the Nova Scotia coast. We learned, too, that distance cannot be gauged by villages, but only by individual houses, for some of the villages are four or five miles long. Five miles is a factor in a tramp of twenty miles, about meal-time.



SUMMONING THE FERRY IN UNFREQUENTED NOVA SCOTIA



A PRIMITIVE CONVEYANCE IN UNFREQUENTED NOVA SCOTIA

We dined at Tangier—pronounced as it is spelled—and after an hour's rest in a light shower, set out in the threatening skies ten miles for Spry Bay; and one of those ocean rains is not to be trifled with. For the last four miles it was village all the way, Spry Bay being separated from Spry Harbour only in the imagination of the residents. Here we found the first mistake in our Government map, but it was a serious one. That four miles followed every dent in the coast in a most aggravating manner, the stopping-house in plain view only a half-mile away as the crow flies, but two miles by the road.

We spent Sunday at Spry Bay, a day of continued rain and fog. We were thankful to be where we were. The table we faced was in a class by itself along that coast.

Speaking of tables reminds me of the beds—and the memory is not the most pleasant. Everything from ropes and feather ticks up we tried, and the springs were usually not the most comfortable. Travellers with ironclad demands in the way of bed comforts

will not be at home there. Breaking new ground has its discomforts, one of the greatest to me being a set of springs that sags a foot and a half in the middle. In case of extremity the rug beside the bed is comparative luxury.

Monday we made but eight miles, to Sheet Harbour, the most important village between Halifax and Sherbrooke. We had of necessity to stop there for we had been unable to learn anything of the coast beyond. Nobody west of Sheet Harbour goes east of it. Between Spry Bay and Sheet Harbour we passed over a great height, the island-dotted, peninsula-pierced sea beneath us specked with groups of distant fishing boats. Mushaboon was a quiet little place of cod flakes and a wharf where a vessel was loading.

Sheet Harbour, you would remember, as composed of Mrs. Conrod, the travellers' friend, and a Catholic church crowning the end of the harbour. To be received by Mrs. Conrod is recommendation enough for the south coast. "Do you see any name

out there to say this is a hotel?" she demanded of a complaining traveller. "Well, then, get out." Three years later he returned, confident that he would be forgotten. She recognized him in the midst of dinner—and he finished it elsewhere. We spent a whole night there. We're proud. Mrs. Conrod is Irish, and seventy-five, and, with one maid, handles a big house and a store across the road. "Go to the other store," she hurled at a customer who had interrupted her afternoon nap.

In the meantime events had been shaping to force us to the coach. The soles of the shoes of the Woman-who-worries were making effective protest against the roads. We didn't appreciate the paper our fellow-tramp had used to fill the gap; but not a shoe repairer had we seen since we left Halifax, and we were informed we probably wouldn't this side of Sherbrooke. At Spry Bay a fisherman drove in a few tacks. At Sheet Harbour we heard of one who worked in the mines by day, and by night cut the village hair, and sometimes repaired shoes. I was waiting for him at six, and found him willing, "supposin' they didn't bother him too much with hair-cuttin'." At eleven that night I stumbled through the darkness to his house and was rewarded with soles that were, at least, solid leather and securely tacked. It prevented the paper situation.

East of Sheet Harbour the average accommodation deteriorates, but is not at all impossible. Sheet Harbour seems to be the end of ordinary traffic, and travellers thereafter must take what they can get. We also began to feel the distressing effects of unreliable information. Having planned to walk only sixteen miles that day, we decided at the end of it to push on five miles further in the uncanny darkness of an ocean fog after sundown. It was a venture I don't want to repeat in a wild country without fences to keep you in the road—and the memory of a bear cub we had

seen saunter out on the road before us that day.

Twelve miles farther on, at Marie Joseph, we were forced to give up walking and take to the coach. The weather was becoming unsettled and raw, the roads were terrible, the stopping-places more irregular, and our meals coming at all hours owing to mistaken local ideas of distance and direction. To reach Marie Joseph we were directed down a branch road that carried us two miles out of our way, having already walked four farther than the distance given; and then another mile out of our way—with a great, gaunt feeling where the last meal should have been two hours before. The remainder we did by coach—longing every minute for better weather, that we might walk.

In six days, the Sunday of which we had spent at rest, we had covered almost exactly one hundred miles, according to my pedometer, more than eighty of which was along the coach road. During that week—and through the preceding and succeeding days by coach—we opened to ourselves a variety of scenery indigenous to Nova Scotia. Little, indifferent fishing villages, asleep by day, lively in the early morning and late afternoon, unsullied by the outside world or local class distinctions; ample basins where a country's fleet might anchor, but only bobbing little fishing boats in sight; fresh, white-washed houses set without regard to aught but the owners' whims; white-towered churches peeping over the hills and breathing peace and thoughtfulness; ox-carts here and there, lumbering gravely along as if the world were free of rush and care; a patient people, kind and gentle, bearing the difficulties of their life with wonderful calmness—these but a few of the brush-touches of the picture we saw. Ever it unfolds, bringing to us new memories, new humours, new gladnesses of the life, new sorrows—always beautiful and free and tinged with the colours of simplicity and patience.



From the Painting by Louis Mettling
in the National Art Gallery of Canada

THE
STUDIO

DEAR FATHER

THIRD AND CONCLUDING LETTER FROM A SON WHO WOULD MAKE
SOMETHING OF HIMSELF TO A SELF-MADE FATHER

EDITED BY ALBERT R. CARMAN

Hotel de ———, Barbizon.
Dear Father:

It is almost a rebel who sits down to write you to-night. It is certainly an infidel with regard to the great American religion of dollar-making. What would you think of a man who could put up goods which the people were crazy to buy, but who insisted upon putting up an article which they would not have at any price; and who lived his life out in poverty as a consequence? What would they call him in Chicago? Yet there are lots of such men in France. I sat this afternoon and watched one at work. He wore a shapeless "cow's breakfast" to keep the sun out of his eyes. He had on clothes which would excite contempt in the stock yards; and he wore them because he was too poor to buy any better. His paints, his canvas, his brushes, had cost him money which he saved by living in a loft; and he would have borne any hardship for them except give up the wine he likes for dinner. He was working at a picture which he will probably have to give away. Yet he could have painted it so it would sell. But the picture he painted was the true picture as he saw it; and, as he brought it nearer and nearer to the perfection he had in his mind, his whole being seemed to brim over in a sort of subdued ecstasy of enjoyment. He was hungry; for he was economizing by doing without *déjeuner*. He does not know how he is going to live

through the coming winter in Paris. Yet he is the happiest "fool" alive. If he gets just the right shade of the right colour on that commonplace boulder in the foreground, he would not change places with a Rothschild.

The point of view of such a man is so entirely different from ours that it is no wonder neither side can explain it without imputing lunacy to the other. He would like to have more money because it would leave his elbow freer for his work; but that he should secure more money by imprisoning his elbow—or by giving it up to the control of another man—would be to sacrifice the end to the means. He would have put out of his reach the only thing that he wanted the money to buy.

The real difference is that he does his work to please himself and not to please the largest crowd, whereas we do our work to please the crowd and to get their golden applause. He expresses himself; we try to express the average man in our area. He leads humanity; we follow it. He is a creator; we are imitators. He is the master of his campaign, with victory or defeat at the end of his own brush; we are successful sutlers. When we speak of his happiness and our happiness as if they could be compassed by the same word, it is as if we spoke of the song of the frog and the song of the lark.

Yes, dear Dad; that is my mood to-night. It is flat rebellion against

Chicago. I feel to-night as if possible poverty were only a trifling inconvenience which should not be allowed to affect the planning of one's life; and as if the attainment of culture, which would enable one to at least appreciate the higher achievements of these men and which might lead me—even me—to taste the triumphant joys of creation, should be the sole purpose to which I ought to devote my energies. I probably will feel quite differently in the morning. I notice that, after my most exalted hours, I stub my toe against some stump which my up-raised eyes had overlooked; and, in a moment, I am overwhelmed with thankfulness that my feet can still feel solid financial earth beneath them. I do not know why it is; but I haven't the unruffled courage of these men. They apparently never think that they might give up the arduous path to the hill-top, and go to making money. They are quite aware that the money is there for them to make; but they no more consider the possibility of pausing in their career to make it than you do of giving up your immense business to go back on grandfather's farm and raise hogs.

But I lack that spirit. I can swear devotion to culture here to-night in my ten-franc bedroom after a good dinner and with an ample "letter of credit" in my pocket; but if I were to wake up a poor man in the morning I should never think of doing anything else than sailing at once for Chicago and the hog business. Am I a coward, or is it my training? Has the dollar seemed to me the only good so long that I dare worship no higher god except with its squalid approval? The preachers talk to us at home of "unworldliness." That old man, painting away in the shadow of his bent straw hat, knows more of "unworldliness" than all the fashionable churches in Chicago. His is the "higher life." His is the "religious calm." He is "unspotted from the world." He can "endure

hardship like a good soldier," while I will sell my birthright for a mess of pottage any day.

You can see that your son is also in a somewhat contemptuous mood toward himself to-night; and your letters are not entirely innocent of blame. I can see that you are approaching a decision in my case; and that that decision will be to come home and get the nonsense worked out of me. And I am in a "blue funk." For I am pretty sure that I will come. Of what use is it to long for a head of gold if one must stand upon feet of clay? Yet I pump up my courage by reminding myself of you. You remember how grandfather bitterly opposed your move to Chicago. He said that Chicago was a wicked place where you would be led into paths of sin; that in the bustle of the great city you would neglect your religious duties; that he never heard of any real good man in business there; and that they'd be too smart for you anyway and you'd lose all the money you had saved. I guess it was that last notion that made you determined to go. Grandfather was willing that you should buy a share in the store "up to the village," and then you could build a brick house there some day and be one of the solid men of the county. He would let you have an old nag of his—I remember you telling—for your delivery wagon, which would be a new wrinkle there. Thus he mapped out your future—pleasant, peaceful, and profitable. But you dared everything and went to Chicago. You might have been ruined in a month. But you had the courage to take the risk.

Heigh-ho! Have I your spirit; or am I the heir only of your ideals and your dollars? One of the men here—one of the comparatively successful men—was telling me the other day about his folks at home. They are vine cultivators in the south of France, and are in a prosperous way of business. He has three brothers, two of whom have stayed with the

father and helped buy another hillside or so of vines, while the third has become a fat merchant in Bordeaux. My friend's name is Joseph, and it is a name which you would hear in the studios of Paris if you were there when the "rising hopes" of the new generation are spoken of. But his father always says that he has "four sons, three of whom are doing well in the world, while Joseph is a vagabond in Paris." Joseph laughs at it; but there is pain in his eyes—not pain for himself, but pain for the good people at home who suffer sorrow and anxiety for him so uselessly. Then he, too, sorrows for them. He is the only one of the four brothers who is really alive.

Parsons followed me out here the other day—wanted to see something of the artist before he was "cured." But the only thing that struck him was that the attention of Anthony

Comstock and the Purity Department ought to be called to this town. I mention this now because I know that he will; and he will add that you ought to get me out of such surroundings as soon as possible.

As this is a letter of rebellion, probably I cannot stop at a better point. And I am going to mail it tonight, especially as prudence insists that I will be sorry for it in the morning. I probably will; and then I would tear it up if I could. But if I can put myself in my moments of courage in positions from which I cannot run away when I turn coward, I may be worthy of you after all. This may lead you to issue an ultimatum; and then I hope that I will have enough of you in me to refuse to yield.

With double affection,

JOHN.



THE PRIDE OF TWO

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND

WHEN I became engaged to Kit he had just made a success as a novelist. Persons who knew nothing of my affairs were pleased to cry me about as a great heiress, because my parents having died during my childhood I was very early in possession of my father's property. Kit's pride would not allow him to speak to me till the public had labelled his genius "successful." His pseudonym is Balder Hildebrand, and people have thought him a Norwegian instead of a Connaught man, which naturally added to his prestige. However, I, being Lilirosa Annabella, so named in my father's will, and under promise to my mother always to write my name in full, as it comprehended her own name and those of her two sisters, delighted in the liberty and simplicity of "Kit." To drag sixteen letters of the alphabet along the end of an epistle, and to be replied to by three, was one of the smaller fascinations of a thoroughly satisfactory engagement.

Our disagreement arose out of my caprice—which was as great as his pride. I pretended to fear that a novelist might expect his wife to act as his amanuensis; though I was secretly longing for such an opportunity to help him.

His pride rose to white heat at the bare suggestion of such fears, and I played with it till an angry letter, giving me back my freedom, brought me to my senses. Believing in my power, I made no reply, and my next

news of him was through a newspaper announcement that the distinguished novelist Balder Hildebrand had started on a trip to Central Africa, in search of material for a brilliant novel descriptive of the social life of London.

I finished the season, dancing myself and friends into the belief that I was delighted to regain my freedom, and when that was over I, too, went tripping abroad. I tarried in Egypt, studying the problem of the Sphinx, hovering about the desert, observing human nature under new conditions and trying to believe that I was developing into a superior woman. Two whole years passed before I returned to England, and then I was rather the fashion among my friends and admirers as a girl who had done independent things, and had enjoyed unusual experiences.

I was too proud to ask questions about Kit, and I searched the papers in vain for a word about Balder Hildebrand. He appeared to have dropped out of the fickle public mind. In a ballroom I at least heard mention of his name.

"Do you see that girl in white dancing?" said one woman to another. "She may well look pleased. She has had a lucky escape. Imagine, two years ago she was engaged to poor Balder Hildebrand! What a fate to have been tied for life to a blind novelist!"

"I am quite tired," I said to my partner: and hurried home.

Many careful inquiries failed to procure me further information than was conveyed in such passing words as "oh, yes, poor fellow! Work stopped. Got a blast of some poisonous air into his eyes while travelling. Has retired somewhere or other. Too proud to show himself, one imagines."

My mind kept running on the business of a professional secretary or amanuensis, and to occupy part of my time I got myself on the committee of management of a bureau for procuring engagements for persons who had adopted that profession. I became quite assiduous in my attendance at the office, and took much interest in the applications for help from literary quarters.

One day during business hours I heard the remark, "Application for an amanuensis from Balder Hildebrand, the novelist. He appears to want a man, and we have only women."

I took occasion to say: (my pride comforted by the knowledge that my past was unknown in this quarter) "With regard to the case of Mr. Hildebrand, I can get him what he wants. Write to him that a person will be with him on Monday as he wishes. Give me his letter, that I may have the address."

Not until I got home and sat down to think did I know what I intended to do. But I was soon packing a modest trunk, and looking up the railway regulations for reaching the bye-ways of Devonshire.

I found the place, a cottage lost away in the apple country, standing in a garden clearing among orchards, and walked up a lane between bending trees richly coloured with the ripening fruit.

The air was deliciously sweet, and fragrant with the odours of September flowers that know the dews and winds.

"How he must enjoy this!" I thought, forgetting for one moment that he was blind.

Over a low hedge on which perched a stiff peacock, cut out of the dense dark yew, I saw him coming down the orchard, slowly, stopping a moment and putting his hand on a weighted branch, touching the rounded apples, then dropping his arm to his side and moving on dejectedly, I took care to avoid him, and waited till he had entered the house before I presented myself at the door.

An old Irish servant, summoned to "mind" him in his present state, received me, and stepped from the hall into the little study to announce Miss Gibbs, the secretary sent down from London.

"Yes, sir, it's a lady, sir."

There was an exclamation of displeasure from the master, a murmur of abrupt conversation, and the man returned to me.

"Your sex is against you, miss," he said. "We've only two men here, and we have no way of puttin' up a lady."

"I have made arrangements to stay with the postmistress in the village except in working hours," I said. "Will you tell your master that the men in London were all engaged; and that I know my business?"

After another conference within, and a little delay I was admitted to the temporary sanctum of Balder Hildebrand. "He's in that great a fuss that he'll try to be doin' with you, miss," whispered Bernard, and lingered before he closed the door, as if to see his master well through the irritation of his disappointment.

Kit was sitting in a most uncomfortably accidental position in the middle of the room, with the air of one who did not know where he was, or had no sense of arrangement, no care about his particular surroundings. There was a litter of papers on the writing-table in the wide-latticed window, everything was tossed about by an impatient hand, a pen wet with ink had been thrown down upon a page and had made a blot.

Having greeted me with that politeness of good breeding which no irritation could quite extinguish in Kit, he said:

"I wanted a man. One could grumble at him and swear at him as much as one pleased—"

"Pray don't restrain yourself," I said in a rather husky voice, which I had been practising for some hours, I have a knack of mimicking tones of voice, and was now reproducing the manner of one of my acquaintances who has a peculiar lisp.

"I am not a brute," he said huffily. "I suppose you know why I require your services. I have a novel to write, and I can't see to write it, I hate typing. A pair of hands, and an intelligent brain are what I need to help me."

"Shall we begin at once?" I said. "May I arrange your papers? I can't write in disorder. And won't you sit in a comfortable chair near the window? Let me place it for you. Would not a few flowers on the table beside you be agreeable?"

"What difference does it make to me?" he said. "You have a woman's ways, and I tell you frankly I have no liking for the society of women. As you are here, however, I would rather you were comfortable. If you can do better in pretty surroundings by all means let us have the best of your work."

I had been rapidly putting things to rights, and when a cluster of roses was placed at his hand he belied his words by raising it to his face for a moment, and breathing its sweetness.

"I am ready," I said.

He leaned back in his chair, and seemed to want a minute to gather up his thoughts. I selected my pen, and sat with my eyes on his face till they became inconveniently moist. So this was Kit. He has ruddy brown hair, you know, and a golden light in his eyes when he smiles. His eyelids were now drooped, unexpected of light, and there was no smile.

We began. The story opened pleasantly, and animation returned to his face. That day's work was bright and consoling. As the woman beloved by the man in the book showed herself, I felt exultantly sure that her face, form, and personality were modelled on mine; and I went home to my postmistress with a lightened heart; as day followed day, however, and the heroine's character and conduct took an unexpected turn my spirits sank, and I could not help seeing myself as I must have appeared to another at the time of our quarrel. I bore this change with resolution, strengthening my intention of keeping my secret, if not for ever, at least until some inevitable and encouraging moment might arrive.

Her name was Violante. (He had formerly liked a long name, and to find that he had now unnecessarily chosen one reconciled me a little to Lilirosa Annabella.) I was just hoping that the hero would begin to understand her better when she began to behave so badly that I nearly cried out, declaring myself ready to answer for the innocence of her intentions. I blotted several pages that day, and had to spend my evening copying them.

After that the matter grew worse and worse, and at last I lost my patience, and threw down my pen, saying:

"This is a very cynical novel."

"Really!" he said in great surprise, "Do you always criticize as you go along?"

"One must, if one has any brains. And you said you wanted a person with brains."

He gave a little laugh. Had I felt less sore I should have been glad to have amused him.

"Pray go on," he said. "I know women, it appears, better than you do."

"How can that be?" I said. "I am a woman, and you are not."

"That is the very reason," he said. "A man unfortunately comes to

know a woman better than women ever know their own sex—through suffering.”

“Then you have — suffered from such a woman as Violante!”

“I am not obliged by the rules of this engagement to answer impertinent questions—”

“Oh!”

“But by the tone of your voice I am warned not to class you with the impertinent. You are a sympathetic woman, and I forgive you.”

This, I think, was the very moment at which I began to get jealous of myself. I dared not say more, and was particularly silent and unobtrusive for the rest of that day. But as I walked back to the village between the apple trees there was war in the heart of the girl who was engaged to Kit two years ago, with the secretary of to-day who was winning on his sympathies.

The situation was odd, and I tried to laugh myself out of it. I sat down to the work next morning telling a humorous story of the conduct of two little birds I had come upon, evidently making up a quarrel, perched on the tail of the yew-clipped peacock on the garden hedge-row. Kit listened with more of his old smile than I had seen as yet, and I made no complaint that day, though Violante was behaving disgustingly. All the time I was longing to talk to Kit. It seemed so natural to do so. But in much conversation there was danger of forgetting my assumed voice, and my little lisp. As I was leaving after work, he said, “You have been very silent to-day. I hope you are well.”

“Oh, yes,” I replied, “but there is only the story to talk about. And I fear to seem—impertinent.”

“There is really no danger,” he said eagerly. “I would rather hear your comments.”

“I don’t think you would. I am in arms for my sex. I do not believe Violante behaved like that.

“Let us talk her over, then.”

“To-morrow, if you wish. I must say good-bye for this evening.”

He looked disappointed. Next day he broke off work early, and the Irishman brought tea into the study.

“Now,” he said, “I invite you to tea with me—tea, and a little conversation. I am a lonely man, with —disabilities. A woman—I will not say a lady, because the other word means so much more—a true woman, as you claim to be, will not refuse to gratify me.”

“I am at your service,” I said; “but the claim I make is not for myself, as I have said, but for my sex.”

“It is a very unusual attitude for a woman to take up. She so often assumes to be herself the only exception to an unhappily general rule. As you are so large-minded I have a mind to trust you. Morose and solitary as I have been for the last two years I have confided in no one. If this blindness had not overtaken me I might have shaken off a bitter disappointment—”

I smothered an exclamation which would have marked my keen sense of the suggestion that I might easily have been quite forgotten, and swallowed the sound with a slight cough.

“I fear you have got a cold.”

“Oh, very slightly. But my huskiness must be disagreeable.”

Not at all. I rather like a low contralto voice.”

Another blow for me, who remembered his oft-expressed delight in the “merry ringing treble of my talk and laughter. Rossetti’s drawing of “How they met themselves in a wood,” just glimmered across my mental vision, with a meaning for me, only. Truly, we were meeting ourselves in a wood; our very selves, with the knowledge that makes a difference.

“Will you please to continue your criticism of my heroine. You accuse me of cynicism in drawing a woman’s character.”

“I do not believe you ever knew such a woman.”

"I have known her. A woman will accept a man's devotion so long as he makes her feel herself a queen, obeying her commands, and delighting in her caprices. But let her find herself called on to bear her share of the burdens of life, and her love has flown. At a suspicion, even a groundless one, that the smallest service may be required of her, interfering with her amusement, her wings are spread."

"Did she behave like that? I don't mean Violante, but the other one?"

"Yes; I fear I snubbed you once for asking me something like that question. I have accepted your sympathy, and I answer your inquiry, straight.

I was choking now with hatred and jealousy of myself. I did not know whether my past self or my present self had the more right to be aggrieved.

"I have not given you much sympathy as yet," I said.

"To listen with interest to the grumblings of a blind man is sympathy in itself," he said with a touch of pathos in the lines of his face, which some people would have scorned as "self-pity," but which did not excite my contempt. I could not, however, afford to show sympathy. The only safety was in continuous argument.

"You don't agree with Scott on the point," I said, attempting to get again upon general ground.

"No," he said, and repeated the lines that already had come into my mind:

"Oh, Woman in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
When care and sickness wring the brow
A ministering angel thou!"

"I have no belief in that. The woman I wanted to marry would have sorely hated the trouble of me, now!"

"You cruel skeptic!" I cried; and for the moment forgot my caution. It was my own voice that rang in my

ears. He threw up his head as the sound caught him, with an indescribable look which frightened me. A smile slowly grew on his face and died away; after which he drooped his head on his hand, and there was a long silence between us.

"Perhaps I am," he said at last. "But with regard to that memorable stanza, so hackneyed as a quotation, I would say, as a reading of it—that the woman who comes to a man in his pain as a ministering angel is not the same person as the lady caprice of his hours of ease. They are different types of feminine character. So much you will allow, if you are reasonable."

"Let me be reasonable in your eyes," I said, "for my experience is different from yours. But we have finished the tea, and I promised to do a little service for my landlady this evening."

"I rose to go, and he rose also, and made a step towards me.

"Will you not shake hands with me?"

I went to meet him, and put my fingers in his, as he could not see to find mine. He held my hand, closely as if he would cling to it, until I pulled it away indignantly, as I turned to leave the room.

"Good evening, sir," I said in my most pronounced unnatural voice, and left him.

As I trimmed a hat for my post-mistress, shut up in my little room in the village that evening, angry tears fell thick on the tulle and flowers which are not warranted to stand a shower. Oh, the inconsistency of man! Woman is a miracle of fidelity compared with him. To think that I should have nursed my romance through the distractions of travel and society, living on sweet memories in my own heart—for this! Could I have grown sympathetic and confidential with a masculine secretary, in case I had been forced to employ one? Here was Kit, whom I still looked on as all my own more so than

ever in his affection, forgetting me with bitterness, and ready to fall in love with a strange woman, his mere amanuensis, an argumentative woman too, and with an unpleasant voice, and a lisp!

My passion over, I summoned my common sense, and resolved to be what Kit would call reasonable. I was despised and practically forgotten. I would finish his book for him, keeping him well at a distance in the meantime, and then I would return whence I had come, undiscovered, and leave him to find another secretary, who would gladly respond to his confidences. Finding it more than ever difficult to present myself at my desk the next morning I admitted that I was properly punished for my hardihood in venturing on an undertaking which has proved too difficult for me.

All day he made himself perfectly delightful to that odious creature, the secretary. There were no more snubs and lectures. He drew her out, like one who desired to be informed by her superior knowledge. No matter how hoarse she was, or how absurdly she lisped, he listened to her with a rapturous expression which made me ill with unhappiness.

The work went on, nevertheless, "I know you don't like it," he said, "but what I have written I have written. One can only write of one's own experiences. Should sweeter happenings come to me after much suffering, my next novel will, perhaps, be of a more sanguine colouring."

I had been as silent as I found it possible to be, but here I spoke.

"Has any one the right to call his own mood an experience of the character and conduct of others? What he provokes, he creates."

"Ah!" he said reflectively, "not badly put. I will think that over. The inconsistencies of character, and the contradictions of truths are illimitable and immeasurable. Who knows whether Violante may not jus-

tify herself, even in the last chapter?"

He then began to quote again the lines of Scott to which he had given his own particular reading. This hurt me beyond bearing.

"You forget," I said, "that you found two different types of women registered in those verses. And Violante is only one."

He smiled. It was terrible to me to feel that I had grown to dread his smile, which was for the secretary and not for me. I wished he would relapse into sternness towards her, and memories of me. I said something further about two women and one woman. I can't remember exactly what it was, but I know that the utterance left me aware of imminent risk of a dangerous collision between Lilirosa Annabella and the detestable Miss Gibbs. He did not appear to notice it, however. It was evident that the secretary was occupying all his masculine attention.

The novel was drawing to a close, and it was still uncertain whether he meant to clear Violante's character, show her as an angel misunderstood, the victim of deceptive appearances, or dismiss her into the penal realms where wander in eternal oblivion the never-to-be-forgiven heroines.

"I know you mean to end it badly," I said, when he intimated that he was preparing the denouement, and intended to make a pause and think it over. He had proposed an interval for a walk in the orchard and gardens every day, to delay the work while he was making up his mind, and thus rendered me so thoroughly miserable that I could not endure my position any longer and resolved to break the engagement and hurry away, at any cost.

"You have decided on a bad ending," I repeated. "Any one could write it for you, to save you the trouble. Your Violante is not real enough to require you, or any other special author of her being, for her ending. She is such a poor bloodless

creature very little would finish her."

"Will you undertake it then?" he asked. "If I leave the ending altogether to you, will you write me the last few chapters?"

"Indeed I will not," I said—"you must work her out for yourself, or employ some one whose views are like your own. And I am obliged to tell you—" I added with an effort to speak indifferently, "that I shall return to London in a day or two. This engagement has run beyond the length specified, and I am due elsewhere."

His face became clouded, and remorse took possession of me. Lilirosa and the strange woman were rending my heart between them. O, Miss Gibbs, Miss Gibbs, how had you gained such an influence over my Kit, with your sharp contradictions and your purely mechanical services?

"Don't go away yet; give me another day or two," he pleaded.

"I am due in London to-morrow night."

He was silent for a minute, and I fussed with my papers to occupy the interval.

"Come to say good-bye in the morning," he urged, and I said, "Yes, I can do that, feeling as if I had got a reprieve from the full penalty of immediate departure. To leave him so, alone and helpless, without even a secretary to comfort him, was intolerable.

"I may be able to send you an amanuensis from London, I said. "You would still prefer a man, I suppose."

He actually laughed; and that hardened me a little for the moment, and enabled me to get out of his presence without betraying myself.

After a miserable night I rose up, limp, but resolved. I dressed myself for our last meeting, in white, as he used to like to see me, my heart reminding me the while of how silly it was to think of such follies. I might as well be clothed in sackcloth

and ashes for all the difference it could make to a man who was sightless.

"No matter! I said, trying to remove the tell-tale redness from about my eyes, (also of no consequence) "I will, once for all, destroy Miss Gibbs, if only to my own consciousness. I will feel that I am myself in the moment of my last farewell to Kit."

I walked up through the sweet green lanes, and saw that the apple-trees had a redder glow through the green than when first I saw them, and that the yew peacock stood forth more darkly against the brilliance of distant foliage now touched with gold and scarlet. To lengthen my walk I approached the cottage by the orchard paths, and paused a moment to disentangle a tress of my hair from the claws of a pendent branch which had just dropped an over-ripe apple into the hat that I carried on my arm.

Turning my head I saw Kit coming up the path to meet me.

His eyes were open, and the golden smile was in them. He walked with a free step, looking straight before him. It was Kit, no longer blind.

My arms fell by my sides. Hat and apple were on the ground. Transfixed with amazement, I waited for him to come to me.

"Lil!" he said, with the ring of a great joy in his voice.

"Kit! What has done it?"

I forgot all about Miss Gibbs. We were here together, and the sight of me was making him glad.

"You have done it. Your coming did it. My doctor told me that the blindness, being of the nerves, might possibly go as suddenly as it came. The joy of your return to me has acted as a tonic. I knew it when, this morning, I opened my eyes to the sunshine."

"But—Miss Gibbs—" I said, "you did not know—"

"I found you out pretty early in the proceedings. You were not so-

clever as you intended to be. How could you expect to keep up a disguise of voice and manner so perfectly that Lil should never shine through it?"

And you were allowing me to go away!"

"As a blind man, how could I take advantage of your generosity? But I was torn with indecision. When I

saw the blessed light this morning I knew that God was sending me a great happiness."

"Kit," I said, after a few unreportable minutes had flown, "we are the two happiest people in the world this morning."

We repeated those words to each other to-day, the seventh anniversary of our marriage.

REPARATION

By A. G. MACKAY

SHE planted roses by the door,
 And children passed in bands,
 But none of them would take the flowers
 She held in wistful hands.
 Now silence fills the little house
 Where weeping was before,
 And lovers stop to pick the flowers
 Around the sagging door.
 Lord, grant that she may see her flowers,
 And see young eyes aglow;
 And may she dream that love was true
 In summers long ago.



THE ADOPTION OF THREE STAR

BY STANLEY PORTAL HYATT

THE Sanitary Board of Fort Alexandra, having got through its ordinary comical business, which consisted of authorising the payment of fifteen shillings each as a month's wages to three Kaffir labourers, adjourned from the Court-house to the bar of the Thatched House Hotel, and went into committee on Three Star.

It was always a sore point with the inhabitants of the township that, though theirs was the oldest settlement in Mashonaland, it was not allowed to have a mayor and corporation. Not that it would have revered mayors and aldermen—but it objected to other towns being granted special privileges, just because they happened to be bigger.

True, Fort Alexander was right off the main track, being two hundred miles from the railway; whilst the other two or three dozen tin shanties which composed it might not impress a stranger very greatly; but the people knew it was the nucleus of something big, and professed to care little about what outside critics might say. The Boom must come.

Three Star himself was seated on an empty barrel, munching biscuits, when the Board entered the bar. He was a small boy of uncertain age—about four, Miss Hales, the Matron of the Hospital, declared—but, beyond that, no one knew anything about him. According to Johnny Geldenhuis, the Dutch transport rider, the child and its father had been travelling north on a private mule cart,

which had been swept away in trying to cross the Lundi Drift when the river was in flood, both the leader and the driver being drowned. A couple of days later, Johnny, who was going south with empty waggons, had found the survivors, drenched and starving on the road, and had promptly turned back and brought them the sixty miles into town; but the father had been delirious all the way, and had died of blackwater fever twenty four hours after his arrival, leaving no clue to his identity.

The child had been very ill for two days; but at the end of a week nothing short of physical force could have kept him in bed. In reply to questions, he gave his name as "Kid," whereat Miss Hales had shaken her head, and decided that in future he must be "Theodore;" but the town had rejected both appellations, and, after a discussion which had kept the barman up till three o'clock in the morning, had settled upon "Three Star" as being short and distinctive, and also serving to fix the date of his arrival, which had occurred during a severe whiskey famine, when the town had preforce fallen back on brandy.

At first it had been supposed that it would be an easy task to trace the lost mule cart back to its starting place; but though at Tuli, the border station, men remembered it passing, no one had troubled to ask its owner's name; and on the Transvaal side all scent was lost. The Board, acting on behalf of the town, inquired of transport riders, and wrote many letters,

and even wired to an ex-Alexandrian in Johannesburg, but without result; then men began to breathe freely again, and to make plans for Three Star's future.

The idea which found most support was that the town itself should adopt the child; but at a general gathering held after the Saturday market, Father Martin, the chairman of the Board—"Father" being a purely secular title, conferred on him as the oldest inhabitant, he having been there since the foundation of the place, eight years previously—pointed out the legal difficulties of such a scheme, and it was finally rejected in favour of adoption by some individual, who was to be chosen by the Board after its next meeting. Everyone was determined that Three Star should remain in Alexandra, the only dissentient being Stephenson, the manager of the Trading Company's store, and he had ceased to count since, as a mere newcomer, he had scoffed at every possibility of a Boom in Fort Alexandra.

✱

Three Star took the glass of lemonade which Jack Hartigan had just brought out for him, in his two chubby hands, washed down his biscuits with a long drink, then nodded benevolently to the Board. He was distinctly grimy, the result of a chance meeting with Peter, a tame goat; though, when he slipped away from the hospital an hour previously, he had been a very model of cleanliness.

"Peter did this," he remarked, pointing to his dirty pinafore; then he scrambled off the barrel, and trotted across to Father Martin, who lifted him on to the bar. "I love Peter, and I love Peter's man," he continued beaming at Hartigan, who besides being the largest trader in the district, was also proprietor of the offending goat.

"Missus wants the piccanin, Baas;" the hospital boy put his head in the

door and spoke to Martin, who glanced rather ruefully at his own attire—a sleeveless flannel shirt and discoloured khaki breeches, then hurried out, leading a very unwilling Three Star.

Miss Hales was waiting on the stoop, looking as severe as her gentle face would allow. She was thirty-two, and she called herself an old maid, which meant she had refused at least a dozen offers in two years. "Oh, Theodore, what a mess you are in! Mr. Martin, I have told you before not to take him into that horrid bar."

Father Martin, who was thirty-eight, and had been refused twice, flushed under the unmerited accusation. "I didn't, matron, really I didn't; I found him there."

"Then who took him in?"

Three Star answered, "Peter's man there. Peter throwed me down, and Peter's man carried me in and gaved me biscuits and lem'nade."

Miss Hales frowned again. "It's shameful; Mr. Hartigan ought to know better. Good-afternoon, Mr. Martin."

Father Martin re-entered the bar full of wrath against the trader. "The matron's on your track, Jack," he growled. "She says it's a confounded shame to bring the kid in here;" then, after soothing his feelings with a drink, he turned to his fellow-members, and the Board went into committee on Three Star.

Hartigan seated himself on the barrel, and having nothing better to do, listened to the discussion.

"I don't see who is to adopt him," Martin began. "The only married men—the magistrate and the doctor—have children of their own, and no one else has a decent house, or could spare time to give him proper attention. Besides, most of us are hardly the sort of model he wants. Yet they can't keep him indefinitely at the hospital."

Old John Maddison, the labour agent, wagged his grizzled head. "We're most of us too broke as well

to do it as it should be done. When things buck up it will be different; but whilst one is hanging on to mining claims, and waiting, paying out fees all the time and nothing coming in—" He sighed, and called for another round of drinks.

Stephenson, of the Trading Company, laughed unkindly. "When things buck up!" he echoed. "I've been here three years now, and during that time the town has increased to the extent of two grass huts owned by coolies, whilst there are not ten solvent white men in it to-day."

John Maddison sat very straight.

"You confounded, underselling, money-grubbing, trader-cheating white Kaffir," he spluttered; but Terry, the owner of the Thatched House, laid a heavy hand on his arm.

"Steady on, John," he grunted. Then, "If you're one of the solvent ones, Stephenson, you can afford to pay me. Mac," to the barman, "sing out the total of Stephenson's account. Thirty-seven pounds eleven, isn't it?"

Stephenson muttered an oath, and left hurriedly, amidst the jeers of the Board.

"I'll take the kid myself." Hartigan, who had been listening in silence, spoke abruptly.

The members started and exchanged glances. They had not thought of Hartigan before. True, he was the richest man in the district—at least, till the Boom came—but his nearest store was thirty miles out, and—well, there was another objection.

"I'll take him myself," Hartigan repeated.

It was left to Martin to answer him. "It's awfully good of you, Jack, but your place is too far out, and rottenly unhealthy."

Hartigan had foreseen the objection. "I know; but, then, you see, I am going to live in town now. I'm starting a wholesale store to knock out Stephenson. I bought Murray's old house from the executors this morning."

The Board conferred a moment,

and again Martin had to be spokesman, but this time he got up, and drew the trader on one side.

"Look here, Jack," he said rather awkwardly. "You know what it is, why none of us can really take him . . . this infernal whiskey . . . nothing to do but to hang about and drink till things improve; and you must admit you've been as bad as the rest since—since your younger brother died. Perhaps it doesn't matter for us, but we want Three Star to turn out a bit better."

Hartigan did not take offence, both because what Martin said was true, and because he himself was in earnest; but he stuck to his point. "I'll bring him up as straight as my brother was. If I peg out I can leave him a certain five thousand. You chaps had better let me have him, Martin." Then he went on to the stoop, where he leaned against the rail, whilst the board conferred in the bar.

Ten minutes later Martin joined him. "They think, after all, we ought to leave the decision to Miss Hales. I am going up to see her this evening."

Hartigan nodded. "All right, you'll find me here any time."



For the second time that day Miss Hales looked severe. "I don't think Mr. Hartigan is at all a suitable man. A year ago he was particular in every way, but since his poor brother died here he seems to have ceased to care, like so many of you," she sighed, and stared out into the night. "I am very sorry for him, but I should be afraid to trust him with 'Theodore.'"

Father Martin shifted uneasily in his chair. It was not the first time Miss Hales had lectured him, either directly or by implication; for, almost from the day of her arrival, the brave little woman had set to work, single-handed, to fight the moral dry-rot of the town. The hospital was half a mile from the Thatched House,

a little oasis of cleanliness and refinement; but how could the matron help knowing what went on, when half the population had been her patients? She had not accomplished much; in fact, sometimes, when she had been sitting up all night holding the hand of a dying man, it seemed to her that she had accomplished nothing; but even if she lost heart, she never gave up the fight.

"I should be afraid to trust him now," she repeated.

Martin leaned forward suddenly. "It would be a good thing for Three Star—Theodore, I mean. Hartigan would provide for him as none of us could, and I think it would make him keep straight as well. Give him a chance, matron."

Miss Hales looked away. At last, "Well, he shall try. I will keep Theodore here for six months, and Mr. Hartigan shall come and see him as often as he likes. If at the end of that time I am quite satisfied, I will agree to the arrangement; but I shall have him watched closely."

*

The town took Jack Hartigan's reformation very seriously. It did not want him to be a teetotaler—it would have resented such a thing strongly; but it gave him every assistance by not pressing him to drink. In any other community, a man would have been chaffed, or even sneered at under the circumstances; but after a police trooper had received a scientific hiding at the hands of no less a person than the barman, criticism ceased, except in the case of Stephenson, and he was ignored as beneath contempt.

The town had been quick to understand why Hartigan wished to adopt the child. "Three Star is the image of poor young Leslie, Jack's brother—the most decent boy we ever had in Alexandra," old Maddison declared, and Hartigan himself had admitted as much to Miss Hales. He had told the matron many other things as they

sat talking on the stoop after Three Star had gone to bed, and the wise little lady soon came to know him wonderfully well. She saw him almost every day, for if she were busy when he called for the boy, he generally found some excuse for a second visit later in the day.

Nearly four months of Hartigan's probation period had gone by when Stephenson started for a trip home. The whole town assembled to see him off, not because it regretted losing him for a time, but because there was nothing else to do.

"Good-bye, Father; good-bye, John," the passenger called to Martin and Maddison as the driver of the post-cart gathered up his reins. "Keep the Boom till I come back." Then he caught sight of Hartigan, whom he detested as a trade rival. "So long, Hartigan. Perhaps I'll drop across Three Star's relatives at home."

"I'll break your neck if you do," the trader replied promptly, though the words gave him an uneasy feeling; and as soon as the cart had jolted off on its two-hundred-mile journey, he walked up to the hospital to talk the matter over with the matron. Somehow, they had become so used to the possession of Three Star, that they had almost forgotten the risk of someone appearing to claim him.

Miss Hales heard him with a troubled face. "But I thought the Board, or Mr. Roper, the magistrate, had made all sorts of inquiries, had advertised in the papers."

Hartigan shook his head. "Roper left it to the Board; and though Martin wrote a lot of letters, they didn't want to lose the kiddie."

"It was very wrong of them," the matron tried to speak sternly. "Suppose he has a mother who has been wondering and longing all these months."

"He can't have one, or she would have tracked him before this," Hartigan answered with a show of assurance, trying to dispel the doubts he

himself had raised. "The only danger is that Stephenson may attempt to scare us with some bogus claim."

Miss Hales sighed; and when her visitor had gone, she sat a long while staring across the great stretch of open veldt towards the distant line of kopjes. "It would undo all the good if he lost Theodore now," she murmured.

*

Three weeks later Father Martin, who was coach agent amongst other things, was standing in the doorway of the Thatched House watching the post-cart coming down the road. "There's a passenger," he remarked to Maddison. "I wonder who it is. It's three weeks since we had anyone . . . Hullo, Mac," to the barman. "You had better get that trek-gear cleared out of one of your bedrooms; there's a stranger on the cart."

Mac came forward just as the vehicle disappeared into the drift. "We'll see if he looks worth it first," he remarked calmly; but five minutes later, when the vehicle reappeared on the near bank of the river, he gave a whistle of astonishment. "A woman, by Jove! Who can it be?"

The stranger alighted stiffly from the cart; but even the dust and the weariness of the journey could not disguise the fact that she was an English lady; whilst Martin, who went forward shyly to meet her, noted that she was also young.

"You are Mr. Martin?" she asked hurriedly. "I was told to see you, and have come to fetch my little boy."

*

Miss Hales wiped her eyes. "It is a very sad story, Mr. Hartigan. She had to get a separation from her husband, and, in revenge, he ran away with the child. Months later, she heard he had been seen in Capetown, and followed him there; but she could get no further information, until she saw an account of the finding of Theodore, which Mr. Stephenson had given

to one of the Cape papers. . . . They are going away by the next cart."

Hartigan got up rather unsteadily. "I am sorry," he said. "Thank you, Miss Hales. You needn't mention anything about me," and he turned towards the door; but, apparently acting on a sudden impulse, she called him back.

"Mr. Hartigan, your promise holds good, at least till Theodore has gone."

The man flushed, then laughed a little uneasily. "Very well, I will keep it, Miss Hales."

The whole town went down to the Thatched House to see Three Star depart, and, to their own surprise, and more still to that of his mother, most of them kissed him. Miss Hales had intended to part from him at the hospital, but in the end, she too, accompanied him to the hotel, where she stood on the step beside Hartigan, until the cart finally disappeared over the rise; then she turned to go back to the hospital. Hartigan hesitated a moment, glanced towards the open door of the bar, but finally strode after her.

"We shall miss the little begger," he said at last. "He made a lot of difference to me."

"You must not let it make too much difference, Mr. Hartigan. Promise me you won't." There was a break in her voice, though she strove hard to keep it steady.

Hartigan had been staring straight ahead, but now he faced round quickly. "May I still come to the hospital—to see you?"

"Would that help?" Her voice was very low.

"I should keep any promise I made to you," he replied gravely.

She looked up at him with very bright eyes. "Then you may come."

He laughed boyishly. "But I shall expect you to give up the hospital work as soon as you can. I shall want a lot of watching, you know."

"I am not afraid of that now," she answered with a smile.



SNOWBOUND BOATS

From the Painting by
Ernest Lawson

In the National Art
Gallery of Canada

THE CUR AND THE COYOTE

BY EDWARD PEPLE

AUTHOR OF "THE PRINCE CHAP," "THE MALLET'S MASTERPIECE," ETC.

HE was a dog, and they called him Joe. He had no god-father, but was named after Chip Moseby's one rich relative whom the brute resembled physically—and it wasn't a compliment either.

Joe's ancestry was a matter to pass over politely and forget. He was a large animal, with the unmistakable build of the wolf-hound, yet his blood was mixed with many another hardy breed. His hair, of a dirty yellowish brown, grew in every possible way, except that designed by a beauty-loving Creator, while his undershot jaw hinted at the possibility of a bull-terrier figuring as co-respondent in some long-forgotten scandal. Therefore, Joe had little claim to beauty; but, rather, as Frisco Jim expressed it, "was the dernedes' orn'ries'-look-in' beas' wes' of the Mississip."

Chip Moseby thought of his rich relative, and smiled. The criticism, harsh but just, fitted the dog in all respects with the one exception of his eyes. There spoke the Scotch collie breed. They were beautiful, pathetic, dreamy, yet marred—from a poetical standpoint—by a dash of impishness found only in that cordially despised, but weirdly intelligent race of canine outcasts—the cur-dog.

In the beginning Chip Moseby found him on the prairie. How he had ever wandered into the centre of this trackless plain was indeed a mystery; but there he was, and commanded pity, even from a cow-puncher.

Lost and leg-sore, famished for want of food and water, he waited dumbly for the three black buzzards that wheeled in lazy circles above his head. Chip dismounted and surveyed his find in wonder, striving to decide whether to take the cur into camp or put him out of misery for once and all by a merciful shot. Wisdom called aloud for the shot, but something—a half remembered something deep down in the inside of the man—whispered and made him hesitate.

No, he could not decide; but, being a gambler by birth, taste, and education, he shifted the burden of responsibility to the back of Chance. The process was simple. He reached for the heavy gun which lay upon his hip, and poised a silver dollar between the thumb and finger of his other hand.

"Now, stranger," he observed cheerfully, "you're goin' to be the stakes of a show-down. Heads, you go to camp. Tails, you go to hell. You couldn't ask fer anything fairer'n that, could you?"

He spun the coin and caught it in his open hand. The dog cocked his ears, and the Texan cocked his forty-four. Tails lay uppermost.

"Yo' luck ain't changed much, puppy," sighed the man, shifting his position for a cleaner shot at the back of the sick dog's head. "You've been elected this time, sure, an'—"

Chip paused suddenly, wondering why, but pausing. His victim whin-

ed faintly, raised a pair of gentle, fever-touched collie eyes, and waited. The cow-puncher eased the hammer of his gun and slid the weapon into its holster.

"Dern the dawg!" he muttered beneath his breath. "It's jus' like some po' li'l' helpless, moon-eyed gal what is—what's callin' me a sneak!"

Chip Moseby did not know he was muttering sentiment; but, alone on a wide green prairie with his pony and a dog, where none of his fellow rangers could see and laugh at him—well, it made no difference, anyway. From his saddle-tail he untied his water-flask, pouring its contents into his wide felt hat; then he added a bit of liquid from another and more precious flask, and made an offering to a new-found friend. The dog lapped it eagerly, and, after a time, sat up on his haunches, to devour the last crumb and fibre of Chip's last ration of corn bread and bacon, while the cow-man looked on and cursed him—horribly—but with a smile.

Slipping, sliding, in the dip of his master's saddle, yet wagging a mangy tail to show that he understood, Joe was christened and rode twenty miles to camp. It was just an ordinary camp of twenty cow-men in charge of eighteen hundred long-horns "on the graze." An idle existence at this season, moving as the big "bunch" listed, and dealing greasy cards at all times save when in the saddle or snoring beneath the cold white stars. The cow-men lived, drank bad whiskey, gambled, and died—sometimes from delirium tremens or snake-bite; at other times from purely natural causes, such as being trampled by a steer. A remnant they were of a long-departed hero type, still picturesque, yet lacking in certain vital attributes—mainly morality and a bath.

✱

The camp accepted Joe for two reasons; firstly, because they did not care one way or the other; secondly, because Chip Moseby had, on various

occasions, thrashed three of the cow-men in brutal, bare-knuckled fights—and the rest had seen him do it. Therefore, nineteen more or less valuable criticisms were politely withheld.

For four sweet days Joe ate, drank, and slumbered, recovering both in body and in nerve; then he rose up and began to take notice. The first thing he noticed was a lean-flanked, powerful dog that had dwelt in camp for the space of seven months and felt at home. The "homer's" name was Tonque. He belonged to a gentleman known familiarly as Greaser Sam, a gentleman whose breeds were as badly mixed as Joe's—a fact to which pointed reference was made by jovial friends with frequency and impunity.

Tonque was the only member in camp who openly resented Joe's advent. He first made pantomimic overtures, then displayed a spleenish disappointment at the stranger's gender and disposition. He bullied the new dog shamefully, took away the juiciest bones, nipped him in his tenderest spots, and cursed him in Mexican dog-language, a thing conceded by all linguists to be—with the exception of coyote talk—the vilest of obscene vituperation. Joe bore in silence for many days. He was a guest of Mr. Moseby, virtually a tenderfoot, and uncertain of the etiquette required in his delicate position. The master gave no orders, and what was a dog to do? True, a bite or two was nothing much, but an insult sinks far deeper than a tooth, and when the cattle-camp lay slumbering through the night, Joe's dog heart ached and troubled him. It is a hopeless sort of thing to stand a bullying for the sake of etiquette, but somewhere through the mongrel's many breeds ran the blood of a gentleman dog; so Joe gave up his bones and took his bites without a growl.

"Him dern coward!" tittered Greaser Sam, pointing at the cur contemptuously with his soup-spoon. "Tha's fonny. Big dog—no fight."

"How much d'ye think so?" in-

quired Chip Moseby, puffing at his corn-cob leisurely.

"'Fi' dollar!" chirped the Mexican cook, his little rat eyes twinkling.

"Make it ten," said Chip, with a careless shrug, "'an' Joe'll chase that rabbit's whelp of yo'r'n plumb off'n the range."

Greaser Sam laughed joyfully and produced a month's pay in silver and dirty notes. Yank Collins was made stakeholder, while Chip, stone deaf to the warnings of certain unbelievers, knocked the dottle from his pipe and whistled to his dog. Joe came over—for protection, it seemed—and laid a trembling chin on the master's knee.

"Joe, ole man," asked Chip, in the tone of a mother's tender solicitude, "is that there Mexican skunk a pesterin' of you?"

The dog, of course, said nothing—that is, verbally—but his two great glorious eyes spoke volumes. In them the master read this earnest, but respectful plea:

"Mr. Moseby, sir, if you will only say the word and allow me to chew up that bow-legged son of a one-eyed pariah, I'll love you till the crack of doom!"

The master, who was a gentleman fighter himself, smiled grimly, stroked the ugly head, and waved his pipe-stem in the general direction of the bumptious Tonque.

"All right, son, go eat him up!"

It may here be stated that one of Joe's grandest qualities lay in strict obedience; or, failing in the letter of command, he did his best.

The incident occurred just after dinner, when the cow-punchers, replete with coffee and fried bacon, were enjoying a quiet smoke. They rose to a man, formed a whooping ring about the contestants for camp prestige, and wagered on the outcome. The battle, minus revolting details, was soon over and all bets paid, for—briefly—Joe did his best. Only an angel or a ring-seasoned bull-terrier could have done more. Greaser Sam lost twenty dollars. Chip Moseby won

ninety. Tonque, the bully, yelping in the dim distance, lost all his pride, the better portion of one ear, and quite a depressing quantity of hide and hair.

Joe barked once, a hoarse shout of unholy joy—which was only human, after all—then sat down modestly, licked his wounds, and counted up the cost of his victory. He had made one enemy, and many friends; but Greaser Sam was only a cook, anyway—so the sting of a dozen ragged bites was peace unutterable.

Later, Sam partially squared the account by pouring a dipper full of boiling grease on Joe's back. Thus, by the time ten inches of hide curled up, peeled off, and healed again, the cur-dog loathed all breeds of Mexicans, and one in particular. Also, Joe suffered somewhat in the matter of scraps and bones; then affairs took a turn for the better. Greaser Sam, while revelling in a noontide siesta, inadvertently rolled on a rattlesnake, and, inspite of a copious supply of antidote on hand, swelled up absurdly, made noises, and passed out in hideous agony.

At the unpretentious funeral Joe controlled his features admirably, with the one exception of his tail, which *would* wag itself in spite of every gentlemanly instinct. This was wrong, of course, but a dog's ideas on the ethics of retribution are simple and direct. Joe was glad—very glad. He thrashed poor Tonque again—not from malice, but merely in a spirit of exuberance. One of his ancestors had been an Irish setter, though Joe was unaware of it.

*

And now the waif began to find his own. He learned the profession of cow-punching, together with the arts and observances thereof. He could aid in a round-up nobly, for his wolfhound length of limb gave him speed, which made even the tough little bronchos envious. At branding-time he could dive into the herd and "cut

out" any calf desired, then hold the evil-minded mother *en tête-à-tête* till the irons did their work. This saved the cow-men much exertion, but was hard on the cattle, and harder still, as it proved, on Joe.

His deeds were praised just a fraction too highly, so the cur-dog lost his head, puffed up with pride, and grew "sassy"—an elusive state to which even humans are subject. It was borne in upon Joe that he owned the camp, the bucking bronchos, the grazing long-horns, and, yea, even the prairie itself for a most expansive sweep, and life seemed good to him.

"Say, Chip," remarked Frisco Jim, with befitting solemnity, "thet there dawg o' yo'u'rn is gittin' jes' too cocky fer to live a minute. He don't need nothin' but a straw hat, 'n' a toothpick shoved in his face, to put me in min' o' thet li'l' English maverick what herded with us las' August'. You reck'lect 'im, Chip—one eye-glass 'n' a hired man fer to tote his shotgun!"

Few cow-men, however, are troubled because of a cur-dog's vanity; therefore, they submitted to his patronizing familiarity and rebuked him not. They loved him for his grit, his speed, his brains. They flattered him and spoiled him, sharing, on common terms, their board and bed—especially the bed composed of a rolled-up blanket with Joe on the outside. Of course, there were fleas—hundreds of fleas—but a hero of the plains soon learns to overlook the little things of life; besides, it was good to feel a warm dog in the small of a fellow's back when the wind was nippy and from the north. Thus Joe waxed fat and prospered in his pride.

It is strange how a mongrel's breeds will crop out singly, and, for the time being, dominate all other traits; yet this was the case with Joe. In a fight of any kind his bull-Irish came to the fore with a rush, the undershot jaw figuring as a conspicuous racial mark. The wolf-hound strain developed solely when he caught a

lean, healthy jack-rabbit in a straight-away race, brought him into camp, and ate him before the eyes of an admiring crowd. His keen, pathetic sensitiveness was no doubt inherited from the collie stock; but of that there is more to follow.

At present Joe's cur-dog intelligence and sense of humour lay uppermost, leading him to the performance of tricks. These he could do without number, fetching, carrying, or standing on his hind-legs to beg for bacon and applause. He could imitate a bucking broncho or a pawing bull. Also, he said his prayers in the manner of certain far-distant Christians—a feat, by the bye, which none of his associates had achieved in years. He named the values and poker-chips by barks, and, finally, could nuzzle a deck of evil-smelling cards, selecting therefrom any named ace or deuce-spot, an accomplishment which was voiced abroad and thrilled the great Southwest with wonder and delight.

Is it, then, to be marvelled at that a carelessly born cur-dog, alone and surfeited with adulation, should weaken and lose his grip on modesty? Joe lost it, but not irrecoverably, for about this time he met his Waterloo, and a mangy Napoleon rested for a space on the isle of mortification.

*

A light frost fell, and with it came the coyotes. Joe had never seen a coyote, and his interest was aroused—Irish interest, mixed with Western superiority. A lazy white moon swung over the horizon, quenching the camp-fire's glow and flooding the plain with a ghostly glory. From far away in the east came a melancholy yapping, and Joe rose up and listened. Suddenly, from nowhere, appeared the first coyote—a splendid, strapping specimen, with yellow black flanks and a flaunting, feathered tail. He took a clump of sage-brush at a bound, lit on his haunches, pointed his nose toward the sky's high dome, and loosed one long, ghoulisn wail.

As has been said, the dog was interested. There was something more. He was stricken dumb—paralyzed—by this cool effrontery. Here was an arrogant stranger, sitting—without the courtesy of invitation—upon Joe's own prairie, disturbing the peace in a hateful, alien tongue. The serene cheek of it! A devil-lipped pitch-imp! yapping at Joe's moon!

A pair of pathetic collie eyes swept slowly round the circle of recumbent cow-men, resting at last upon the master, and seeming—in camp vernacular—to inquire, as plain as words: "Fer Jeroosy's sake, Mr. Moseby, what is it?"

A camp humourist kindly supplied the information.

"That there is a hell-warbler. Sick him, Joe!"

Joe took the suggestion without parley. A noiseless brown streak made out toward the serenader, but Mr. Coyote saw it coming. He ended his song with a crisp crescendo and departed in an easy, shambling lope. The dog was too much occupied to hear the coarse ripple of amusement following his exit, or to see the master stir a sleeper with his foot and remark, with a widening grin:

"Come, git up, Tony, 'n' see the spote. My dawg's a linkin' it after a ki-yote."

A more perfect stage could not have been desired; the moon for footlights, Tonque and nineteen other cow-men as the audience, a coyote for comedian, and Joe, of course, the star. The chase went south for half a mile, doubled itself, and passed the camp again, the manoeuvre being repeated six separate times, apparently for the benefit of those who watched. It was a close race, too, or seemed to be, for seldom was the cur's black muzzle more than a yard or so behind his victim's flaunting tail.

Never before had the wolf-hound breed cropped out so strongly. Joe ran low; his muscles ached and burned, his eyes protruded, and he whimpered in desire; yet, strive as he

would, he failed to reduce the lead, while the beast in front reeled onward with a shambling lope. Think of it! A lope!

But now Joe gained. He moaned aloud with joy. His blood was up, and he went for his enemy in crazy, heart-breaking leaps. Three times he snapped, and bit nothing but his own dry tongue; then something happened. The coyote, tiring of the game, took his foot in his hand, so to speak, and faded away as a woodcock leaves a weasel.

Joe sat down and thought about it. Nothing short of a pistol-ball could travel like that little black dot on the far horizon. There was something wrong about the whole affair, but just what the cur-dog could not figure out. Possibly the cow-men might enlighten him and offer sympathy; so, with this false hope at heart, he went back slowly, his hot breath coming in laboured gasps, his stump tail sagging sadly. His reception, however, was very different from the one so fondly hoped. Instead of pats and a courteous explanation, they greeted him with a roar of vulgar laughter—a taunt which stung him to the very quick.

That dogs are sensitive to ridicule is a fact too patent to admit of argument; but collies, perhaps, are the most humanly sensitive of all. And this is where Joe's collie breed cropped out to stay. He was stunned at first. He couldn't take it in; but when the taunts continued, the dog's already heated blood began to boil. He was fighting for his last torn shred of pride—and pride dies hard.

He crouched beside the camp-fire, his rough hair bristling down his spine, his ugly nose distorted by an uglier wrinkle still. And when at last Sprig Flannigan—the humourist, by the way, who had sicked Joe on—laughed louder than the rest, and and pointed a derisive finger at the hero fallen low, then the cur saw red and forgot to be a gentleman.

At best a rawhide boot is a rather tough proposition, but Joe bit through

it, through the trousers beneath, through flesh and sinew, till his strong teeth met. With a bellow of rage and pain, the humourist wrenched away and reached for his big blue gun. He was a quick man, but Chip Moseby was a fraction quicker. His hand flew out and disturbed the pot-shot aim, while the bullet went whining out across the prairie, impairing the market value of an innocent long-horn.

"Drop it!" commanded Chip, then added, by way of pacifying argument: "Ef you had made a screamin' ass of yo'se'f like Joe had, an' we'd 'a' laughed at *you*, burn *me* ef you wouldn't want to cut our th'oats!"

This was logic, but Sprig, in his misery, failed to see it. He, too, was Irish. His fingers tingled on his smoking gun, while he urged his death-claim with a quivering chin.

"Th' murtherin' divil's whelp! He's chawed a piece outer me laig!"

Chip Moseby retorted promptly and heartlessly.

"Well, charge the so' place up to profit 'n' loss, 'n' run 'n' tell yer mommer. Now shet up, or I'll bloody yer dern nose."

This, also, was logic; besides, Sprig's nose had been bloddied once before, and memory lingered. Therefore, he dropped the discussion in a Christian spirit, tied up his leg with a whiskey-soaked rag, and strove to forget the incident.

*

So much for the man's wound. The dog had received a deeper one—larger and more pitiless. A bull's-eye had been made of his vanity, and only death or the coyote's blood could soothe the pain away.

Next morning he tried to persuade himself that it all had been a dream; but Sprig Flannigan limped, and a dog's heart doesn't ache so fiercely because of dreams. The day dragged on and on, but reached a close at last. A purple twilight came sneaking over the west, deeper, darker, till the lazy

moon arose, and again the camp-fire paled—a lonely, flickering blotch on a vast white sea. And silence fell—God's silence, which a whisper mars like a curse on a woman's lips.

From out the east a whisper leaked—a faint *yap! yap!* that rose and sank again. Joe heard it, and strove to give no sign, but his hair *would* rise, and his lips rolled back from his yellow fangs. Silence again, more holy than before; then a ghost-beast leaped the sage-brush, squatted and profaned the night with a shattered, drivelling howl.

"Hi, Joe!" said a merry-hearted gentleman, "there's yer frien' a calling of you. Run along, son, 'n' play with him."

This sally was received with a shout of mirth, and the dog arose and went; not toward the cause of his degradation, but deep into the silent cattle-herd, where his soul—if dogs have souls—was empty of all save hate and shame alone.

The nights which followed were, to Joe, a living death. With fateful punctuality the hell-warbler jumped the sage-brush and began his haunting serenade. He jeered at Joe, and drove him to the verge of hydrophobia. He called the dog by names unbearable, and dared him to a chase. Joe did try it once, just to prove the paradox to his canine mind. Thereafter he resorted to strategy, and laid for Mr. Coyote, but without avail.

This seemed to amuse the cow-men vastly, and each sad failure was a new delight to them. Somehow, they fancied the two words "humour" and "brutality" to be synonymous, and wrought religiously upon that line. They took to tormenting Joe instead of watching his old-time parlour tricks, which now, alas! were played no more. He had no heart for tricks, and even the ace and deuce-spot seemed to have lost their charm. The dog grew thin and hollow-eyed, moaning and battling in his sleep, when false dreams gave his enemy in- to his jaws.

Then the hell-warbler took to calling in the daytime, bringing his friends and family with him. He would glide into camp and steal something, then glide away unharmed, pursued by raw profanity and a pistol-ball. Joe loathed him, but was ashamed. No longer he waited for the cow-men's nightly jests, but at the sound of the first *yap! yap!* he would rise from the camp-fire and slink away into the outer darkness, to hide his face from the sight of man. Joe's cup of woe was full—and yet, not quite, for another trouble was to come upon him. His master went away.

Chip Moseby had gone in the night—on a hurry-call—while the dog was stalking a certain coyote many miles from camp. Of course, there might have been a trail, but a heavy rain was falling, which is bad for trails; and when a man in the West simply goes away—well—none but fools, or sheriffs, follow after.

And now was Joe alone indeed. For a time even the coyote was forgotten in a grief for the one square man who had offered pats, low-spoken words, and a sympathetic eye. Shame and bitterness for a dog, are hard to bear; but grief for a loved one whisked into the Great Unknown is a pang undreamed by man. It rends him, while his dog heart slowly breaks, and he, too, slips away, to hunt—who knows?—till he licks a master's spirit-hand.

The Mexican dog Tonque was lapsing into arrogance of late. Joe thrashed him soundly, but got no pleasure out of it, thus proving to himself that his case was bad. Then he wandered away on the prairie alone, and made a find. It wasn't much in itself—a calfskin tobacco-pouch—but it belonged to Chip Moseby. Joe nosed it once, and hope came trickling back to him. And now the collie stock cropped out again, assisted by that other and much maligned canine strain—the cur. Joe noted the distant camp, drew an imaginary line between it and his find, and knew that

the master's broncho had travelled north.

This was enough. The ugly ears lay back, the long limbs stretched themselves in a swinging stride. Straight as a shaft toward the pole-star sped a faithful dog, while his heart beat high with a bounding, hungering joy. Somewhere in the north his master waited, and behind him lay the camp, the jeering cow-men, and a gang of mad coyotes yapping at the stars.

Then, suddenly, Joe stopped—so suddenly that he slid. For a long, long time he sat motionless upon his haunches; but at last he arose, looked northward with one wistful glance, and then trotted back to camp.

Now this, in a human, might he called heroic courage, or even majestic pride. In a cur, it has no name; but a brazen hell-warbler was still at large—and the cur remembered it.

*

The next time Joe gave Tonque a thrashing, he did enjoy it—to the very marrow; also, he ate a square meal, and began to study the habits of coyotes from a scientific standpoint.

"Say, Joe," said Frisco Jim, with his greasy smile, "why don't you put some salt on yo' cousin's tail?"

Joe passed the jest and insult without apparent notice, for now he had other fish to fry. To be explicit, he went out and lay down among the long-horns, hoping the fumes of their smoking bodies might disguise his scent. If Mr. Coyote chanced to wander carelessly among the cattle, as he did at times, then—perhaps! But Mr. Coyote laughed, as one derides a tenderfoot, and bored a hole in the wind with his shambling lope.

This was disappointing, at least from the dog's side of it, but the next encounter proved to be of greater interest to all concerned, and these were many. Joe made a wide *détour*, assaulted the enemy in his rear, and

got him pocketed in a bunch of sleeping cattle. This was well. The coyote's only road to hope lay directly across the backs of several hundred steers; a perilous path, at best, for the beasts rose up in unexpected places, thus causing the race-track to become lumpy and uncertain. The long-horns are peaceful creatures as a rule; but think, my friend! If you yourself were wakened suddenly from dreams of cuds and luscious grass by a charging coyote and a whimpering, foaming dog, perhaps you would think from a bovine point of view. At any rate, the cattle made progress difficult and uncertain, and once the race was all but run. A big steer tossed the coyote fifteen or twenty feet, but another one tossed Joe at the same instant, so honours were even, so to speak.

And now, indeed, was pandemonium loosed upon the night. The terror-stricken cattle, fleeing from they knew not what, surged backward, belching; in frenzy rushing round and round in a swiftly converging circle, tightening into a sort of whirlpool knot, known technically upon the plains as a "cattle mill." In daylight a "mill" is dreaded. At night—well, ask the cow-men.

"Wake up, boys!" screamed Denver Ed, seeking his tethered broncho on the run. "Joe's millin' the meat fer to ketch his ki-yote!"

Now, whether or not it was really Joe's design, is a matter beyond the ken of man; but this we know, ere sweet tranquillity was restored again, the cow-punchers had expended their uttermost supply of plainsmen's three P's, which is to say—powder, perspiration, and profanity. Yet peace and order did arrive at last, and when it came, a little black dot was yapping on the far horizon, while Joe sneaked, panting, into camp, defeated again, but hopeful. The gods had almost smiled upon him, yet with the cow-men he wasn't quite so popular.

Twice more the cur-dog failed—failed by a narrow margin—and the

days slipped one by one away. Each day was a brooding time for the memories of wrongs and ridicule, a yearning time for the loved one waiting in the north. Each night the coyote took the sage-brush at a flying leap, and stabbed the stillness with his hideous, ghoulish cry.

One day Joe lay thinking—hard. Suddenly he cocked his ears, took a short stroll on the prairie and came back satisfied; then he waited many days for chance and a cold, propitious wind. It came—an icy whistler—tearing from out the east till the bronchos backed their tails against it; while the men blasphemed and built a bigger fire. At twilight Joe stole out beside a clump of sage-brush, scratching till he made a hole. In this he squatted, his black nose pointing dead toward the blast, the seven senses of his every breed alert for trouble.

Again came night, but without the lazy moon. Again came silence, save for the moaning of the wind; the wind and one other wail—a faint *yap!* *yap!* that dribbled from out the east. A horrid note, a very caricature of sound, yet music now to the ears of the waiting dog! Nearer it came, and nearer still; no longer an echo down the wind, but a full, deep-throated challenge, mingled with the pattering of velvet feet. It came, a rush—a swish—the shadow of a ghost-beast sailing over the sage-brush in a beautiful, unsuspecting leap.

'Twas a perfect leap, high, graceful, grand; but it had its disadvantages. In mid air the coyote saw his fate beneath him, and tried to turn. He did turn, partially, and lit upon his back. In an instant Joe was all over him.

Of the bliss and sublime brutality of that battle in the dark, none save Joe alone will ever know. But, oh, the glory of it! The feel of a scuffling enemy beneath his paws, when teeth met flesh and bone, to lock with a rasping click! The savage joy of a foeman fighting back at last, frothing, tearing, in a coward's fury of

despair! The peace which passeth understanding when the quivering brute lay dead!

Joe closed his eyes and rested. His throat-grip was still upon his prey, a grip which relaxed not once till the coyote's body was dragged across the plain, till it lay beside the camp-fire, bloody, limp, and still.

"*He's got 'im!*" roared a wondering sentinel, and the camp woke up and cheered.

They formed a ring about the victor and applauded him; but he backed away and snarled. He hadn't asked applause. He wanted justice—justice for a dog.

The cow-men looked and marvelled. A dozen hands reached out to pat the ugly head, for human beasts can honour courage, even in a lesser

beast; but the cur remembered many things. The black nose wrinkled wickedly; the coarse hair bristled down his spine; he barked—one curse of anger and contempt—then turned and left the camp.

In vain they whistled after him; in vain they shouted and called his name. Their voices were lost in the rush of icy wind, and the dog was gone.

Not once did Joe look back. He settled down into a tireless, swinging trot—measured, monotonous—but having for its goal a loved one waiting somewhere in the trackless north. His soul was satisfied; his dog heart beat with the peaceful pride of one who has wiped a stain away. There was blood upon his coat—the blood of an enemy—and Joe could look his master in the face.

ON CHAMP DE MARS (MONTREAL)

By R. STANLEY WEIR

UNSCATHED as yet by battle-scars,
Tramping through sad December's snow,
The khaki lads on Champ de Mars
Are girding for the distant foe.
Each, with a dream, comes marching by;
Each all aflame for England's fight;
*But O, presaging heart, say why
That sound of weeping in the night?*

The Duke came down one frosty day
And passed between the khaki ranks.
Full grave his look. We heard him say:
"Soldiers! the Empire gives you thanks.
Long live the King! Our foes shall learn
You stand with him for simple Right;
And may God grant you safe return."
But still that sound all through the night!

O, marching from the Champ de Mars,
They cross the seas; they storm the trench;
Fighting beneath the troubled stars
With Belgians brave, with valiant French;
Fighting till victory austere
Shall crush the Great Betrayer's might.
*But, O, my beating heart, dost hear
A sound of weeping in the night?*

THE FIRST JEW

BY FRANCIS HAFFKINA SNOW

THE noise of shots, the shouting, the oaths, and screams had ceased. From the Jewish Quarter in the little provincial town of Ta-viánsk a reddish tinge to the sky and a black haze of smoke, like a pointing finger, marked the zone of the ravages of the Black Hundred.

In a cellar of one of the houses in the Quarter crouched a man. It was almost pitch dark in the cellar; only from time to time the surge of the crackling flames from the windows of the house opposite would cast a lurid glow through the small aperture which served the double ends of light and ventilation, and illumined in a crimson glare the blank, cold surface of the cellar wall. Within the sphere of each refulgence a ghastly face would swim—a pale Jew's face, with large, dilated eyes, an enormous nose hooked down over a thin pencil-line of jetty black moustache and a long mass of unkempt, curling beard.

It was Móisha Varsháffchik, the school-teacher. He crouched there like an animal, a hunted thing, pursued by wild mobs of drunken hooligans, who, with bestial howls, chased, ferreted out, and relentlessly cut down every Jew that still remained upon the scene or who had been so unfortunate as to take refuge in spots too readily accessible to their pursuers' fury. As the wild hunt raged by the house, the fugitive's staring eyes, when the red glare dawned, shone with an almost insane emotion. Hate there was in them, and fear, and horror, and something else besides. His

breath came in short, quick gasps. He crouched there and made no movement, and waited—waited until the noise had died away and the tumultuous tide had turned its raging course aside, until the long, narrow, stone-paved street was silent, strangely silent, silent as death; until only the subdued crackling of the flames told the story of the *pogromchiki's* fanatic rage. Long had he been there: the pogrom had begun at noon, and now the afternoon was fast declining towards its end. The glimmering blur of light from the little window had grown dimmer and dimmer; now only the intermittent crimson glow cut the Cimmerian blackness of the damp, cold, underground cave in which the hunted man had taken refuge.

Over and over again his feverish, half-crazed mind reviewed the event. He had been sitting at the table with Rachel, his wife; with Rebecca, his seventeen-year-old daughter, her whom he called his "Rose of Sharon" in moments of especial affection; with Moisai, his young son. They were partaking quietly of their Passover meal, kosher-meat, goose-fat, stuffed fish, and *priánniki*, pepper, and honey cakes. And suddenly a far-off murmur had risen on the quiet air, a distant moan, gradually increasing in intensity in ratio to increasing proximity; then, like a furious tidal wave, it had hurled itself irresistibly into the narrow streets and lanes of the Jewish Quarter. Shots, oaths, and one long, continuous scream of women

—wild, horrible sounds—were intermingled in a single discordant, terrifying note. They had rushed to the windows: all the windows of the houses bordering the narrow, hilly street were packed with startled Jewish faces. And, as they gazed, a stream of fleeing people, hotly pursued by a motly throng of burly, drunken ruffians, the vivid blue and red of their torn *rubáshkas* splashing out strongly against the blackness of the chosen people's *lapsardaki* had burst round the corner at the bottom of the street and fled frantically up the steep incline, stumbling, falling, screaming. In the houses, as they ran, they took refuge, and the drunken pack behind separated into groups, and pursued them up the rickety, squalid stairs, howling out their fearful cries:

"Biéi Zhidóff! Biéi Zhidóff! Biéi Hámovo Otródiyd! Pagáni Zhíd! Christá raspiál! Christá pródal! Svin-yóye úcho! Prokláti Zhíd! Biéi ich pagántseff! Biéi ich Néchristiei!"

The screams and shouts that came from the inner rooms of the houses were horrifying in the extreme. Soon to the tumult the sound of broken glass was heard; furniture, crockery, clocks crashed through the broken panes and splintered into a thousand bits below. Burly ruffians, with hoarse, triumphant shouts, leaned far out and with enormous, blood-stained knives ripped up the bellies of the cherished *períni** and *puchoviki*; the stony street grew white as though covered with a sudden, anachronistic fall of snow; the cloud of feathery white flakes swirled madly in the air. Fleeing from death, pale, haggard, fear-crazed men and women leaped out the windows, and lay, groaning, broken, and maimed, on the feather-strewn cobbles below. Once a little child, propelled by some powerful, brutal arm, had come hurtling through the window of the house op-

posite, and had found instant death below, before it had even had time to utter a cry. The Jew shuddered as he recalled the soft, dull thud which he had heard as the small body had struck the stony street.

And then his own door had been burst open, and a half-dozen vodka-crazed hooligans, their dilated blue eyes blazing wildly in their encrimsoned faces, had made irruption into his small, low-ceilinged rooms. The Jew shuddered and trembled terribly as the scene came up again before his mental gaze, and he covered his pale face with both hands, as if the vision were actually there before him, painted on the black canvas of the darkness. His young son, who was nearest to the door, struck down at his very feet; his wife and daughter outraged, and slain before his very eyes. Then, fear lending wings to his quaking limbs, he had broken past the drunken ruffians, and, literally crazed by fear, had jumped the whole length of the steep staircase, and, bursting through the half-latched cellar-door at the bottom of the stairs, had rolled down the few steps into the cellar. The door had swung back immediately. The hooligans, thinking he had fled out into the street, had not found it worth their while to pursue him, but had gone on with their devil's work above. Later, by a superhuman effort, he had dragged himself, step by step, up the cellar stairs and softly pushed the bolt. Then he had tottered down again and fallen in a huddled, heart-broken heap upon the cold damp floor. He was safe!

Now the pogrom was over, but still he feared—he hardly knew why—to emerge from his place of refuge. Finally, however, thought of his wife and children expiring above gave strength to his shaking limbs. Painfully he staggered up the stairs, and, unbolting the door, came out and

* Eider-down bedding, which is the most cherished possession of every Jewish household.

stood for a moment in the front doorway, looking furtively, with staring, frightened eyes, into the white-strewn street. What he saw there made him shudder and turn his eyes away. Everywhere around him he heard the low subdued wailing cry of the survivors, huddled, terror-stricken, half-crazed, heart-broken, within the blood-stained rooms.

He became conscious of a strange throbbing in his head. Mechanically he put up his hand and drew it away, covered with blood. Then he remembered. One of the *pogromchiki* had hurled a bottle at him as he fled; it had crashed to pieces against his skull with an impact which, at any ordinary moment, would have killed him outright. Then, however, he had hardly felt the wound, and had only fled the faster to escape his doom.

Slowly, with great effort, for a strange trembling shook him still from head to foot, and his legs gave way weakly beneath him, he stumbled up the stairs to his rooms. His door and that of his neighbour, Solomon Rabinóvitch, gaped wide. He shuffled across the threshold and tottered into the living-room, where, Oh, Great Jehovah, was it only a few short hours before?—they had all been quietly seated before their Passover meal, when the low, ominous moaning note had struck upon their ears!

Near the over-turned table lay his wife—the wife of his bosom, his faithful, devoted Rachel. He saw at a glance that she was quite dead. His daughter lay where she had been hurled by her brutal murderers, across her mother's body. Her face was a mere red gash. The boy lay huddled in a heap in one corner. The floor was strewn with broken bits of glass and crockery and spilled food and drink. The whole place was utterly wrecked: furniture broken, windows mere empty eyes, and mirrors empty frames.

The Jew stood there as if turned to stone. Finally a low, plaintive moan issued from his compressed lips.

He knelt at his daughter's side, and, almost unconscious of what he did, mechanically began to chafe her cold hands within his own.

"My Rose of Sharon!" he cried again and again, "my little Rose of Sharon!"

But she gave no sign, and looking into her glazed, staring eyes, he realized with a sudden shock that she, too, was quite dead. He crawled over to the corner, with a last hope, and weakly and laboriously rolled the boy over upon his back. With one shuddering glance he turned away.

Slowly he rose to his feet. He stood there a moment, rigid as a statue of stone, looking down at the insensate, silent bodies of his dead. Then, with a horrible cry, he covered his face with his hands, and, reeling like a drunken man, fled wildly down the stairs into the street.

Time went by. The Jewish Quarter had buried its heaps of dead and doggedly gone on with its hopeless, sordid life. New families had moved into the houses and flats made vacant by violent death. Soon the narrow streets resumed, to all external appearance, their normal aspect; there stood the dense rows of squalid, overpopulated dwellings; the multiple little low-ceilinged stores filled with hanging strings of sausage and kosher, or black with a motly assortment of cast-off clothing. Dirty, discouraged geese squawked weakly in the gutters as before. Crowds of black-capped, black-bearded, black-cassocked men and slatternly, shrewish women, their heads, following the old Mosaic law, closely shaven beneath their greasy wigs, moved back and forth like busy ants, or congregated in gossiping groups before the doors of the houses; innumerable children, incredibly dirty (the boys with the inevitable *hoda* trailing rampantly out behind) played, with shrill cries, beneath the very feet of the passers-by. The population, then, showed no visible signs of diminution; only the numerous, freshly-broken graves in

the little Jewish cemetery at the other end of the town remained to tell the tale of what had been.

One living reminder, however, there was always before the Quarter's eyes. It was Móisha Varsháffchik, whose whole family, wife, daughter, and son, had been slain in his very presence. It was whispered that he had gone insane as the result of his experiences. A strange lustre in his hollow eyes, he shuffled about the Quarter, speaking to no man, addressed by none, living alone in the chambers which had been his home. People tapped their foreheads as he passed by the squalid doors about which they congregated.

"*O vái! O zúress!*" they muttered, commiseratingly, the more so as they realized what their own suffering had been. For few had escaped unscathed in the universal circle of grief which linked them all together.

But Móisha Varsháffchik went by without a word, looking neither to the right or left; and always, in his strangely lustrous gaze, a question lurked, a problem which, like the Grecian spouse's web, was half-loomed each day, only to be undone at night; he could never attain its solution.

One day a former neighbour, one Jankel, a kosher-butcher, made bold to pluck him by the sleeve as he passed his little shop.

"Why dost thou always give way to thy grief, man?" he asked, with rough kindness, in his snorting Yiddish-Russian speech. "Why dost thou not stop thinking, and take thy sorrow with resignation, like the rest of us? We are Jews; we were born for suffering, as the rabbis tell us, for wailing and the gnashing of teeth."

Móisha turned his burning gaze upon him.

"Thinking?" he repeated strangely. "Aye, that is it! Always am I thinking, thinking—but I cannot make up my mind."

"What troubles thee, brother?" the butcher began, but Móisha had already shuffled on.

Two Jews stood talking together, a few days later, in this same Jankel's kosher-shop.

"Did you hear the news?" asked one of the other, in the rising nasal whine characteristic of the Jews in every land.

"No, what is it?"

"Móisha Varsháffchik is crazy no more!"

"*O himmel un erde!*" cried the other, raising both lean hands to heaven. "When did it happen?"

"Yesterday night," answered the first, breaking the two words up into a complicated series of tonal varia, with a long crescendo at the end. "I heard it from my wife's sister. She lives in the same house."

The gist of the above colloquy, however, was only half the news. Like wild fire the report soon spread about the Quarter that Móisha Varsháffchik had indeed to all appearance regained his reason; but that he had become an apostate, an Atheist openly declared! Some blamed, some extenuated; the rabbis, of course, were in the former class. Now the shuffling figure inspired no longer commiseration, but fear. A strange gleam still shone in his hollow eyes, and a nervous twitching continually distorted one side of his pale face. At times he looked a devil incarnate as he glared, beneath his bushy brows at the gathered people gossiping seemingly care-free and grief-free before the house-doors in the squalid streets. The women called their children to them as he passed. Had they been Christians they would have made the sign of the cross, so baleful was the light that gleamed in Móisha's brooding eyes. But Móisha passed on without a word, and gave no sign that he had seen.

Soon other rumours were bruited about him, of an even more disquieting nature to some, particularly the rabbis and those whose friends and relatives were involved in these reports. It was said that Móisha had become a kind of self-appointed apos-

tle of atheism and revolt among the younger men, that he was exciting them, by speeches of passionate eloquence, against the rabbis, against the Tsar, against the Government, against the police, against their own people, against everything and everybody, that his influence was growing with giant strides.

The greatest compliment that may be paid, with justice, to the police system of Russia is that its policy of secret espionage is supported by an organization that is well-nigh perfect. In an incredibly short time the Isprávník had received detailed information of the underground activities of a fanatic, half-crazed, in the Jewish Quarter. Immediately he despatched a detachment of mounted Cossacks to take him prisoner at any cost; they were prepared, following their instructions, to show no mercy should there be resistance. It was high time that these Jews should be taught a lesson, when they presumed to rebel against the powers that be!

But report is a winged creature with magic qualities, it is capable of flying in two opposite directions at the same time. Even as the soldiers were on the way, rumours of their progress and intentions had already reached the ears of Móisha and his friends and partisans.

It was the spark required to set ablaze the combustible elements which Móisha had cast into their souls with his wild eloquence. With frenzied cheers they crowded around him in the narrow street as he, standing on a table, harangued them. Excitement and revolt are contagious. The crowd grew denser and denser. All the men pushed their way in; even women and children, caught like moths in the universal flame, fluttered feebly about, and hung breathless on the fiery words of the inspired man, who with long, unkempt hair and matted beard, reviled and persuaded them alike as he threw out his long, lean arms in passionate gestures.

"We are Jews!" he cried furiously. "Jews! Jews! Jews! And for this we are slaughtered and burned; for this we pay with our heart's blood and the blood of those we hold most dear! They come into our houses, into our quiet peaceful houses, where we sit, we who have done no wrong to any man, and they break and smash and slaughter; they cut our children's throats; they mistreat our women; they hurl our infants through the windows down into the stony street below! Then they set our homes on fire, and depart, laden down with booty, gluttled with blood lust and beast lust."

The people groaned, swaying like a single body back and forth in the densely crowded street. Cries of rage and hatred burst from every lip. The scarcely-healed wounds of the recent disaster reopened, and bled afresh within the souls of each. All faces were convulsed by an uncontrollable burst of emotion. Fists clenched. Breasts heaved. Women sobbed.

"Yea, verily, we remain behind!" shouted Móisha frantically, shaking his fist furiously at the groaning multitude. "We, the Jews! We, the down-trodden, the submissive, the apathetic race! We, the peaceful, the humble folk! We remain behind! We bury all the hope and blossom of our wretched lives in the cold ground, and then we come back to our empty rooms, alone, and bow down in prayer to a pitiless, cruel spirit that has brought us naught but evil; we bow down before the cowardly, hypocritical, lying men, who call themselves His priests."

A commotion in the centre of the crowd suddenly interrupted the torrent of frenzied words. An angry voice cried, "Hold!" It was a rabbi, thin, emaciated, austere, with a long, grizzled beard and a fanatic face. Unable to remain longer silent before Móisha's desecration, he sought now, by a timely protest, to withdraw the people from the magnetic circle of the speaker's eloquence.

"Hold!" he cried again, in a rasping voice. "Why heed ye this man's words? He is an atheist, self-confessed. He is insane. Would ye turn from the religion of your fathers? Would ye—"

But Móisha, with a voice of thunder, burst in upon his feeble protestations. Pointing his bony finger at the angry priest, who, shaking off the outstretched hands that sought to check him, was hotly retorting to the shouts of protest that rose all around him, he vociferated:

"There, there stands your evil! The man who preaches peace and contentment—when? When wild beasts in human form rush into your quiet homes and kill your children and mistreat your wives and daughters before your very eyes!"

A wild howl of rage went up from the swaying crowd, drowning effectually the thin voice of the rabbi, who essayed to speak again, but with a sudden transition, in a voice that sent an electric current down the spines of the gathered throng, shaking them from head to foot, Móisha cried:

"O, my people! If I could say to ye with the voice of a mighty prophet all that lies stamped, in letters of fire, on my soul! Then would I convince ye, once and forever, that life and death are nothing, nothing, when compared with honour! Honour! We, the Jews, of all nations of the earth have none! They burn our houses, and we say, *Spassíbo!* They cut our wives' and children's throats, and we bow our heads most humbly in the dust, and murmur submissively, 'At your pleasure, *gospodá!*' They mistreat our women-folk before our very eyes, and we—we wallow upon the bloody floor, and lick their boots, and then, when they have departed, sit back upon our haunches, like ignoble jackals, and meekly wait for them to come, when the humour strikes them, for another frolic in our homes! Such, such are the Jews, my brethren, the accursed, the banned, the base, the ignoble, the unspeakably degraded!"

The crowd trembled, and shrank visibly away from the burning blast of Móisha's impassioned speech. His wild contempt lashed them like whips; they swayed uneasily back and forth, with a low murmur, like the sound of the sea when heard from far away.

"Aye, and such," cried Móisha, like a madman; "such will we always be until we learn how to resist! Till we are as bold as lions, where we have been meek as lambs! Till we exact, as our Book commands, an eye for an eye: a tooth for a tooth! Till we court death, instead of fleeing from it! Till we fight as though the devil held us by the throat! Till we stain the ground with rivers of blood, blood, blood!"

His frantic, inspired voice rose to a shriek. He waved his gaunt arms in wild, violent, grotesque gestures. His face was that of some old Hebrew seer prophesying the downfall of a race.

Suddenly, from the lower end of the street, a clatter of horses' hoofs resounded clearly and distinctly over the cobbled pavement; a metallic clinking and clashing of steel and accoutrement; a ringing word of command. Then a detachment of Cossacks cantered around the corner, and galloped up the narrow, steep street where the densely massed people stood, swaying backward and forward, shaken like a single quivering leaf beneath the powerful breath of Móisha Varsháffchik's frantic eloquence.

In a moment all was confusion. The larger part of the people, totally forgetting in their fear, the import of Móisha's burning words, scurried away like frightened rats before the thundering charge of the brutal Cossacks, who, with their deadly *nagáikas*, lashed out right and left, maiming, blinding, slashing, trampling under foot. The younger men, Móisha's chief adherents, through very shame, sought for a moment, as he wildly harangued them, to make a stand;

but as the Cossacks bore down upon them, they, too, were terror-stricken and broke and ran. In a moment Móisha, an indescribable expression of contempt upon his curling lips, as he watched his people flee, stood alone, utterly alone. The Cossacks, recognizing their man, came at him full tilt, with wild, brutish shouts, whirling the cruel thongs of the *nagáikas* round and round their heads.

"I—I alone!" he cried, in a voice that resounded down the whole length of the street, as he sprang, like a madman, at the bridle of the foremost horse, "I alone! Barehanded! The first Jew that has had no fear! The first! The first!"

Blows rained down upon his hands and face and cut from him great strips of flesh. Blood streamed into his eyes. The maddened horse reared and plunged, seeking to throw off its heavy weight. Other Cossacks galloped up and formed a circle about him; they rained upon him, as he swung violently back and forth from

the horse's mouth, a shower of cruel, deadly blows. But he held the horse's bridle in a grip of steel, which nothing could unclasp, and finally, snorting and blowing, the horse ceased its plunging and came to a full halt. Still the blows rained. Móisha felt his strength flowing from him in a steady stream: the whole scene swam dizzily before him. With a supreme effort, just as a Cossack cut at him with his sabre, he released his hold on the bridle, and blindly staggering forward, seized the rider's booted leg just above the knee between his strong white teeth, and, with the dying animal's instinct, bit it to the bone.

They had to pry his teeth apart with the edge of their sabres to undo the hold. They withdrew him, a bloody foam oozing from his lips, and threw him brutally, like a dog, into the middle of the stony street, still faintly whispering, as his life ebbed rapidly away:

"The first Jew! The first Jew! The first—"





ON THE BEACH
From the Painting by
Franklin Brownell
Exhibited by the
Canadian Art Club

CHIEF CAUSES OF THE WAR

BY THEODORE WEHLE

AUTHOR OF "ORIGIN AND MEANING OF THE OLD TESTAMENT," ETC.

THE struggle now carried on between leading European nations may be traced for its ultimate causes to a number of events, some of which occurred many centuries ago. Among the most important the capture of Constantinople by Mohammed II. in 1453 may be mentioned, whereby the Eastern Roman, or Byzantine, Empire was overthrown. In a comparatively short time the Turks then subjugated Bulgaria, Servia, Wallachia, Albania, Greece, and other states and made themselves masters of the Balkan Peninsula. They became a menace to all Europe when they besieged Vienna in 1529, and not until they had been thoroughly defeated in their second attempt to capture the Austrian capital, in 1683, did they cease to be a formidable, aggressive power.

The population of the Balkan Peninsula was a remarkable agglomerate of different races and nationalities, of widely different speech and religious faiths. Some of the people were early Roman colonists, while other settlers had drifted there in the course of time, and finally the great wave of Slav immigration from Asia left a considerable deposit of the various branches of this race in the peninsula. Now the conquering Turks were added, and with their religious bigotry and intolerance they relentlessly persecuted the different peoples among whom they had settled. Most of these were Greek Catholics, but other sects

were also represented. It is easy to see how under these conditions murder, rapine, assassination, and the extermination of whole communities were of frequent occurrence, and why the same spirit continues to this day, not only among the Turks, but with all the different races.

When at length the Turkish state began to lose its vitality, its poor administrative methods led to general disintegration and Greece was the first nation to assert its independence and to shake off the foreign yoke in 1829. But this event, by indicating that the Turkish rule was becoming too weak to keep control of its subjects, changed the whole international aspect of the question.

Since the reign of Peter the Great it has been the determined aim of Russia to capture Constantinople to obtain thereby an outlet from the Black Sea to the Mediterranean. This was more than mere ambition and thirst for conquest, indeed, it had become a necessity, because the vast and growing empire had no adequate access to the sea and was thereby largely cut off from the advantage of marine intercourse with other nations. As the weakness of the Turkish state became apparent, Russia proclaimed herself the sympathizer and protector of the Christian part of the population and laid stress on their virtual identity of belief in the Greek Catholic Church. The assumption of this position led to the Crimean War in

1854. When Russia threatened Turkey, the great states of England and France, aided by the rising little monarchy of Sardinia, came to her aid. They feared that with the possession of Constantinople, a Russian navy might contend for supremacy in Europe and destroy the so-called balance of power. On the defeat of Russia, she was compelled to sign a treaty depriving her of the right to have any of her ships of war leave the Black Sea.

The next occasion on which the barbarities of the Turkish rule gave a pretext for Russian interference in behalf of the Christian population was in 1877. But before entering upon the contest Russia found it expedient to make a secret agreement with Austria to secure her neutrality, by promising to allow her to occupy and to administer the affairs of Bosnia and Herzegovina at the end of the war. While the struggle was stubborn and protracted, the Turks were finally defeated and the Russians advanced to the neighbourhood of Constantinople. A treaty of peace was virtually dictated at San Stefano, March 3rd, 1878. Thereupon the English Government, headed by Lord Beaconsfield, entirely dissatisfied with the terms that had been exacted, compelled Russia to attend a European Congress at Berlin, where the treaty was completely revised. Its essential features were the creation of an enlarged Bulgaria, with a Christian ruler, but tributary to the Porte, and the formation of the Province of Eastern Roumelia, similarly governed. Some additions were also made to Roumania and Montenegro. The territory that was left to Turkey in Europe was quite small, but what had been wrested from her became independent and could not be controlled by Russia. This power that had suffered severely in men and treasure, received only insignificant territorial compensation and was sorely disappointed at the small results attained for herself at such great sacrifices. On

the other hand, Austria was allowed to occupy and to administer the Provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina as previously agreed. This action indicated a change in the aims and purposes of Austria, for heretofore she had endeavoured to preserve Turkish territory intact and to uphold the power of the Sultan in opposition to Russia. The policy now inaugurated of dismembering Turkey and acquiring some of its territory for herself was most dangerous and in its consequences contributed largely to the present crisis. For when the party of the Young Turks in 1909 overthrew the rule of the old Sultan and proclaimed a constitutional government, the two Provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina, still under Turkish suzerainty in theory, were entitled to representation in the new parliament. This placed Austria in a difficult position and she met the dilemma by boldly incorporating the two provinces among her possessions. Against such a flagrant breach of the Treaty of Berlin of 1878, England, France, and Russia protested. Russia was particularly aggrieved and would have attacked Austria at once had not Germany declared she would support her ally. Russia, whose army was still weakened from her war with Japan, was not prepared for such a struggle and submitted. But the absorption of two Slav states made it evident to the whole of Europe that it was the aim of Austria to become a mighty Slav power and to extend her territory and her influence over Turkish possessions to the city of Salonica, which would give her an excellent harbour on the Ægean and counteract the possible acquisition of Constantinople by Russia. This policy not only antagonized Russia, but also Slav communities on the Balkan Peninsula like Serbia, which were striving against Turkish power and for expansion and consolidation.

To understand the situation completely we must bear in mind that the principle of nationality had affected

and moulded the whole political development of Europe since the middle of the nineteenth century. Italy had wrested nearly all her Italian provinces from Austria and had become a united kingdom. Under the lead of Prussia, Austria had been expelled from the German Confederation, and a unified state had arisen under the title of the German Empire. This having been accomplished largely through the prowess of the feudal aristocracy of Prussia and the military caste closely allied with it, these forces retained a commanding influence in the new government. While it became nominally constitutional in form, the real power was vested in the Emperor and the Federal Council, composed of the delegates of the hereditary sovereigns. The representative chamber, the Reichstag, while elected by universal suffrage, was not given the power to pass any law without the approval of the upper house, and hence all legislation was dependent entirely upon the will and the interests of the ruling dynasties. To further increase the influence of the reactionary autocratic powers no effort was spared to foster and stimulate the war spirit and to fuse it with the aspirations and ideals of national growth and expansion.

Austria when expelled from its association with the German states was left a loose agglomerate of German, Hungarian, Bohemian, Polish, and other Slav races, and its effort to acquire new Slav territories was necessarily doomed to lead to conflict, for on the Balkan, as well as in Russia, the same longing for unity of race and expansion prevailed.

Finally we come to the war of the Balkan States against Turkey in 1912.

The result of the combined effort of these states to wrest from Turkey the whole territory that she still controlled in the peninsula, with the possible exception of Constantinople, was a great surprise to Europe. The large armies they were able to furnish, the discipline, the organization, and the

effective generalship they displayed, astonished even the best informed military circles. With their overwhelming success the last hope of Austria's obtaining Salonica and control of the Balkan Peninsula seemed to vanish. But instead of accepting the result and endeavouring to cultivate friendly relations with these powers, she resorted to intrigue and threats to thwart the consummation of their wishes. This action by Austria was frustrated to some extent by the mobilization of the Russian army and her clear intimation that she would not tolerate any interference. Still to avert the danger of a general war, the European powers used diplomatic pressure to compel both Serbia and Montenegro to relinquish their claims to a harbour on the Adriatic and to submit to the erection of the independent State of Albania, which was to be ruled by a German prince. But necessarily the whole Serb nationality was aroused and the frustration of their dearest wishes rankled in their breasts, for they had hoped to acquire and to consolidate the Slav races on the Balkan under their rule. These feelings culminated finally in the assassination of the Austrian Archduke, who was recognized as the embodiment of the aggressive Austrian policy.

As soon as it had become apparent that the new Balkan States would henceforth be the implacable foes of Austria, Germany sounded the note of alarm. She felt that the Triple Alliance, consisting of Germany, Austria, and Italy, would now be confronted not only by Russia, France, and England, but also by all the Balkan States, whose power would be formidable after they should recover from the strain of the late war. She at once initiated a system of armaments unequalled in magnitude in time of peace, and introduced a method of taxation that was extremely burdensome and met with much opposition, particularly from the Social Democrats. This party, and its

partial ally, the Progressive Liberal party, had grown greatly in numbers and power in the last few years and looked forward to gaining control of the Reichstag, possibly with the next general election. The prevalent dissatisfaction with the ruinous taxation gave them a weapon and an advantage that the German Government did not know how to meet, for while a Liberal majority could not wrest the power from the reactionary government, it might cause much embarrassment.

Such was the situation before the Austrian ultimatum was sent to Serbia. This, however, was an ultimatum in name only, for in reality it was a declaration of war. No people could have submitted to its terms, and it was well known that Russia could not and would not permit the occupation of Serbia without declaring war. To shrink from assuming this responsibility would have forfeited for her the confidence of the Balkan States and would have immediately destroyed her influence in the concert of nations.

Considering the situation as it appeared at the time the ultimatum was presented, it seems highly probable that Austria would not have taken this aggressive, nay, provocative, step, without consultation with her German ally. Many signs, in fact, indicate not only that Germany approved, but most likely urged this move upon Austria. The motives that led Germany to this policy were probably of a two-fold nature, the conditions at home, as well as the international situation. She had been arming for many months and her preparations had reached the highest efficiency. The strain upon her resources and the irksomeness of the heavy taxation could not be sustained indefinitely in view of its great burden upon her

population. She was fully prepared in every detail, while her chief opponents, France and Russia, were as yet very backward in introducing and perfecting their new armaments. A prompt decision, a quick blow at her adversaries, might cripple them before they could collect their forces and resources, and a peace might be dictated which would give her a commanding position in Europe. In such case Belgium and Holland might be annexed, her own state turned into a military autocracy by simply restricting the suffrage and thus removing all danger of a Social Democratic revolution at home. Austria could expand through the Balkans to the Aegean Sea, and the two empires extending from thence to the English Channel would hold a commanding position in Europe prepared for future conquest.

The two-fold purpose would thus be accomplished of securing the permanent supremacy of the Emperor and his autocratic system, and at the same time satisfying the national longing for expansion. The scheme seems visionary, but the reactionary forces were compelled to take desperate chances to retain their power in an age of progressive liberal and social development.

The effort that is being made after the war has begun to impress the neutral nations with the belief that it is a struggle between pan-Slavism and pan-Germanism precipitated by Russia, hardly deserves serious consideration. On the contrary, the attempt of Austria to make herself a powerful Slav state in opposition to Russia and the lust for dominion of Germany have forced this terrible conflict upon Europe and compelled the most civilized peoples to combine against the two Emperors to preserve the liberties and the freedom of a continent.

THE TUDOR CUP

BY NEIL MUNRO

WHEN the Tudor Cup was sold at Sotheby's in the year 18— for the sum of £7,000, the fall of the auctioneer's hammer echoed round the world, at all events around the world of men who gather rarities. There were only three such treasures in existence—the one now destined for America, which was understood to have come from Holland, another in the national collection in Paris, and a third in Scotland, the property of Sir Gilbert-Quair, whose ancestor had acquired it one hundred and fifty years before by winning a game of cards in a London coffee-house.

Among those people who were profoundly moved by this record price for a quite unimpressive-looking battered silver tankard was the firm of Harris and Hirsch the Bond Street art-dealers, and two days after the sale in London, Mr. Harris hastened up to Scotland; quartered himself at an inn in Peebles, and pushed some discreet inquiries. Sir Gilbert Quair, he discovered, was in a state approaching penury, living an almost hermit life in the house of Quair beside the Tweed, with a deaf old house-keeper, a half-daft maid who never came out of doors, and an equally recluse man whose duty it was to act as guide to the numerous tourists who flocked to the house for the sake of its place in the Ballad Minstrelsy and its antiquarian collection. If the gossips of Peebles could be trusted, the baronet lived upon the shilling fees his guide extracted from the visitors, dodging, himself, from room to room of the

mansion for fear of encountering Americans and English, whom he hated, resenting their intrusion on his privacy, but counting their numbers eagerly as from his window he watched them coming up the yew avenue.

Harris, the Bond Street dealer, modestly bent on hiding his own importance in the commercial world of art, for the nonce a simple English gentleman with a taste for miniatures, called the next day at the House of Quair whose crenellated tower looked arrogantly over ancient woods and fields where lambs were bleating piteously, and men were walking along the furrows scattering seed.

The avenue of yews, which led from the highway into Peebles through neglected and dishevelled grounds, brought the Bond Street dealer to the forlorn facade of the mansion and the great main door. He rapped upon the iron knocker; the sound reverberated as through a vault, with hollow echoes such as come from vacant chambers. Far back in the dwelling's core there was a clatter of something fallen, but no one answered to the summons of the visitor, and having rapped in vain again, he ventured round the westward wing to find himself confronted by a door on the side of which was hung the evidence that this was properly his entrance. It was a painted board with this legend:

QUAIR COLLECTION.

Open to the Public Tuesdays and
Thursdays. Admission One
Shilling.

Now this was neither a Tuesday nor a Thursday, and Harris swore softly. He was just on the point of making his retreat when a footstep sounded on the gravel of a little walk that led to a bower upon the terrace, and turning he found himself face to face with Sir Gilbert Quair.

"The collection is not on view to-day, sir," said the baronet, an elderly, thick-set gentleman wearing a shabby suit of tweed.

Mr. Harris took off his hat, not to the wearer of the shabby tweed suit but to the owner of the Tudor Cup. "I am most unfortunate," he stammered. "I was not aware that the collection was only on view on certain days, and unhappily I must return to England this evening. It happens that I am something of an amateur in miniatures, fortunate in the possession of a few choice examples, and being in this neighbourhood I could not resist the temptation to see the celebrated collection of Sir Gilbert Quair, which is rich in miniatures."

He passed the baronet his card to which the name of a well-known London club contributed the proper degree of uncommercial importance. Sir Gilbert turned it over in his fingers with a little hesitation; shot a sly glance of the keenest scrutiny from under his bushy eye-brows at the visitor.

"In the circumstances—" he began, and taking a key from his pocket unlocked the door which led to the collection, but before he let his visitor through he held out to him a little wooden box with a slit in the lid of it. "In the absence of the usual guide," said he, "I'll collect your shilling for him, Mr. Harris."

Five minutes later Harris was manifesting the most rapturous appreciation of Sir Gilbert's miniatures, which in truth were nothing wonderful, but at every opportunity, when unobserved by his host, his eyes went ranging in search of the Tudor Cup. It was his host who finally called attention

to it under glass in a corner cupboard.

"If you had been interested in old English silver, Mr. Harris, this piece might have had some attraction," said Sir Gilbert, drenching his flaring nostrils with a pinch of snuff from a tiny ivory spoon. "I'm no great judge, myself, but my father highly prized it."

The Bond Street dealer with a thudding heart peered through the glass at the very counterpart of that tarnished goblet which had fetched £7,000 in Sotheby's. He was wondering if the dry old shabby gentleman looking over his shoulder and odorously with tobacco was aware that this was a Tudor Cup, or if he read the newspapers carefully, and knew what Tudor Cups were worth in Sotheby's.

"But Himmel! did you not make him an offer?" demanded Hirsch next day in the Bond Street shop—they called it gallery—to which his partner had returned from Tweedside with a profound depression a man might have who had for a fleeting moment seen the only woman he could ever love and then lost her in a panic.

"Offer, Joel!" he cried in accents of despair. "I offered him five thousand, and he only chuckled. He would not even take it from the cupboard. 'No, no, Mr. Harris,' he said with his head to the side, flicking up his abominable snuff, 'It is an heirloom older than any here, and I am not selling.' And the galling thing is that he doesn't even know he has a Tudor Cup, nor what a Tudor Cup can fetch in Sotheby's."

"Ah, you should have had the money with you, Harris," said his partner. "Always show the money, I say; it talks for you through a speaking-trumpet. By heavens I will go myself to Scotland and have that Tudor Cup if I have to steal it!"

A spirit of romance and solemn homily on mutability were in the scene when Hirsch walked into the grounds of Quair, though he was not the man to understand. Six hundred

years of history cried from the old bastion; still in its shelter men sowed oats and their shabby dwellings clustered, no way changed, to look at, since the Borderland was vexed with wars, and Quair was lord and warden: but vassals no more, save to that grim seigneur Commerce, who took from them triple-tithes and children instead of the service of the sword which was all the old lords claimed. A valley of peace, and nights untroubled, and the old bold fighting Quairs in their resting graves, and their troopers dust at the roots of English pastures; surely at eve in the woods of Quair, or riding spirit through the passes of the hills, a thousand ghosts went seeking lost passions, old delights.

It was Thursday afternoon. Hirsch stepped in at the door which led to the Quair collection, to find the man in charge of it had all the customary cicerone's dull loquacity. He dribbled dates and gushed details of family history as if he were a gargoyle who had never got refreshment from the current pouring through him. Thick-set, short, and rasped upon the chin from too-close shaving, he looked the very figure of a man to fill one of the empty suits of mail that flanked the entrance to the gallery, and even to the shopman's eye of Hirsch he had the air of truculence that somehow seemed to accord with the situation.

"You do not appear to have many visitors to-day," said the picture-dealer, having looked perfunctorily at dingy tapestry and pictures, and now with eyes, in which the fires of covetousness were with difficulty restrained, upon the tarnished Tudor Cup in its corner cupboard.

"Ye're the first this week," said the guide with acerbity, as if the shilling fees were a more personal matter than the gossips of the country-side believed, and Hirsch the dealer, rubbing his hook-nose to conceal the tremulous avidity of his mouth, saw that disappointed avarice was in this creature's eyes.

"I should like, a little later on, to see Sir Gilbert," said the dealer who had five thousand pounds in his pocket, and a Jew's conviction that an impecunious Scot could never resist the delicious crackle of English notes.

"Ye canna; he's from home," explained the guide. "He's awa' to Edinburgh for a month."

A thought came there and then to the dealer which made him turn pale. Avarice and cunning were in the old man's face; his shillings plainly meant a lot to him; his clothing was in poor accord with the guardianship of treasure.

"Look here," said Hirsch in a confidential whisper. "If your master is to be away for a month, there is no reason why the matter I meant to arrange with him should not be arranged with you and put a handsome sum of money in your pocket. I have taken a fancy to this silver jug, and though I know Sir Gilbert will not part with it, I thought he might at least agree to have it copied. It's a thing that is often done, Mr.—"

"Meldrum," said the guide with a promising air of equanimity.

"In two or three weeks I could have my copy made in Paris, and this cup returned to you in safety, and no one else except ourselves need be a bit the wiser, Mr Meldrum"

The guide gave a laugh that was half a sneer, and checked it suddenly with a hand upon his mouth. "It's a maist singular proposition," he remarked reflectively. "In the four-and-twenty years I have been showin' folk the Quair Collection I havena heard the like of it. And it comes from a total stranger!"

"I represent one of the most reputable firms in London," Hirsch hastened to explain, with the simultaneous production of his business card.

Meldrum looked at it with interest. "Harris and Hirsch. I take it that you are Mr. Hirsch? There was a Mr. Harris calling on Sir Gilbert, I was tell't, some days ago."

"Exactly," answered Hirsch. "My

partner. He had almost completed negotiations for the loan of the cup for the purpose I have mentioned. But really there seems no need for us to be troubling Sir Gilbert. The cup will be back before his return from Edinburgh and—"

"Just that!" said Meldrum dryly. "And what about my security?"

Delighted with such apparent pliability, Hirsch produced his English notes which brought a very passion of greed to Meldrum's eyes.

"Let us not be calling it security, Mr. Meldrum," he remarked insidiously. "If a hundred pounds—"

Again the guide ironically chuckled. "If I could trust ye for a hundred pounds, Mr Hirsch, I could trust ye mair for ten times that," he said. "I take your word for't that we needna ca't security, if I'm to risk my job and my reputation, the cost of three weeks loan o' that silver tankard is exactly a thousand pounds!"

Three weeks later, the Quair Cup and its duplicate came back from Tregastel of Paris, so much alike that Hirsch would have been beat to see the difference had it not been that he found on one a private microscopic mark he had put on it himself.

But it was not the cup so marked that he returned to the accommodat-ing Meldrum.

Two months more, and the curio world was shaken once again by the intimation of another Tudor Cup for sale at Sotheby's. Amongst the host of possible bidders who examined the precious piece of tarnished metal taken out impressively from Sotheby's strongest safe some days before the sale, was Barraclough, the expert who had bought its fellow earlier in the season for his client in America.

"A brilliant forgery," he exclaimed on careful scrutiny. "One of Jules Tregastel's charming reproductions," and departed.

Harris and Hirsch were sent for by the auctioneer. "Nonsense!" they

protested, and Hirsch satisfied himself again that the microscopic mark on the veritable cup from Quair was there. "Tregastel never had a tool on it."

"Hadh't you better ask?" said the auctioneer, and they asked by telegram, with astounding consequences.

"The cup you sent was a copy made a year ago by myself for another client. I thought you knew," replied Tregastel.

"Mein Gott!" cried Harris, appalled. "Tregastel has made so cunning a job of it he has even copied your private mark, and you have sent the original back to Quair."

"I will not believe it, I will not believe it!" said his partner, almost weeping with chagrin.

That night the two of them went to Scotland, and in the morning Harris went out from Peebles to the House of Quair to see Sir Gilbert.

"Might I have another look at the cup?" he asked without periphrasis, and the baronet snuffed and chuckled.

"It seems to have wonderfully taken your fancy, Mr. Harris," he remarked with an ironic cough. "Again you are unfortunate in the day you call, for this is Wednesday. And in any case I thought I made it clear that the cup was bound to stay here in spite of your most tempting offers."

"I know," replied the dealer, "but I should like to see it; that is all."

"Ah! you mad collectors!" said Sir Gilbert humorously. "Ye can be as crazy over a bashed old siller cup as I might have been mysel' at one time over a bonnie lassie! Well come your ways in and you shall see it. It is aye another shillin'!"

Harris not only saw the cup this time but got it into his hands. In a fever of apprehension he turned it up and down and sought for a microscopic mark like that which Hirsch had pointed out upon the other—it was not there!

At the sight of the blank look on his face Sir Gilbert chuckled and took snuff. "I see you have discovered,

Mr. Harris," he remarked with his eye-brows twitching. "You connoisseurs are not to be deceived so easily!"

"Then—then you know it is a forgery!" cried Harris with amazement.

"I would not use that word for it exactly, Mr. Harris," said the baronet with a gesture of distaste. "A copy—and a wonderful copy too, by Tregastel of Paris. The truth is I sold the original one some months ago in London, having first had this one made. You see my possession of a Tudor Cup is notorious, and if it got about that the Quair Collection was being in any way depleted, where would our shillin's come from, Mr. Harris?" and he jocosely poked his visitor in the ribs.

Harris flew back to the inn at Peebles, an object of utterable despair.

"Mein Gott! these Scotch!" cried Hirsch, wringing his hands. "But I will have my money back from that Meldrum man if I have to take him to the courts."

"Harris and Hirsch would cut a funny figure in the courts in these circumstances, Joel," said his partner. "It is better that we go out together to-morrow, when your Meldrum's place is open and compromise."

The entrance to the Quair Collection had been hardly open on the morning when the dealers tried to push their way within. Harris was perturbed when he saw who checked them on the threshold—Sir Giblest Quail himself, who greeted him with a crafty smile, only a little shabbier in dress than when he had seen him heretofore, and with the box for the admission shillings hanging round his neck.

"It might be the flowin' bowl, Mr. Harris," he exclaimed ironically. "Ye come back so often to it"

"I want a word or two with you," said Mr. Hirsch peremptorily, finding the old man barred their further passage. "Did you know that the cup you lent me was an imitation?"

"I could hardly fail to be aware of it," said the baronet. "You surely didn't think a paltry thousand pounds would be security for a genuine Tudor Cup, and a' the world sae keen on them at Sotheby's."

"I have been deceived; I must have my money back!" said Hirsch, and the old man shrugged his shoulders and took snuff.

"Na, na!" he said. "A bargain's aye a bargain, and ye canna get your money back. The best I can do for ye is to swop the cup ye sent for the one I lent ye."

"Look here, Meldrum—" Hirsch began and Harris, with surprise, corrected him.

"Not Meldrum," he remarked. "Sir Gilbert Quair."

"Ye're both of ye right, and ye're both of ye wrang," said the old man, with a chuckle. "For twa years back I've been guide to my own collection; It's an only way to keep an eye upon the shillin's."

"You d——d old rogue!" exclaimed the partners simultaneously, and he grinned at them, with his stout old breast across the door-way like a cliff. For a little while he gloated on their fury, then took them by the arms and led them out upon the terrace.

"You see this land," he said, and indicated all the hills and valleys, verdant woods and furrowed fields, and the river sounding at the bend below the mansion. "The greed of English thieves brought them here marauding for good six hundred years, and it seems ye're no' done yet! My forefolk fought you with the sword, but Gilbert Meldrum Quair must fight you with his wits!"

"But Gott in Himmel! we are not English; we are Hebrews!" protested Hirsch with his palms upwards and his neck contracted.

"That is worse," replied Sir Gilbert, making for his door. "We Scots are still at feud wi' the Jews for what they did out yonder in Jerusalem."

THE STORY OF THE CHIEF OF POLICE

BY WILLIAM LE QUEUX

OURS is truly a life crammed full of adventure.

I had been dispatched on a secret mission to Nice, the town of violets, mimosa and *marrons glacés*.

Carnival was at its height, and as on that sunny February afternoon I sat with my friend Paolo Ferri, the world-famous Chief of Italian Secret Police, sipping a mazagran on the pavement before the Café de la Régence, a gay laughter-loving world surged up and down the tree-lined Avenue de la Gare.

My companion, a refined, gentlemanly-looking, well-dressed man with a pair of shrewd brown eyes and a dark brown beard, smoked his favourite Toscano cigar and smiled at two laughing girls of the people who, in carnival dress as pierrettes, had tripped passed arm-in-arm on their way to the Battle of Flowers which was about to open down the palm-lined Promenade des Anglais, beside the blue tideless sea.

Ferri, of course, knew my position in the British Secret Service, just as I his. More than once in the course of inquiries had we assisted each other. Though I had not told him the reason I was in Nice, just as he himself had been silent regarding the motive of his own presence there, yet I had been despatched from Whitehall at almost a moment's notice with instructions to endeavour to solve an obscure and delicate problem.

As Henry Hatherleigh, author and traveller, I wandered over the continent, careless, erratic and irresponsible, in order to "pick up" material for my books, therefore my true calling as secret-service agent was never suspected. The telegrams I so constantly sent to my devoted brother in London usually had a pre-arranged meaning, and were handed on by special messenger to the calm, clever, discriminating chief of the confidential branch of the service.

Presently draining our glasses, we rose and strolled across the pretty Place Messena—wherein stood the giant enthroned effigy of King Carnival—until we reached the grandstand erected in the Promenade.

The far-famed Battle of Flowers had already commenced. The occupants of the double line of decorated carriages slowly passing each other were engaged in a battle royal with bunches of violets, carnations and other spring flowers, while as they passed the grandstand we also joined in the fray. The gay world had run riot on that brilliant afternoon.

For two whole miles there were rows of laughing faces. The sun was bright and warm, the sea a brilliant blue and the air laden with the sweet fragrance of mimosa and violets.

Standing together, we had been for some time watching the continuous procession of beautifully decorated equipages when of a sudden, seated in

a victoria beneath a canopy of roses, the whole carriage hidden by the blossoms, to the spokes of the wheels, came an extremely handsome, dark-haired girl in a cream gown of the latest mode with a big hat to match. She was not throwing flowers, but held up her sunshade in order to ward off the many bunches of violets flung at her.

Her appearance was the signal for a tremendous outburst of applause, for her carriage eclipsed all others in point of taste, while she herself was far more beautiful than any in that crowd of pretty women about us.

As she passed she chanced to catch sight of me and smiled, whereat I lifted my hat.

"Ah! Then you know 'La Contessina'—the Little Countess—eh?" exclaimed Ferri in English, looking at me in surprise. "If she knew that I was here, in Nice, she would not dare show herself like that! She would fly by the next train—or probably steamer—to America. I am here to watch her, and—well, I may as well be frank with you, my friend—" he whispered in my ear, "to arrest her on a charge of murder."

"Murder!" I gasped, staring at him. "Why, my dear Ferri, Olga Ostrow is a great friend of mine! She is surely not guilty of that!"

But my companion smiled mysteriously, replying:

"If it were not to arrest her, *caro mio*, I should not be here in Nice."

And the eyes of both of us followed the rose-embowered carriage as it disappeared round the bend.

I took him aside, away from the laughing crowd, and as we walked over the wide asphalted promenade beside the sea, I asked him to tell me in confidence something concerning the affair.

"Well, it's a complete mystery," he said. "Briefly explained it is this. The Countess Olga, with her brother, occupies a pretty flat—"

"In the Via Lombardia, in Rome. I've been there," I said quietly.

"On the twenty-first of last month

there arrived at the Grand Hotel a Frenchman named Jules Delannoy, from Nolay, in the Côte d'Or. Apparently he was a friend of the fair Russian, for it is known that she had called and dined with him at his hotel two years ago, and that she had been seen driving with him in the Corso. On the morning following his arrival at the Grand the concierge of the house in which she lives came to the Questura and made a curious statement to me. He said that on the previous evening, about eight o'clock, he was passing up the staircase when he heard the sounds of a violent altercation in the Countess's flat. He listened and distinctly heard a female voice uttering reproaches and threats. Following that, he heard a man's loud cry of pain, and then all became silent. Instead of raising an alarm at once he had descended the stairs and watched for somebody to leave the place. In an hour the Countess herself came down, ordered a cab and, carrying only a handbag, left. Undecided how to act, the old fellow, who is somewhat lacking in intelligence, waited till the morning before he informed me of the occurrence. I, at once, drove round to the place with two agents of the brigade mobile, and on breaking open the door of the flat found concealed in a small box-room in the rear, the body of the Frenchman, Delannoy. He had been stabbed to the heart."

"Did you discover any motive?"

"Yes. On examining the dead man's dress-coat, I found that the lining across the back had been slit with a knife, while there was another slit behind the left lappel. The victim evidently carried something in secret, and had been killed in order to secure it."

"Killed by the Contessina, you allege?"

"Yes. She was the only person there, her maid Anna having been given leave to go to her home at Cologne on the previous day, while her brother—I have ascertained by cabl-

ing to Chicago—is there on business. She was the only person in the flat, and the only person who left it.”

“And she came here?”

“Her baggage came on to Nice three days previously. She has made every preparation for a long absence, having told the concierge two days earlier that she was going to Russia, and would not return to Rome again this winter. I spent nine days in making full inquiry before coming here. She has, I find, rented the Villa Stephanie up at Carabacel and engaged its staff of servants. She is always popular here, it seems, during Carnival.”

“Your story surprises me,” I exclaimed. “Suspicion must be very strong against her, or you would not be so confident, I know.”

“There seems no doubt. *caro mio*, that the pretty Countess has possessed herself of something belonging to this Jules Delannoy who, as far as I’m able to make out, was himself something of a mystery. I am making inquiries regarding him, but cannot find out much, the particulars he gave when registering himself at his hotel being evidently incorrect. Fortunately, however, the contessina forgot to destroy one thing before her flight. In her photograph-album was his picture, and I have found it. Here it is,” and he took a miniature portrait from his pocket-book and handed it to me.

I halted, staggered by its sight.

“What!” he cried. “You know him!”

“Yes,” was my reply. “But are you sure—quite certain that this photograph is of the dead man?”

“Positive. I myself compared it with the features of the victim?”

“Then you are wrong, my dear Ferri,” I said decisively. “The Contessina did not kill him. He was one of her best friends. To him she owed much—her very life in fact.”

“*Va bene*. You are not a policeman,” laughed the famous Chief of Police. “But tell me who is this Delannoy.”

I hesitated. To explain was to commit a breach of confidence. Yet I felt that at all hazards, I must prevent the arrest and accusation of that woman who was one of my personal friends. Truth to tell, Olga Ostrow, the pretty dark-haired daughter of Count Paul Ostrow of Vilna, was an agent of the British Secret Service who had on several occasions supplied us with important information regarding political undercurrents both in Russia and France.

“Well,” I said rather lamely, “Delannoy is a man I know—an Englishman of French parentage. His name was George Girdlestone.”

“*Benissimo*,” cried my friend. “This is most fortunate! What causes you to be so certain that I have made a mistake—eh? What proof is there of her innocence? They were friends. She knew that he carried something concealed in his clothes. They quarrelled and she struck him down. I have the knife—an ancient Venetian stiletto—which has been identified as hers!”

“If she killed him, then what did she intend doing with the body?”

“Probably intended to return in a few weeks with a big trunk, ostensibly to remove some other belongings and to send it away by rail in that.”

And, replacing the photograph, he lit a cigarette and turned his face towards where the glorious sun was slowly setting in the calm sea behind Antibes.

“Was he wealthy?” he asked a moment later. “Where shall I find trace of him?”

“You will find no trace of him, my friend,” was my slow reply.

“You are concealing something. Signor Hatherleigh. Why?” he asked, looking at me sharply.

“Of necessity,” I said. “This charge against the Contessina has rather upset me,” I added, apologetically.

“Naturally,” replied the Chief of Police. “Five of my cleverest officers have been engaged on the case, and

all are unanimous. In the house live only three other families—all of them highly respectable Italians. There was no backway out of the house, and the question of descending from the window by a ladder has already been dismissed as impossible. No. Depend upon it that your little Russian friend, whom all the gay world here to-day is cheering, killed this man George Girdlestone, in order to steal either some money or documents which she knew he carried. The two cuts in the lining of his coat are sufficient evidence that search was made for it."

I wanted time to think. What Ferri had just told me had revealed to me something of which I had never dreamed. The truth was that Girdlestone, a captain in the Engineers, was, like myself, a member of the British Secret Service. He was missing, and we believed he had disappeared in Nice. It was from that place he had last been heard of, therefore I had been sent south to try and obtain news of him.

Yet here was undeniable evidence that he had fallen a victim of a plot, and had been foully done to death!

Together we strolled back towards the grand stand close to the *Jetée Promenade*, or pier, and there we watched the judges award the prizes—the first to the Countess Olga Ostrow.

Flushed with pleasure and excitement the sweet-faced young woman drove slowly up to the judge's tribune, and there received the white-and-gold silk banner for the best decorated carriage—a prize she had secured annually for three seasons in succession.

A thousand throats acclaimed her, and amid much clapping of hands and throwing of flowers she slowly passed, again laughing gaily at me over her shoulder, triumphant once more.

At the door of the Municipal Casion I parted company with my friend, arranging to meet him again

at seven, and go over to Monte Carlo to dine and spend the evening. Then I walked back to the *Hôtel de France* where I stood pondering.

What had poor Girdlestone carried concealed in the lining of his dress coat? What could its nature have been that he should have been killed for its possession? Poor fellow! He had been one of my closest and best friends—a splendid linguist, a smart officer, and a cosmopolitan to the back-bone.

That night I dined with the famous Chief of Police at the Hotel de Paris at Monte Carlo, and afterwards idled about the rooms, hot and overcrowded as they always are in the height of the season.

"What do you intend doing regarding Olga Ostrow?" I asked him point-blank, as we descended through the moon-lit gardens to the station.

"I have already done as I intended," was his brief reply. "She is under arrest."

"Arrested?" I gasped, staring at him.

"*Si, signore.* She is detained at the central police bureau in Nice, and I have applied for her immediate extradition, and she will be sent to our frontier at Ventimiglia to-morrow. From thence I shall convey her back to Rome."

"This is injudicious!" I declared. "But if you have arrested her I ask one thing—I ask it as her friend. Let there for the present be no publicity."

"There has been none. I have made the concierge at the Via Lombardia promise secrecy. Nothing has leaked out to the press."

While we walked up and down the railway platform awaiting the express for Nice he told me a number of additional facts concerning the tragedy—facts which I was compelled to admit within myself were very convincing of Olga's guilt. My intention was to have called at the Villa Stephanie that night, but Ferri had forestalled me by arresting her immediately after the Battle of Flowers.

On my return to my hotel I packed my traps, scribbled a note to my friend, and at eight o'clock next morning left direct for Rome by way of Genoa and Pisa.

Quickly I went to the white house with the green sun shutters in the Via Lombardia and discovered the names of the three other residents, none of whom had any knowledge of the strange tragedy which had occurred in the Countess's apartment. They were all persons of the highest repute. One was Orlandini, the Deputy for Forli, another Floria, a banker, and the third a well-known member of the Bourse.

The further I carried my inquiries, however, the blacker became the suspicion against the Countess. Yet what motive could she have for killing the man who had acted as her friend—the man who on one occasion in Moscow had given her warning of impending arrest after the recent rioting, and enabled her to escape from the country. What was it that had been abstracted from the dead man's coat?

Ferri had returned to Rome, and had brought with him the pretty Russian who was awaiting trial. Nobody in the Eternal City was aware of her return, otherwise a great sensation would have been caused in society, where she was so well known. I saw the Chief of Secret Police at the Bureau, and he told me that she had protested her innocence, declaring that she was totally unaware of Girdlestone's death.

"She endeavours to prove an extraordinary alibi," he laughed, as he puffed at his cigarette; "one that certainly will not hold water at the Assize Court."

"You have not discovered what was stolen from his coat?"

"Unfortunately, no," was my friend's reply, as he slowly stroked his beard. "She will make no admission, though I have repeatedly interrogated her."

Next morning I called upon the

banker Floria at his office at the Via Vittoria and, representing myself as an agent of an insurance company, inquired whether he knew his neighbour the Countess. He told me that he was not on visiting terms with her. She was a lady who kept herself very much to herself, and the only person in the house she visited was the Signora Orlandini, wife of the Deputy.

That afternoon I called upon the lady in question who lived in the flat above the Countess and, full of apologies, made inquiry regarding her neighbour, who, I informed her in confidence, was about to insure her life for a considerable amount.

"Certainly, signore," replied the stout elderly wife of the Deputy. "I know the Countess. She is most charming—wealthy, I believe, for she only spends the winter months in Rome. I became acquainted with her through my brother, Huga Halfinger, who sometimes comes to visit me."

"Halfinger," I repeated.

"Yes. He lives in Zurich. Do you know him?" she asked quickly. "Here is his photograph," and she pointed to a framed cabinet standing upon a table in the shadow.

I glanced at it, and then, after a few moments' reflection, remarked:

"The Countess is on the Riviera just now, I believe."

"Yes. She left quite recently, and will return this season. She came to say good-bye to me before leaving. Hugo chanced to be staying with us. He was passing through on his way to Palermo. He and she are great friends."

The Deputy's wife was evidently very proud of her acquaintance with the "Little Countess." So, after some further conversation, I demanded pardon for my apparent inquisitiveness and left, driving straight to a telegraph office, where I despatched a message in cipher to London, asking for an immediate response.

It was handed to me in my hotel just before midnight, and when I

slowly deciphered it I sat staggered at the amazing truth that had now become revealed.

Next day I hastened to the Bureau of Police, and on entering Ferri's private cabinet, that sombre, green-painted room of secrets, asked a favour—that he would interrogate the Countess in my presence. At first he demurred, but when I explained that I desired to clear up one or two important points he at last acceded, and ringing his bell, told the police-officer who entered to bring the accused before him.

Ten minutes later the Little Countess, dressed in black, very pale and wan, entered between two carabiniers.

When she saw me she started, exclaiming in French:

"Ah! M'sieur Hatherleigh! You—you know me—you will speak in my favour, will you not? I beg of you!"

"The Signor Hatherleigh desires to ask you one or two questions, Contessina," said Ferri in that cold formal voice of his.

"Yes," I said, standing beside the Chief of Police, who was seated at his table. "You were friendly, Contessina, with Jules Delannoy—or to call him by his right name, George Girdlestone."

"I was. He was one of my best friends. They say he was found dead in my apartments after I left! But it is amazing. I never saw him. He has not been in Rome for nearly two years—to my knowledge."

"When did you last see him?"

"In Paris, last October. He was staying at the Elysée Palace Hotel."

"Describe your actions during—say the last hour you were in Rome, immediately before you left for Nice," I urged.

"The last hour," she repeated, hesitating reflectively. "Well, I ascended to the next floor to wish farewell to my friend, the Signora Orlandini. Her husband was at a sitting of the Chamber, but her bro-

ther, Herr Halfinger, was there."

"You knew Halfinger—eh? What was his real name?"

"Isaac Goldberg," she replied. "I have known him for some years. While we were sitting together Signor Orlandini entered and wished me farewell, his wife leaving the room to speak with the servants."

"And who is this Goldberg?" I asked, adding: "You can tell Signor Ferri all that you know."

"I have ascertained only recently that he is a German secret agent."

"And now," I said, turning to the Chief of Police, "I think I can explain the mystery. Last October, in Paris, the Contessina introduced this man Goldberg—who is an unscrupulous adventurer—to poor Girdlestone, who is in the same service as myself. Goldberg had ascertained Girdlestone's intention to visit Rome, and call unexpectedly upon the Contessina. He came at once and told his sister of the impending visit. On the night in question, while the Contessina was wishing farewell to them, the Deputy's wife, standing at the window, watched Girdlestone alight from a cab, whereupon she at once made excuse to leave the room and descending to the Countess's flat entered with a false key with which she had already provided herself. When Girdlestone rang the bell, the woman Orlandini opened the door. At first the meeting was a cold one, but quickly there were recriminations regarding an affair which had occurred in Germany, when suddenly, without warning, the woman struck him down with an old Venetian stiletto which had hung on the wall in the hall. Then, after securing what she had desired, she hid the body in the back room where the Contessina would not see it before her departure, and removed all traces of her crime. Afterwards she quickly slipped upstairs and rejoined her guest."

"And what actual proof have you of this?" inquired the famous official, his dark brows narrowing.

"This." and I produced a decipher of my secret message which stated that confidential information from Berlin had been received by our department to the effect that the secret agent, Isaac Goldberg, had, a few days ago, sold to the German Intelligence Department for twenty thousand marks a copy of the cipher used by our British Secret Service, which had been the property of Mr. George Girdlestone. The poor fellow was known to have usually carried the thin little cipher-book sewn in the lining of his dress-coat.

The Little Countess, who gave answers to Ferri's rapid questions, was a few minutes later accorded her lib-

erty, while Ferri drove at once to the Via Lombardia to arrest the sister of Isaac Goldberg.

He found the door of her bedroom locked, and on forcing it open discovered the guilty woman lying in her chair, dead from an over-dose of chloral.

For some months Goldberg was hunted by Ferri and his agents backwards and forwards across Europe, eventually being cornered in Rotterdam, where he committed suicide by throwing himself into the harbour.

On account of poor Girdlestone's death and the theft of the cipher, an entirely new one has now been placed in operation.

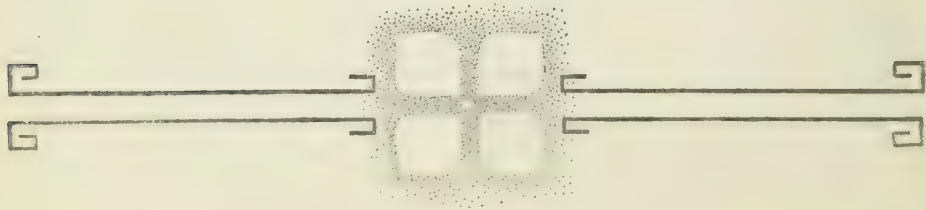
REALIZATION

By L. M. MONTGOMERY

I SMILED with skeptic mocking when they told me you were dead,
 You of the airy laughter and lightly twinkling feet,
 "You tell a dream that haunted a chill, gray dawn," I said,
 "Death could not touch or claim a thing so vivid and so sweet!"

I looked upon you coffined amid your virgin flowers,
 But even that white silence could bring me no belief,
 "She lies in maiden sleep," I said, "and in the youngling hours
 Her sealed dark eyes will open to scorn your foolish grief."

But when I went at moorise to our ancient trysting place . . .
 And, oh, the wind was keening in the firs boughs overhead!
 And you came never to me with your little gypsy face,
 Your lips and hands of welcome, I knew that you were dead!





A Photograph of the Sinclair Canyon,
on the Banft-Windermere Route

THE HIGHWAY OF
THE GREAT DIVIDE

CURRENT EVENTS

BY LINDSAY CRAWFORD

NAPOLÉON'S dictum that "Providence fights on the side of the big battalions" is truer of war to-day than it was a century ago. Whether on land or sea the varying fortunes of opposing armies in the present campaign depend to a greater extent on numbers of men and weight of guns than was the case in any previous armed conflict. The destruction of Admiral Craddock's fleet by a stronger German unit, and the subsequent sinking of the enemy's ships by Admiral Sturdee's vessels of superior speed, weight, and guns proves that the day has gone when naval and military commanders can afford to rely for victory on mere dash and reckless bravery. True, these soldierly qualities still count in increased morale, but in modern campaigning they must be harnessed to scientific methods in which there is little room for chance or the spectacular. This was the hardest lesson the French had to learn, but the retreat on Paris, and the early experiences in Alsace-Lorraine brought home to them the importance of the new methods of warfare. The British troops already had learned the value of cover, field trenches, and wire entanglements in South Africa, and, with a much smaller force were able to hold their own against superior German numbers that advanced to the attack recklessly in massed formation. Now that the Allies are on the offensive in the west the importance of numbers is seen in the

slow progress made against a powerful enemy strongly entrenched and rarely exposed to view. So evenly balanced are the opposing forces that progress is measured in feet instead of yards and miles, and it is only through the withdrawal of German troops to the eastern field of operations that the Allies are able to make considerable headway in Flanders and France. Kitchener, with far-seeing eye, provided against this deadlock, and when he hurls his new army against the foe this month or the next, numbers and British doggedness will begin to count.

Joffre's advance through Alsace is the most important feature of the campaign on the western front. This time the French have come to stay. They are nearing the Rhine, and gradually forcing the enemy back on his own soil. Although strategic conditions forbid anything in the nature of a great achievement there has been steady progress on the western front.

On the eastern front the situation is much the same as on the west. Neither side seems to be strong enough to secure any striking advantage. This applies only to the operations in which German forces are employed. Further south the Austrians are again in retreat, with Bukowina occupied and Transylvania invaded by the Russians, while Russian troops are advancing once more across the plains of Hungary. According to Mr. Hilaire Belloc, two things are essential to either combatant—Cracow or War-

saw. Cracow blocks the way to Germany's rich industrial gateway in the south—Silesia. Warsaw, flanked by the fortresses of Ivangorod and Novo-Georgievsk, controls the Russian railway communications. Without Warsaw the invasion of Germany could not be carried on successfully. The campaign has resolved itself largely into a struggle by the Germans for Warsaw, and by the Russians for Cracow. The indecisive character of the operations is due to the fact that the rival plans neutralize each other. Each side has been within striking distance of its objective, but each has failed so far to achieve its ends. The factors that make for success in modern warfare are so nicely balanced that the battlefront swings on a line with Cracow and Warsaw as alternate axes. The deadlock is attributable to the fact that the inferiority in numbers but greater mobility of the Austro-Germanic forces is balanced on the Russian side by superiority in numbers but inferior mobility. At the time of writing the line of battle has swung once again in the direction of Cracow. It may be traced on the map from a point west of Warsaw, on the Vistula, along the course of the Bzura River, up its tributary, the Rawka, thence along a line drawn between Petrokov and Kielce, along the rivers Nida and Dunajec, tributaries on opposite banks of the Upper Vistula, turning east from the Dunajec to join the line of operations across the Carpathians. The last Austro-Germanic advance developed across the Dankl Pass, compelled the Russians to change their front from due west to due south. This necessitated a temporary retirement which the Austrians duly chronicled as a Russian reverse. The control of the network of railways enabled the Germans once more to gain a strategic advantage, but the Russians swung around from Cracow, faced due south and swept the Austrians for the second time across the Carpathians. Having disposed of this menace to their

flank, the Russians are advancing once more on Cracow, with Austria-Hungary weakened and disorganized and too fully occupied by the invasion of Bukowina and Transylvania to be of much service to its ally.

The Allies in the east and west are now co-operating in a simultaneous strategic plan. Within the last month the Grand Duke Nicholas has attracted nine German army corps from the western war zone. The offensive of the Allies is daily assuming more formidable proportions, while that of the enemy grows more ineffective. The day is nearing when the German defensive in Flanders and France must break down unless the enemy is prepared to weaken his front in Poland. The operations of the Allies on sea and land are no longer isolated actions, but parts of a co-ordinate plan for leading the Allies to ultimate victory.

Roumania, Italy, and Greece may yet be forced to join the Allies. Bukowina and Transylvania have long been watched with covetous eyes by Roumania. The inhabitants of these Austrian Provinces are equally desirous of changing their flag. Self-interest must dictate to Roumania the necessity of playing her part if she hopes to secure some of the spoils of war. Roumania will be guided by Italy in any step she takes, as they are in closest harmony on international questions. Italy has wounded Austrian pride to the quick by the occupation of the chief Albanian port, Avlona. This gives Italy control of the Adriatic, which Austria-Hungary regarded as her own preserve. It also gives Italy virtual control of the Mediterranean and protects her African possessions. The day of a Greater Italy has come unless Italy lacks the courage to seize the opportunity.

Austria-Hungary is reduced to a sad plight through her alliance with Germany. Her statesmen have been blind to the lessons of the past. For half a century—ever since the inde-

fensible attack upon Denmark—Austria has been the catspaw of Prussia. She was the first, in 1866, to feel the pressure of Prussian ambition. But Bismarck was a wily diplomat, and took care not to humiliate Austria unduly. The Berlin Conference gave Austria the Protectorate of Bosnia and Herzegovina—a gift that has proved the undoing of the Dual Monarchy. When Austria annexed these provinces in 1908 she went out of her way to humiliate Russia, and she is now paying the price of her stupid folly. Italy has been wiser in her generation and has been careful for some years past to effect what Bismarck termed re-insurance policies. Indeed, Italy, by her cultivation of good relations with the Triple Entente, is paving the way for the realization of what Mr. Asquith calls a European partnership. The remark made by a famous German statesman to the Berlin correspondent of *The Times* on the eve of the war is typical of Germany's attitude toward her deluded ally. Asked what he would do if the punitive expedition against Serbia failed, he replied: "What business, in Heaven's name, is it of mine if Austria smashes her skull?" Throughout the eastern campaign the Austrians have been ruthlessly employed by the German general staff not so much as a barrier against the invasion of Austrian territory, as a buffer to prevent the Russians from occupying the sacred soil of Germany.

Turkey is also paying the penalty of her short-sighted folly. That inflated humbug, Enver Pasha, who has deliberately wrecked his own and his country's career, became the tool of the Germans, who worked on his vanity until they had the country in their power. The Allied fleets are forcing the passage of the Dardanelles, and Enver's army of the Caucasus has met with disaster in a fierce battle with the Russians on the snow-clad passes ten thousand feet high. Turkey's suzerainty over Egypt has been

brought to a dramatic close by the elevation of the country to a Sultanate, and the succession of the ex-Khedive's uncle to the throne. This bold move has checkmated Turkey's attempt to fan the flames of a Holy War in Egypt, the Soudan, and India. The suicidal policy of the Young Turks has solved the problem that has so long endangered the peace of Europe. The future of Turkey now depends on the clemency of the Allied nations. The Russians already call Constantinople by its old name, Czar-grad.

Having failed to reach Calais, Germany's war against Great Britain has entered upon a phase so tragically familiar in Belgium. The bombardment of unfortified places and the massacre of women and children, as at Scarborough, Whitby, and Hartlepool, has inaugurated a system of guerilla warfare which can achieve no military purpose. Aeroplane attacks may follow before these notes see the light of day. A large aerial fleet is displaying unusual activity on the Belgian coast and great precautions are being taken in England against a surprise visit.

One of the venerable relics of mediævalism, secret diplomacy, is fast passing away. It is no longer compatible with the rights and privileges of a responsible and educated democracy. Like many other anachronisms it is perishing at the hands of its friends. At no period in history has public opinion been so sedulously moved as during the last six months. Wide publicity has been given to all the secret negotiations that preceded and led up to the war. We have had the British White Paper, the Russian Orange Book, the Belgian Gray Book, the German White Book, and the French Yellow Book. The question is raised why, if it is proper to publish these secret documents now, it should not have been equally permissible to publish them before the war? It is contended, and with some show of reason, that the publication of all

these facts before the war might have averted the conflict. The peoples who now pay the piper had practically no voice in calling the tune. The control of foreign policy by the British Parliament, instead of by a secret Cabinet of Ministers—in some cases by the Foreign Minister alone—has been the subject of agitation for some time past in the British Commons. The vigorous enforcement of press censorship in Great Britain, together with military law, have combined to raise the whole question in a form which will compel attention when the war is over. Open diplomacy may have its drawbacks, but in the twentieth century there is a good deal to be said in favour of a modification of the methods of the Foreign Office. Up till the outbreak of war it was a debatable question among British parties whether Britain was committed to aid France by sending British troops to fight on the European continent. Yet all the time—unknown to Parliament—the Foreign Office had committed the country definitely to the support of its neighbour. Few will question the wisdom of the course adopted, but the policy of secrecy by means of which the country is kept in the dark in regard to its responsibility in the matter is foreign to the spirit of the times. The close of the war will doubtless witness a revival of the agitation for Parliamentary control, and for more clearly-defined relations between the self-governing nations of the Empire.

While the war is progressing favourably for Britain and her Allies, and the cleaning-up process in Africa and elsewhere goes on unchecked, public interest has been diverted for a time to the attitude of the United States touching the rights of neutral shippers. An exchange of views

between the British and United States Governments places the latter in a very unfavourable light as a nation which, having ignored the German violation of treaties, steps in as the champion of the Copper Kings who have been shipping contraband of war through neutral countries to Germany. These are the same Copper Kings who some time ago shot down women and children in a labour dispute. It is naturally to be expected that their sympathies go out to their traffic in copper, and not to the wives and children of British and French soldiers killed to enhance the profits of these soulless magnates. The British Government agreed to forgo search in the case of vessels inspected before leaving port by British Consular officials. A *modus vivendi* may be arranged whereby United States shipping certified by the American Government may avoid delay or detention. Sir Edward Grey's statement of the case was a dignified protest against the sacrifice of British lives through the shipment of contraband to the enemy from a neutral country that through its press has so vehemently voiced its abhorrence of German methods of warfare. Britain cannot forgo her rights as a belligerent, and there is no reason to believe that public opinion in the United States would in this case place the material interests of the shippers before the lives of the men who are battling in Flanders and France for the cause of higher civilization. Here again the blame is not entirely on the American side. Even such an authority as *The Times* (London) admits that "many of the awkwardnesses of the present situation would be got rid of if the Foreign Office would act a little more promptly. and, above all, a little more publicly."

The Library Table

CHRONICLES OF CANADA

EDITED BY GEORGE M. WRONG AND H. H. LANGTON. Toronto: Glasgow, Brook and Company.

IT has remained for this series of Chronicles to demonstrate completely the fact that the history of Canada lends itself with peculiar aptness to treatment in the form of separate and distinct narratives. And in apposition to their distinctiveness these Chronicles compose *en masse* a comprehensive review of the history of Canada from its dawn down to "The Day of Sir Wilfrid Laurier" and "The Railroad Builders." All this we attest after reading twelve volumes, the first section of the whole thirty-two to be delivered in three sections to the subscribers. Many histories of Canada have been published, a few of them good but most of them bad, yet in all truthfulness it can be said that these Chronicles embrace the first Canadian history that will be read and enjoyed by any great mass of the people. At first thought it would seem as if the plan were too daring to be practicable, as if it would be impossible to get a score of writers to hew to the line and not overlap—not run amuck into one another's territory. But whether it is due to the good sense of the writers or the astute scrutiny of the editors, we find very few passages that are common to any two volumes. The first twelve Chronicles display the work of eight writers, and they display also the excellent judgment that was aroused in the choice of writers and the allot-

ment of subjects. Although the high standard of the writing is approached with remarkable evenness, one could not hope to find another chapter to compare with "Fit to go Foreign" in William Wood's amazingly interesting volume entitled "All Afloat." Colonel Wood gives us a good account of all the styles of craft that have figured in Canadian history from the time when Champlain sailed from Honfleur to Tadousac, in eighteen days, down to 1908, when the Prince of Wales (now King George) steamed from land to land in sixty-seven hours on his return home from the tercentenary celebration at Quebec. In "Fit to go Foreign" he describes the life aboard a "Bluenose" sailing vessel during a voyage from a Nova Scotian port round the Horn. In a series of books that contain many lofty passages one does not wish to praise unduly anything in particular, but, in a word, "Fit to go Foreign" is fit to be placed beside Stevenson and Conrad. We reprint a paragraph:

The "Victoria" is manned by the husbands, fathers, sons, and brothers of the place where she was built. Her owners are the leaders of the little neighbourhood, and her cargo is home-grown. She carries no special carpenter and sailmaker, like a Britisher, because a Bluenose has an all-round crew, every man of which is smart enough, either with the tools or with the fid and palm and needle for ordinary work, while some are sure to be equal to any special job. She, of course, carries two suits of canvas, her new best and older second best. Each sail has required more skill than tailors need to make a perfect fit in clothes, because there is a constant strain on sails, exceeding, if

possible, the strains on every other part. But before sail is made, her anchor is hove short, that is, the ship is drawn along by her cable till her bows are over it. "Heave and she comes!" "Heave and she must!" "Heave and bust her!" are grunted from the men straining at the longbars of the capstan, which winds the tightening cable in. "Click, click, click-ety click" go the pawls, which drop every few inches into cavities that, keeping them from spliping back, prevent the capstan from turning the wrong way when the men pause to take breath. "Break out the mud-hook!" and a tremendous combined effort ensues. Presently a sudden welcome slack shows that the flukes have broken clear. The anchor is then hove up, catted, and fished.

"All hands maks sail!" sings out the mate. The wind is nicely on the starboard quarter, that is, abaft the beam and forward of the stern, which gives the best chance to every sail. A wind dead aft, blanketing more than half the canvas, is called a lubber's wind. A soldier's wind is one which comes square on the beam, and so makes equally plain sailing out and back again. What sail a full-rigged ship can carry! . . .

"All hands make sail!" Up go some to loose the sails aloft, while others stay on deck to haul the ropes that hoist the sails to the utmost limit of the canvas. The jibs and spanker generally go up at once, because they are useful as an aid to steering. The staysails generally wait. The jibs and staysails are triangular, the spanker a quadrangular fore-and-after. The square sails made fast to wide-spreading yards are the ones that take most hauling. But setting the sails by no means ends the work at them. Trimming is quite as important. Every time there is the slightest shift in the course or wind, there ought to be a corresponding shift of trim so as to catch every breath the sail can hold. To effect this with the triangular sails a sheet must be slacked away or hauled more in; while, in the case of the square sails on the yards, a brace must be attended to.

Our Bluenose mate now thinks he can get more work from his canvas. His voice rings out: "Weather crossjack brace!" which means hauling the lowest and aftermost square sail more to windward. "Weather crossjack brace!" sings out the time-keeper, whose duty is to rouse the watch as well as strike the bells that mark the hours and halves. The watch tramp off and lay on to the weather brace, and A.B.'s—or able-bodied seamen—leading the O.S.'s—ordinary seamen—at the tail. Some one slacks off the less braces and sings out "Haul away!" Then the watch proceed to haul, with weird, wild cries in

minor keys that rise and fall and rise again, like the long-drawn soughing of the wind itself. "Eh—heigh—o—ai? Eh—heigh—ee! Eh—hugh!" In comes the brace till the trim suits the mate, when he calls out, "Turn the crossjack brace!" which means making it fast on a belaying pin. The other braces follow. By the time the top-gallant braces are reached only two hands are needed, as the higher yards are naturally much lighter than the lower ones. . . .

Squalls need smart handling. Black squalls are nothing, even when the snip lays over till the lee rail's under a sluicing rush of broken water. But a really wicked white squall requires luffing, that is, bring her head so close to the wind that it will strike her at the acutest angle possible without losing its pressure in the right direction altogether. The officer of the watch keeps one eye to windward, makes up his mind what sail he'll shorten, and then yells an order that pierces the wind like a shot, "Stand by your royal halliards!" As the squall swoops down and the ship heels over to it he yells again, "Let go your royal halliards, clew 'em up and make 'em fast!" Down come the yards, with hoarse roaring from the thrashing canvas. But then, if no second squall is coming, the mate will cut the clewing short with a stentorian "Masthead the yards again!"—on which the watch lay on to the halliards and haul—Ahoy! Aheigh! Aho—oh! Up she goes!

We have mentioned the good judgment shown in the selection of the writers. "The Seigneurs of Old Canada" was entrusted to William Bennett Munro, a Canadian who has distinguished himself as a professor of history at Harvard and who is acknowledged to be an authority on French Canadian history. "The Dawn of Canadian History," "the Mariner of St. Malo," and "Adventurers of the Far North" were given to Professor Stephen Leacock, who as well as being a humourist is a serious student of history. Besides "All Afloat" we have from Colonel Wood "The Passing of New France" and "The Winning of Canada," both of which convince the reader of the author's close study of the history of his native Province. Quebec, indeed, receives the lion's share of this first lot, for we have as well, by Thomas Chapais, "The Great Intendant," which is an excellent account of the

work of Jean Talon in Canada. Talon was a great zealot in behalf of the early settlers, but some of his methods, especially to encourage temperance, would shock a few reformers of to-day. Mr. Chapais tells us that Talon thought that "one of the best means of combatting the immoderate use of spirits was the setting up of breweries," which as well would help agriculture. Then we have "The Adventurers of England on Hudson Bay," by Agnes C. Laut, in which there is an all too brief account of a naval battle, in 1697, in Hudson Bay, between specially despatched fleets of the French and the English. The result did not add glory to either side, the account crediting to wind and wave much of the disaster common to both fleets. "The United Empire Loyalists," by W. Stewart Wallace, a reliable contributor to Canadian historical literature, is remarkable for its frank consideration of a subject that usually is treated with too much deference. The purpose and place of these early settlers in Canada is entertainingly told, and the author is not afraid to record that many of them were common people and not of the superior stock from which some of them undoubtedly issued. "Pathfinders of the Plains," by Lawrence J. Burpee, librarian of the Carnegie Library at Ottawa, is a faithful record of the attempts of a native-born Canadian, Pierre Gaultier de la Vérendrye, and his sons to explore the West and discover a sea beyond the mountains.

A further word should be said about "The Seigneurs of Old Canada," by Professor Munro, for it represents within the compass of 150 pages the gist of knowledge that the author spent many years in acquiring. The revelation it gives of the singular conditions affecting early settlement in the Province of Quebec is vivid and intensely interesting, and one sets the volume down feeling that but few persons who have not read it could possibly have a proper

conception of life in a portion of Canada during a period when the seigneurial system flourished.

While the Indian figures prominently in many of the Chronicles, several individual red men provide respectively the subject for separate volumes. The first of these to appear is "The War Chief of the Six Nations," by Louis Aubrey Wood, which is a fascinating biography of Joseph Brant, whose monument stands in the public park of Brantford, Ontario, and whose last days were passed more than a hundred years ago on his estate near Hamilton.

The volumes are judiciously illustrated, and there are numerous maps. Some of the illustrations are full-page in colour, reproductions of paintings by Kreighoff, Huot, Macnaughton, Collier, Verner, Kane, Romney, Weir, Lawrence, West, Reynolds, and many others from public and private galleries, as well as special drawings by C. W. Jefferys.

*

THE DEMI-GODS

BY JAMES STEPHENS. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

THIS is another of Mr. Stephens's inimitable novels. To classify it as a novel seems as if restricting it to too narrow a compass, for there is in most of this author's work a peculiar quality that is not mere story-telling. As may be inferred from the title, the Demi-gods are three angels. These angels come to earth, and for a period of several months they become the close companions of two Irish vagabonds, Patsy McCann and his daughter Mary. They have a donkey and cart, and they go up and down the country in quest of food, a quest that Patsy follows with "the skill and pertinacity of a wolf or vulture." There is a delightful description of the arrival of the angels one night when the tramps are eating supper in the warmth of their brazier. But it is the kind of book that one must read for oneself.

WHAT CAN I KNOW?

BY G. TRUMBULL LADD. New York: Longmans, Green and Company.

MR. TRUMBULL here gives us an inquiry into truth, its nature, the means of its attainment, and its relations to the practical life. No person seems to have discovered as yet just what the human mind is capable of knowing, excepting, of course, the well-known truism that nothing can be said to be true except that fact in itself, namely, that nothing can be said to be true. But Dr. Ladd is not quite so restrictive in his inquiries as that. His volume will be found interesting to those even who never have studied philosophy or metaphysics.

*

THE PATROL OF THE SUN
DANCE TRAIL

BY RALPH CONNOR. Toronto: The Westminster Company.

HERETOFORE we have deplored the falling off in the quality of this author's work. The latest novels from this pen, which at one time was at least virile, are commonplace and lacking in inspiration. "Corporal Cameron" is perhaps the worst of the lot, although "The Patrol," which is a sequel to it, is not much better. They are intended to display heroism, but it is the kind of heroism for which the staging is always set in advance.

*

CHILDREN OF LOVE

BY HAROLD MONRO. London: The Poetry Bookshop.

THERE is in this little collection, with its chaste gray cover and heroic drawing of Cupid, some fine passages of limpid poetry—cool, refreshing, grass-margined. The first poem gives title to the booklet, an odd thing imagining a meeting between Jesus and Cupid. There are several descriptive poems, one or two sugges-

tive of the war, and one that we shall not classify, but quote:

THE REBELLIOUS VINE

One day, the vine
That clomb on God's own house
Cried, "I will not *grow*,"
And, "I will *not* grow,"
And, "I *will* not grow,"
And, "I will not grow."
So God leaned out his head,
And said:
"You need not." Then the vine
Fluttered its leaves, and cried to all the winds:
"Oh, have I not permission from the Lord?
And may I not begin to cease to grow?"
But that wise God had pondered on the vine
Before He made it.
And, all the while it laboured not to grow,
It grew; it grew;
And all the time God knew.

*

SINGSONGS OF THE WAR

BY MAURICE HEWLETT. London: The Poetry Bookshop.

HERE is a little booklet of war verse by an author who for the time at least has forgotten himself. He writes trippingly, for the average man, and is not averse to a pleasantry or mild satire:

O, England is an-island,
The finest ever seen;
They say men come to England
To learn that grass is green.
And Englishmen are now at war,
All for this, they say,
That they are free, and other men
Must be as free as they.

*

—The following books have been added to the Home University Library: "History of Scotland," by R. S. Tait, professor of Scottish history and literature in the University of Glasgow; "Russian Literature," by the Honourable Maurice Baring; "The Ancient East," by D. G. Hogarth, keeper of the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford; "Political Thought from Bacon to Halifax," by G. P. Gooch; "The Wars Between England and America," by T. C. Smith, professor of American history in Williams College, Williamstown, Mass. (Toronto: William Briggs).



SPRING SONG

From the Painting by Florence Carlyle
Contributed to the Canadian Patriotic Fund



THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

XLIV

TORONTO, MARCH, 1915

No. 5

FAMOUS CANADIAN TRIALS

III.—THE CASE OF PATRICK JAMES WHELAN, WHO WAS HANGED FOR
THE MURDER OF THOMAS D'ARCY MCGEE

BY CHARLES S. BLUE

THE assassination of Thomas D'Arcy McGee stands out in history as the supreme tragedy of Canadian public life. It was an event which, in the words of one who knew the murdered statesman well, "caused to mingle with his precious gore the tears of nations," and crowned with martyrdom a career that is one of the romances of political biography.

As poet, journalist, "patriot," and orator, McGee had won a reputation in both the Old World and the New. With voice and pen, on the platform and in the press, in prose and in verse, at home and abroad, he had fought the battle of Irish freedom with a power and passion which the great O'Connell himself had declared was inspired. He had played a part in revolutionary movements, incited and assisted armed rebellion, and paid the price in exile and years of storm and stress. Then had come the awakening, and his conversion to more rational views, followed by his entry into Canadian public life as the lover

of peace and constitutional reform, though not less the friend of Ireland, as the eloquent advocate of British rule and British institutions, the statesman, and the nation-builder.

Suddenly, in the early hours of an April morning in 1868, in the midst of his legislative labours in behalf of the young Dominion whose foundations he had helped to lay, when his eventful life had reached its meridian and his genius was beginning to have full play, there came the flash of the assassin's pistol, and at the door of his temporary home in Ottawa lay foully murdered one of the most gifted men who ever sat in a Canadian Parliament. A few hours previously he had charmed the House of Commons with a speech that has been described as the most dramatic ever delivered in that chamber; a few months later, according to his leader, Sir John A. Macdonald, he was to have retired from public life to devote himself to literary pursuits.

The sensation caused by the news of the tragedy was profound. It was

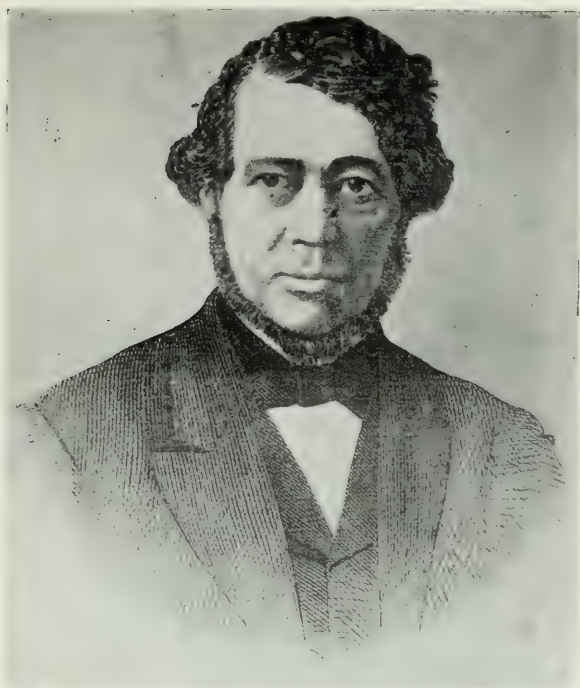
known that the victim had had enemies, and none more bitter than some of his own countrymen, who regarded his change of views as a betrayal of the cause he had formerly espoused so zealously. Particularly had he excited the hostility of the Fenian Brotherhood. Accordingly, it was in that direction that the authorities looked for a clue to the perpetrator of the crime, and, within twenty-four hours, the gaol at Ottawa was filled with suspects. Eventually, the circle was narrowed down to half a dozen, among whom one Patrick James Whelan, a working tailor, was marked out as the principal. His antecedents and movements were carefully traced, information was obtained from several of the other prisoners, and as a result he was indicted on the capital charge.

Such was the course of events that led up to a trial, the records of which, buried deep in the files of newspapers nearly half a century old, form one of the most sensational chapters in Canadian political annals, and offer an absorbing study in criminology. The character and circumstances of the tragedy, the suspected motive behind it, the celebrity of the victim, the mystery surrounding the accused and his associates, and the promise of startling revelations concerning the secret workings of the Fenian organization all combined to invest with peculiar interest and significance a case that attracted the attention of the entire English-speaking world.

Commenced in the old county court-house at Ottawa on September 7th, 1868, the proceedings extended over eight days, during which public interest was maintained at a high pitch. On the bench sat the burly figure of Provincial Chief Justice Richards, who afterwards rose to the highest judicial position in the Dominion—a capable judge, whose rough exterior and quiet manner concealed a wide and deep knowledge of law. The counsel were a somewhat remarkable group. For the Crown appeared a young and comparatively unknown

Ottawa barrister—Mr. James O'Reilly, Q.C. It was a matter for some surprise that, in a case so important, the Ontario Government had entrusted the prosecution to a single lawyer, and an unexperienced one at that; but Mr. O'Reilly had displayed marked ability in his handling of the *cause* in its preliminary stages, and the confidence reposed in him in the subsequent proceedings was amply justified by the result. Certainly his task was no light one, for opposed to him were two of the leading lights of the Ontario bar; indeed, two of the ablest lawyers who ever addressed a Canadian jury—Hon. J. Hilliard Cameron, Q.C., and Hon. M. C. Cameron, Q.C. Of the former it has been said that as a speaker he had few equals, either in Parliament or at the bar, while in cross-examination he was the terror of witnesses. Less aggressive, and more dignified in manner, M. C. Cameron had a reputation second only to that of his distinguished namesake and colleague. Associated in the defence with these two legal stalwarts were Mr. Kenneth Mackenzie, Q.C., and Mr. J. O'Farrel, a Quebec lawyer, who, it was generally supposed, had been commissioned by the Fenian organization to look after the interests of Whelan. Incidentally, it may be noted that while the accused, an Irish Catholic, was prosecuted by one of his own race and faith, he was defended by the most prominent Orangeman of Ontario and a member of the Government that had offered a reward for his arrest!

Largely because of his supposed connection with the Fenians, public opinion was strongly prejudiced against the prisoner. Indeed, little doubt was entertained as to his guilt, the common impression being that he was the hired or selected agent of a gang of conspirators in Montreal who had employed or encouraged him to put McGee out of the way as a "traitor." The authorities, and the Crown counsel, were of a similar opinion when the trial commenced, but the



THOMAS D'ARCY MCGEE

difficulty confronting the prosecution was, first, to establish complicity on the part of an organization the members of which were pledged, on pain of death, not to divulge its secrets; and secondly, to prove the identity of the prisoner with the murderer, who had carried out his infernal work so stealthily as to avoid positive recognition.

The popular conception of a Fenian in the sixties was that of a wild Irishman who combined in his person all the repellent features of the worst criminal type. To those who held this view, Whelan's appearance must have been somewhat disappointing. By a journalist who attended the trial he was described as "a respectably dressed and not at all a bad-looking Irishman, not very tall nor, apparently, very powerful; with pale face, reddish hair, full beard and moustache; light, restless eyes; an Irish nose slightly tip-tilted, and a broad and not very low forehead." All accounts

agree that throughout the trial he exhibited remarkable composure. Occasionally he showed a trace of nervousness, and irritability, but generally his air was that of one unjustly accused, and, when the opportunity offered, he strongly protested his innocence. But that, evidently, was only one side of his character. From the evidence it appeared that his demeanour in gaol was vastly different. There, it was stated, he whistled and danced, and sang ribald ditties, cursed and blasphemed, boasted that he, and he alone, had "done for" McGee, and altogether acted in a way that betrayed an utterly callous and depraved nature.

Of Whelan's antecedents little was revealed at the trial. A native of Dublin, he claimed that he had served for nine years in the army, and colour was lent to his claim by the fact that after emigrating to Canada he joined the local volunteer cavalry at Quebec. There, a witness had known him in

1865 under the name of Sullivan. Statements appeared in the press to the effect that he was a notorious Fenian who had been forced to leave Quebec on account of his sympathies, that he had then gone to Buffalo, and associated himself with the Fenian societies in that city; and that subsequently he had got into trouble at Hamilton, Ontario. But no evidence on any of these points was submitted at the trial.

There was no dubiety, however, as to his movements for some months prior to the murder. In the summer of 1867 he was in the employment of a tailor in Montreal, and it was in connection with the first Federal elections, which took place about that time, that he made his entry as the villain of the drama that ended on the gallows. McGee was a candidate for one of the Montreal divisions in which the Irish element was strongly represented. Factional feeling ran high, and the seat was fiercely contested. By his denunciation of the Fenian movement the poet-orator had made enemies of many of his former friends and supporters. He was branded as a traitor, subjected to the vilest calumnies, and even threatened with violence. Among his detractors was Whelan, who, it appeared, left his employment to join in the work of attacking and, if possible, defeating him. Allowance must always be made for the language used and the temper displayed in the heat of an election, but the evidence showed that the accused acted in a most malevolent manner, to say the least. On one occasion he flourished a revolver, and declared he would "shoot McGee like a rat." On another, he boasted that McGee would never take his seat in Parliament, or, if he did, that he would not keep it long for he (Whelan) would "blow his — brains out before the session is over."

The Crown relied upon the evidence of these, and other threats, to prove intent, and, considered in the light of subsequent events, it was certainly

ominous. But it was far from supporting the theory of a conspiracy or plot. The agent of a secret society selected to carry out the death sentence of a "traitor" is hardly likely to proclaim his intentions from the house-tops, and it is inconceivable that the Fenian Brotherhood, noted for its subtle and silent methods, would select a bibulous and garrulous braggart to execute its decree. The fact is that the efforts of the Crown to prove complicity on the part of the Fenian organization completely failed. It has been suggested by at least one historian that the whole truth was not disclosed, that important evidence bearing upon Whelan's Fenian associations was withheld or suppressed. It seems fairer to assume that, owing to the pledges of secrecy imposed upon the members of the Brotherhood, the desired information could not be procured. But whatever the reasons may have been, there was assuredly no tangible or conclusive testimony as to the hatching of a murderous plot, and the promised revelations of the inner workings of a dreaded movement failed to materialize. Indeed, the only evidence capable of being construed as proof that Whelan had accomplices was given by a witness named Wade, who stated that he had been present at meetings of a number of Irishmen held in a small room in the house of one Duggan in Montreal, and had heard them discuss the fate of McGee. "A man with a lightish complexion and large nostrils" was the vague description of the leader who had done most of the talking at these conferences, and the prisoner, addressed as "Smith," had remarked that McGee, having sold his friends, should be "had out of that." Not only was this story uncorroborated, however; it was also open to the criticism that a secret society is not likely to hatch murder plots in the presence of a stranger.

Whether Whelan had accomplices, or not, the evidence produced by the Crown left little room for doubt as to



PATRICK JAMES WHELAN

The Assassinator of Thomas D'Arcy McGee

the hostile nature of his own intentions. The threats uttered in the excitement of a bitterly contested election might not have meant much by themselves, but they assumed a decidedly sinister aspect when viewed in conjunction with the story told in the witness-box of a significant visit paid by the accused to McGee's house in Montreal early on New Year's morning, months after the election fever had subsided. When he called, Mr. D'Arcy McGee was in bed, and the latter's half-brother, John Joseph McGee, took the precaution to lock the outer door before arousing him. When admitted to the library, Whel-

an, who announced himself as "Smith of the Grand Trunk," professed to have information that the house was to be blown up a few hours later, whereupon he was asked to convey a message to the police requesting assistance, which message he failed to deliver until three hours afterwards. Subsequently, he made the statement that had D'Arcy McGee himself opened the door of his house on the occasion referred to he (Whelan) "would have shot the —— like a dog."

Having shown by his threats and actions in Montreal that Whelan was animated by no friendly motive towards McGee, counsel for the Crown

proceeded to prove how, frustrated in his fiendish purpose in that city, he pursued his prey to Ottawa and there, with almost devilish deliberation, awaited the opportunity to strike. From the beginning of 1868, McGee was shadowed at every turn. When he fell sick, and returned to his home in Montreal, the prisoner followed; when he went back to Ottawa to resume his Parliamentary duties Whelan was at his heels. Obtaining employment at his trade in the capital, he spent his days in the workshop, and his nights in the House of Commons. When McGee was in his place in the House, the prisoner sat in the gallery; when the member for the Montreal division was absent, so was Whelan. There was evidence that, on more than one occasion when the latter occupied a seat in the gallery, he carried a revolver in his jacket pocket, and seemed nervous and excited. It was also proved that twice he called at McGee's boarding-house on the pretence of getting a drink. On St. Patrick's Day he attended the local celebration and heard McGee deliver an oration in which he ominously declared that "even a silent Irishman might do something to serve his country."

The night preceeding the tragedy was a memorable one in the House of Commons. The question of Nova Scotia's attitude towards Confederation was the subject of debate, and McGee was one of the principal speakers. In an eloquent and statesman-like utterance he counselled a policy of conciliation in respect to the Maritime Province, pleaded for moderation on both sides, and strongly condemned those who were seeking to foster a spirit of disaffection and disunion. In a significant phrase he charged an honourable member with "striking below the belt."

While its greatest orator held the House breathless with his noble eloquence, there sat in the Speaker's gallery the sinister figure of Whelan, following the words of the speaker with an intensity that attracted the notice

of those around him. A messenger of the House testified that the prisoner exhibited unmistakable signs of excitement while McGee was addressing the Chamber. When the words "striking below the belt" were used he leaned over the front of the gallery, gnashed his teeth, and shook his finger menacingly in the direction of the orator. He was also observed to place his right hand inside his coat, as if feeling for something in his breast pocket.

At the close of his speech McGee left the House, and it was noticed that Whelan immediately followed. He returned later, only to go out again. After going and coming several times he was seen standing in the outer lobby near the entrance, and later he took up a position in the shadow of the porch. According to the testimony of more than one witness, he was there when the House adjourned a few minutes after two o'clock.

Meanwhile, what of McGee? Sir George E. Cartier testified that, passing along the corridor on his way out with Sir Alexander Galt, he saw his doomed friend and colleague putting on his overcoat and smoking a cigar. In the lobby the latter was joined by Mr. Robert MacFarlane, the member for Perth, and together they left the building, passing out by the main exit, where a few minutes previously Whelan had been seen lurking, and walking arm in arm down the centre walk. It was a beautiful morning, the sleeping city lying bathed in the cold clear light of a full April moon. The two members, conversing gaily together, sauntered down to the corner of Metcalfe and Sparks Streets, where, after bidding each other "Good morning," they parted. McGee turned along Sparks Street towards the *Toronto House*, where he boarded, smoking his cigar and walking slowly and unsuspectingly to his fate. Reaching the door of his temporary home, he was about to insert the key in the lock when there came

the flash of the assassin's pistol, and he sank to the ground with a bullet through his head.

Up to the point at which Whelan was observed lurking in the shadow of the Parliament Buildings, presumably waiting for McGee to emerge, the evidence was clear and convincing; but there remained to the Crown the difficult task of linking up the prisoner's threatening movements with the black act which followed. The assassin had laid his plans cunningly, and done his foul work with great stealth. He had waited for the opportunity to strike when, as he thought, he would be undisturbed and unrecognized. In the circumstances positive proof of identity could hardly be expected, and yet, without it, the chances of conviction were slight. Fate, however, came to the rescue of the prosecution, and to the discomfiture of the prisoner, in the person of a young French-Canadian named Jean Baptiste Lacroix, who claimed to have been an eye-witness of the tragedy. In broken English he described how he had seen one man dressed in black with a beaver hat trailed by another clad in a dark coat and lightish pantaloons, and wearing a cap. "The man in the rear left the sidewalk, made a circuit in the street, and came behind the first man, firing at him while the latter appeared to be trying to open the door of a house." Lacroix admitted that he had not seen the murderer's face, but he was positive that Whelan was the man who fired the shot. Certainly his description of the assassin tallied in every particular with the appearance of the prisoner as it had been sworn to by the witnesses who had observed him in the House of Commons.

The credibility of Lacroix was really the crucial element in the case. His evidence formed the connecting link in the chain forged by the Crown, and, if it failed to convince, there was an end of the inquiry. On the one hand, he was held up as "a simple-minded Frenchman" whose artless

story was the best proof of his veracity; on the other, he was denounced as "a claqueur, liar, and boaster," who had concocted the tale with the object of obtaining a reward. Evidence was produced by the defence to prove that he was a man of bad repute, but what doubtless impressed the jury in his favour, as it seems to have impressed the judge, was the fact that Mr. Hilliard Cameron's cross-examination failed to shake his testimony in any important particular.

If any doubt remained in the minds of the jury as to Whelan's identity with the assassin, it probably vanished with the production of the revolver found in his possession, along with the bullet which, after passing through the head of poor McGee, had lodged in the lintel of the door of his boarding-house. The revolver had been freshly loaded in one chamber and the fatal bullet was exactly after the pattern of those used by the prisoner. Finally, there came the admissions made by Whelan in gaol. A detective deposed that he had overheard him remark to a fellow prisoner, "Yes, I'm a great fellow; I shot that fellow like a dog. My name will go down to posterity." Another witness spoke of a conversation he had heard in the prison in which Whelan blamed drink for his downfall. "Whisky is the devil," he had said; "if it wasn't for whisky I would never have shot McGee. I was as drunk as the devil when I did it." To a turnkey he confessed that he had two accomplices, but that he was alone when the murder was committed. "The other two skedaddled home," he said, and he added, "If I had not been drunk I would have gone home, too."

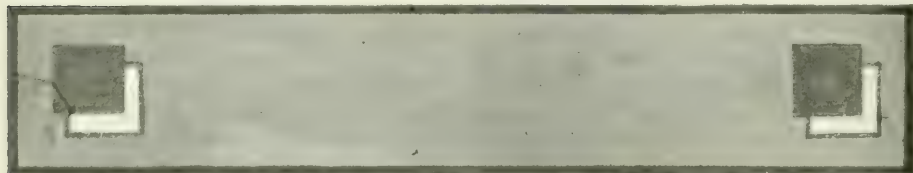
The evidence for the defence was mainly directed to attacking the credibility of the principal witnesses for the Crown. No attempt was made to establish an alibi. In a powerful and eloquent speech, Mr. Hilliard Cameron contended that the case against the prisoner rested wholly upon circumstantial evidence, and that his

movements, both in Montreal and Ottawa, were as consistent with innocence as with guilt. The argument as to the indirect nature of the testimony was undoubtedly sound, but, as has been indicated, that evidence, though far from conclusive in some respects, was singularly complete, and closely interwoven. The threats in Montreal, the visit to McGee's house, the persistent shadowing of the deceased by the prisoner, the latter's behaviour in the House of Commons, his identification by Lacroix, the evidence of the revolver and fatal bullet, and his admissions in gaol—all these were connected links in a chain which the efforts of the ablest counsel in Canada could not break.

After a plain, unvarnished review of the evidence by Chief Justice Richards, Whelan was found guilty, and then came the most dramatic incident of the trial—an impassioned address to the jury by the condemned man, in which he vigorously protested his innocence. "He spoke," we are told, "with just emphasis, and proper action, and with considerable force and even dignity." "It was a scene," adds the reporter, "which left a painful impression upon all who witnessed it," and which provided a striking climax to a sensational trial. Sentence of death followed, and, after a temporary respite, Whelan was hanged on February 11th, 1869, his execution being the last of a public nature held in Canada.

There are those who still maintain, or rather, darkly hint that in the case of Whelan there was a grave miscarriage of justice, that he was convicted and executed for a crime committed by one who succeeded in evading the penalty of his guilt by turning "informer"; but in the light of the facts, many of them uncontradicted, disclosed at the trial, it seems impossible to form any other conclusion than that the verdict returned by the jury was a true and just verdict. While there must always be an element of doubt in a conviction obtained on circumstantial evidence, there has seldom been a case in which such testimony pointed so strongly and irrefragably in one direction as in that under review.

It would also seem that the picturesque theory cherished by his biographers, and by not a few historians, that McGee was the victim of a Fenian conspiracy or plot must, for the sake of historical accuracy, be abandoned. As has been pointed out, the efforts of the Crown to trace his death to that source entirely failed, and it is significant that neither in the prosecuting counsel's address to the jury, nor in the judge's charge, was the word "Fenian" ever mentioned. The motive of the murderer was, no doubt, political revenge, but it would appear to have been stimulated, if not inspired, by drink as much as by factional influences and by an insensate craving for notoriety.



SIR HAMAR GREENWOOD, BAR'T

BY W. A. CRAICK

THERE is a story told which so adequately explains the reason for Sir Hamar Greenwood's spectacular advancement that it might well serve as the foundation on which to erect a short sketch of his career and personality. In the early nineties when the future baronet was in the midst of his course at the University of Toronto, the local militia company of his home town, Whitby, was re-organized and he obtained a commission in it as lieutenant. Evidently there had been a good deal of dead wood in the ranks, for the captain cut down the company strength to such an extent that just before the summer camp was held, it became necessary to send to Toronto for recruits. A brother captain happened to be in a similar plight, so that all told about thirty men had to be procured in the city.

On the day that the camp was scheduled to commence at Whitby, the new lieutenant was despatched to Toronto with thirty dollars in his pocket to bring the recruits to the town. To do this with proper dignity, he donned the uniform which had been passed on to him by a former officer, but found to his disgust that both its appearance and its fit were by no means as desirable as they might be. Always a great stickler in the matter of dress, it was distressing to him to have to wear anything that was not just right. Accordingly, on arrival in the city, he betook himself to a military tailor and expended the thirty dollars in improving his sar-

torial appearance. Then he hurried to the rendezvous where the thirty men were waiting, and having produced a piece of chalk, marked on the lapels of the coats of the first fifteen the figure one, and on those of the second fifteen the figure two; which done, he lined them up and marched them down Yonge Street to the Union Station.

The brilliantly uniformed lieutenant, with scarcely a cent left in his pocket, and the thirty recruits, equally penniless, boarded the train for Whitby. They had no tickets; they had absolutely no right to travel a foot on the road. But the masterful young officer, with the utmost unconcern, fairly coerced the conductor into carrying the party to its destination.

"It's all right, conductor," said he; "I'm an officer of the militia. I have orders to take these men to the camp at Whitby. The transportation will be paid. You needn't worry." These were some of the cool remarks he addressed to the official; and the official, quite overcome by the lordly airs of the lieutenant, allowed him to have his way.

Blessed with supreme confidence in himself; at his ease in any circumstances in which he may be placed; never at a loss for the right word or the correct action, Hamar Greenwood has gone on his way mastering every difficulty that has risen before him. Even as a lieutenant of militia in a small Ontario town he possessed, as has been shown, a sense of his im-

portance and a determination to sweep things along as he deemed they should be swept along, and this confidence was bound eventually to carry him to the top.

The general circumstances of Sir Hamar Greenwood's career are by now fairly well known. Partly no doubt by design, partly through an unconscious display of natural peculiarities, attention has been constantly drawn towards him. Theatrically inclined, both in dress and bearing; gifted with undoubted histrionic powers, and withal possessed of a distinguished presence, he is one about whose personality the limelight has long been playing brilliantly and effectively.

The new baronet was born in Whitby on February 7th, 1870. His father, a Welshman, who when he came to Canada was said to have been unable either to read or write a word of English, was a lawyer by profession. According to local tradition, he was a man possessed of many of the characteristics that have since distinguished his son. His name was John Hamer Greenwood, and all his children were baptized Hamer, the future baronet being called Thomas Hamer Greenwood. In his youth referred to familiarly as "Tom," he later dropped the commonplace cognomen and, changing the Hamer to Hamar, became known henceforth as Hamar Greenwood pure and simple. The change was entirely to be expected in one of his peculiar temperament.

The young Whitbyite attended the local schools and advanced to the point where he was successful in securing his third-class certificate. He had the teaching profession in view, for in the following autumn he registered as a student at the Whitby Model School. Hardly had he begun his attendance at the model classes, however, than he got wind of a vacancy in the school in the village of Manchester. In teaching circles this particular school was regarded as one of the plums of the county, and

Hamar, though he had not the requisite qualifications, resolved to have the position. With that tenacity and determination which have always characterized him, he wheedled one of the collegiate masters into supporting him, wormed a permit from the county inspector, and got the appointment. At the end of the model term he returned to Whitby and passed the examination with flying colours.

There are not wanting anecdotes of his school-teaching days. One—and it is most characteristic—relates to a funeral. An old pauper had died and was about to be buried in uncereemonious fashion. Hearing of the proposed indignity to the dead, the young dominie decided that he would not suffer the corpse to be interred without some semblance of Christian burial. He accordingly took his prayer-book and followed the hearse to the cemetery, where he read the service for the dead in impressive style. This done, he took the opportunity to pronounce a funeral oration over the grave, which was so affecting as to cause many of those present to shed tears.

Even as a village school teacher, Hamar Greenwood was able to gratify his theatrical ambitions. In collaboration with the teacher of the school at Utica, a neighbouring hamlet, he wrote a melodrama, which was in due course staged in a hall in Manchester. He himself played the rôle of villain, and he did it well. Indeed, he had been accustomed to perform before audiences, domestic and public, ever since he was an infant. The village performance is still green in the memory of old residents, who will now have an added interest in recalling its details.

In the fall of 1892, several weeks after the term had opened, Hamar Greenwood made his initial appearance in the corridors of 'Varsity. Those who were students at the time recall the curiosity that his advent excited. He was tall, good-looking, and fashionably dressed. As he strode



SIR HAMAR GREENWOOD, BAR'T

through the halls, his lordly manner compelled attention. Thanks to his industry while a school teacher, he was able to enter the University in the sophomore year, escaping the enforced misery of freshman existence. His course was political economy, and in his studies he contrived to maintain himself throughout in the first class. He had the brains and the desire to excel and, despite his airs and graces, was an earnest student.

The class to which he belonged was the famous class of 1895, about which heaved and surged all the storm of the memorable revolution of that year. Greenwood was one of the leaders in the insurrection, joining with Tucker and Chisholm in his defiance of the authorities and demanding both on the platform and in the press a more competent administration of university affairs.

His vacations were spent in such employment as would enable him to replenish his finances, for he practically put himself through college. He once spent some months handling freight among the 'longshoremen at

Buffalo, not so much to earn money as to acquaint himself with labour conditions. He sought and found employment on another occasion as a clerk in the Department of Agriculture. But probably his most interesting adventure was during the summer following his third year, when he joined a theatrical troupe composed of ambitious amateurs and went barnstorming through Ontario. The adventure ended disastrously. The company failed to draw sufficient patronage to meet expenses, and at Kincardine it was disbanded.

The would-be actor had meanwhile retained his connection with the militia. A fondness for uniforms and dress parades had been early instilled into him, for as a mere lad he had been prominent among the collegiate cadets of Whitby, and before leaving the school had become cadet captain. As an officer of the 34th Regiment he was remarkable for his punctiliousness and zeal. In this connection another illuminating story is told. One Sunday at the Niagara camp he was the officer in charge of the picket for

the day. It was one of the camp regulations more honoured in the breach than in the observance that none of the troops should cross the river to the American side while in uniform. The rule was constantly broken and its infringement was connived at by the officers of the camp. In short, it was a dead letter. Lieutenant Greenwood, however, had different views on the subject. Posting his men along the bank of the river, he gave them strict orders to arrest any soldiers seen coming back from the American side. As a result, during the day some fifty men were caught and put in the guardhouse. The situation was eventually rather embarrassing for the camp authorities, but the difficulty was smoothed over.

Various motives are said to have induced Hamar Greenwood to cross the Atlantic in the summer of 1895. At the time, he undoubtedly had a hankering after the theatrical life, and it may be quite true, as some would have it, that he started for England in order to offer his services to Wilson Barrett, the eminent actor. In this he would have had a fair precedent in the course of another Torontonion, Franklin McLay. As it was he had little enough money about him to make so big an adventure, but faith in himself and his destiny gave him confidence. He crossed to Liverpool in a cattle ship and landed there with five dollars in his pocket.

The twenty years which have passed since the young Canadian first stepped on English soil have been full of a bewildering round of activities. He engaged in many pursuits, but always in such a way as to attract notice. He assumed the attitude and bearing of one who is already convinced of his success. He was not a small man pulling wires and resorting to all sorts of artifices to gain his end. He took what came to him as his right and compelled others to regard him as a person who meant to be as powerful as he felt. Though he may never

have said it in so many words, Sir Hamar Greenwood is quite confident in his own mind that he is destined some day to sit on the woolstack. With such a conviction dominating him, it is small wonder that he has progressed, politically and socially.

The newcomer was fortunately able to make a somewhat spectacular opening for himself in the Old Country. After landing at Liverpool he went to Knighton, in Radnorshire, Wales, to visit relations. Here he found an election campaign in progress. Though only familiar with British politics through what he had read in the newspapers, he was sufficiently well posted in his own opinion to venture on the platform in support of the Liberal candidate. His oratorical powers, trained during his course at the University of Toronto and embellished by his stage experiences, were considerable, and he was able to speak with good effect. Tidings of his ability reached Liberal headquarters at London and from that time he was a marked man.

In the interval between the Radnor election and his own nomination for York, the young Canadian enjoyed a variety of experiences. He worked for a time in a broker's office in London. He spent some years as a lecturer and organizer for the National Temperance League. He wrote speeches for second-rate politicians. He delivered lectures on Canada. He engaged in newspaper work. He studied law, became a barrister and began the practice of the legal profession. He joined the staff of platform workers of the Liberal party and spoke at bye-elections. Always assured, always immaculate, he left an impression of his increasing importance wherever he went.

The inevitable happened in 1906. One of the audiences which he was addressing on behalf of another candidate came to the conclusion that so eloquent a man should be himself a member. He was pressed to accept a nomination and, the way being clear-

ed for him, he was put up as one of the two Liberal candidates for York. At the subsequent election he was returned at the head of the poll, and thus the first appreciable step on the road from the small Ontario town to the Imperial woolsack was taken.

The rest of his career is of too recent occurrence to require amplification. He became Parliamentary Secretary to the Right Honourable Winston Churchill and was marked for early promotion, but, unfortunately, in the election of 1910, he was defeated by a narrow margin. Within a few months, however, he was able to contest the constituency of Sunderland, which he redeemed for the Liberals, and which he continues to represent at the present time. The following year he married Miss Margery Spencer, a young lady whom he had met under romantic circumstances in Jamaica, and since the outbreak of the war he has been serving with the recruiting and ammunition department of the War Office. He has evidently done such effective work that

a baronetcy has been deemed a fitting reward for his services. In November he was gazetted lieutenant-colonel of a battalion in the new Welsh army, and may yet see active service at the front.

However much one may disparage him or express dislike of his theatrical manner and masterful ways, it must be admitted that the new baronet deserves a good deal of respect. It is no light thing to have risen from humble beginnings to an eminence such as he now occupies, and that without having to resort to questionable methods. Where wealth has been the customary instrument of advancement, Sir Hamar has succeeded in winning out by sheer force of will, coupled with useful oratorical and mental powers. He has been consistent in his political career and a hard worker professionally. He has lived a clean and honourable life, and if he has some rather conspicuous peculiarities, these may very well be overlooked in summing up his outstanding achievements.



TEMPERAMENT

BY J. E. MIDDLETON

SOME smatterings of Latin were acquired—not recently—by a lad at a Western Ontario high-school. He did not learn the language of Cicero because he enjoyed it, but because he had to “take” it. It was scholastic cod-liver oil, assimilated as a duty rather than as a pleasure, and administered before meals by a genteel personage who knew Harkness’s Latin Grammar backwards. He could detect a misplaced word or a false case as easily as a hawk detects a chicken. Under his leadership the lad plowed through Caesar’s *Bellum Britannicum*—striking a few stones—and took a furtive peep at Virgil’s *Æneid*.

Every grammatical snag in the depths of either author was hauled to the surface for inspection, classification, and labelling. The boy learned to spot an Ablative Absolute with unflinching surety. He even acquired some modest proficiency in translating commonplace English into Caesarian sentences. The teacher sometimes yawned politely (behind his hand) when elucidating the text, or when reminding the boy that the names of countries, towns, islands, and trees were feminine. Naturally enough, the learner resolved in private that Latin was a bore, and wondered why he had to acquire any information concerning its abhorrent structure and its objectionable conjugations.

The teacher left. He was succeeded by an elderly man with grizzled side-whiskers and fervent emotions. The first Latin lesson he gave was a

treat. It happened to be an Ode from Horace. He talked about the poet, his grace of expression, his manner of life, the range of his work. He drew a swift picture of the society of the period, of Maecenas, of the pride and luxury of Old Rome. He mentioned the rhythmic efficiency of Horatian verse. Then he read the Ode in its stately original, used the inflections of a trained actor, and, plainly, was so moved by its simple eloquence and its pure beauty that his eyes began to glisten. He was impelled to pull out an heroic handkerchief—and blow stentorophonically. From that moment the schoolboy got a new vision of Latin. All he had learned took a new significance. He danced through two Books of Horace with enthusiasm. The teacher had showed personality, and it had an electrifying effect on his pupils.

It may be said that this Personality, which has a dozen different names, being called Feeling in painting, Temperament in music, Persuasiveness in oratory, Fire in battle, Magnetism in acting, is the foundation of human efficiency. Count over in your mind the things that you remember most vividly. Generally you will find that these things have a close relation to some shining Temperamental displays, when the miracle of man was made apparent to you as if by lightning flashes.

Two instances are before us. Ben Davies, the English concert tenor, was singing “I’ll Sing Thee Songs of Araby.” He is not a passion-juggler.

But on this occasion he must have felt the radiant loveliness of the song, for when he finished waves of appreciation were sweeping up our spine. Again, "Shoney," a tin-smith with auburn locks and a clear blue eye, was making tin pails. The deftness he showed in cutting the metal, rounding it, wiring it, and putting it together occasioned remark. He explained the process, showed the latent art in every snip of the blunt-nosed shears, and displayed such happy enthusiasm over the privilege of working in tin that the memory of that August afternoon twenty years ago will never fade. Hundreds of times we have heard "I'll Sing Thee Songs of Araby." Scores of times we have seen tin-smiths at work, but Ben Davies and "Shoney" had soul, and they are remembered.

Temperament may be shown in mechanics as well as in art. It is not an intellectual manifestation. The illiterate savage showed it when he called a lake in the Huron country "the place where the sun dances on the water." (We call the same body of water Mud Lake.) Temperament is emotional, a manifestation of the naked Ego, breaking through the shell of conventionality; a sudden radiance, a mysterious revelation of the Divinity within. The man who rejoices in the fitting of a machinery joint so accurately that his sensitive thumb roving over it cannot discover an inequality is a temperamental machinist. The temperamental mathematician turns to the intricacies of Astronomy, and "knocks his sublime head against the stars." Neither one nor the other is proud of himself, his deftness or his learning. He is rather impressed with the bigness of all things, the nobility of work, of life, of activity. Temperament comes of humility. It is a thrill of the soul at a half-appreciation of the Infinite.

So far removed from mere mental culture and mental activity is this strange soul-life that it is possible to stifle it by learning, to choke it into

insensibility. Schools of painting, schools of music, schools of literature tend to a dead-level of uniformity. They teach technique. They are supposed to encourage temperament, when, often, all they do is to stimulate the unhappy practice of imitation. Technique is a necessity. A speaker cannot have the essentials of oratory until he possesses a sub-conscious and perfected acquaintance with the language he uses. Neither in any of the arts can the soul be free until the hands have won freedom. It is possible for a girl to play a Beethoven sonata or the great Chopin Ballade without a false note, and still to be a million miles away from the message of the music.

Students rush to hear Paderewski play a familiar Etude. Afterwards they seek to play it like him. How did he learn? Not from his teacher, not from other pianists. He is greater than they are. He had the sensitiveness to see the composer's thought in the music, and the emotional responsiveness to interpret that thought—in terms of Paderewski. To account for any notable musician one must not look at his teacher alone, but also at his genealogy. His clairvoyance in art may be a heritage from some artistic superman or superwoman in the dim past, and the spark must have been fanned by suitable environment in the first five years of life. The conservatories turn out thousands of graduates, but only an occasional artist. That is not the fault of the teaching wholly. Many of the pupils were not careful in the choice of their great grand-parents.

Strangely enough, though school-knowledge may stifle temperament, the true artist is mentally above par. He or she has used knowledge and culture as it should be used, for the quickening of personality. Almost invariably the great musician loves painting and poetry. He acquires languages easily. He knows some philosophy. The musician who never heard of Giotto or Correggio will find

no message in Palestrina. He who is not familiar with Luther will be blind to Bach. The labours of Hegel and of Brahms are co-related. A true artist has a selective mind, one which can and will choose from all the range of human knowledge what is best adapted for its own development. And always the development is towards the thinning of the crust which covers the soul.

Temperament may be cultivated, but only by subjective treatment. A complete, well-rounded artist is a self-made man, no matter how many university degrees may trail after his name. There are times when a Mus. Bac. degree may be a badge of servitude. The genius for self-expression comes not by courses and lectures and degrees, but in spite of them. Temperament is honest. It must not be confounded with mere emotionalism—usually a counterfeited passion which shows in music by theatrical pauses, unexpected and languishing diminuendi, and affectation in phrasing. In Literature we do not put Laura Jane Libbey on a parity with Elizabeth Barrett Browning, or "Bertha M. Clay" with Christine Rossetti. Laura Jane may have fine moments, but a cob of corn with only

o dozen kernels is always a poor cob.

The artist is big in his thought. He has something to express. He has a self beating against the bars, eager to be free. And he is not ashamed. It is the honesty of temperament which makes progress. Men are not content to abide by mere rules. Wordsworth thought the rules of poetry in his time were fetters. He cast them aside. Beethoven began his First Symphony with a chord which every theorist declared was impossible in such a position. Corot dispensed with the indispensable "figures" in his landscapes. Honesty of purpose, courage and determination shine in the works of these men.

There are thousands of lawyers, but only a few great pleaders; thousands of surgeons, but few with genius; thousands of music-students, but few great musicians. Knowledge, aptitude, enthusiasm, energy, and toil are all good, but back of them must be the personality which gives life, the heavenly grace of temperament. How can it be stimulated? By teaching that all technique is subordinate to the passion of life, the greatness of self-expression, and the glory of having something worth while to express.

QUERY

By ARTHUR L. PHELPS

A WIND that comes out of the West,
 And passes on to the East,
 A kettle that sings at home,
 A wayward man, and a priest.
 Three young girls with their wishes three,
 Under the face of the moon,
 Two old men with their blind eyes,
 A scientist, and a loon,
 A cripple crouching in a door
 With a cracked song on his breath,
 White clouds in a blue, blue sky,
 A red new birth, and a death. . . .
 . . . Who shall understand these?



THE ORLEANS MAIL.

From the Painting by Horatio Walker. Exhibited by the Canadian Art Club



'STAMBOUL FROM THE SEA OF MARMORA

Showing the Ahmedieh Mosque (left)—the only Mosque with six minarets in the world, except one in Mecca which has seven—and the celebrated St. Sophia (right), which was a Christian Basilica, founded by Constantine.

'STAMBOUL OF THE SULTANS

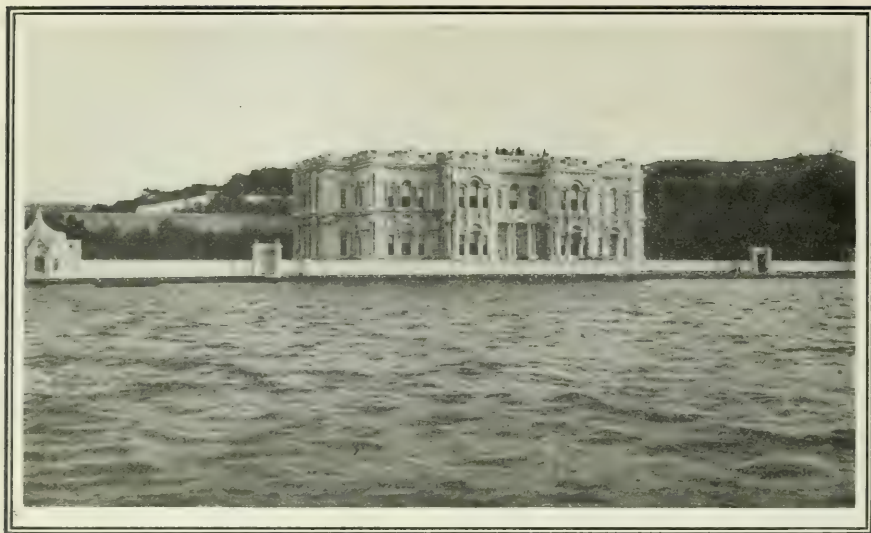
BY ALBERT R. CARMAN

IT is one of my cherished mental possessions that I saw "Istamboul" while it was still securely Turkish. The difference between a Moslem city, overshadowed by a Christian Power—as, say, Cairo or Algiers—and one wholly under the rule of the Faithful, where the Christian and the Hebrew are but inferior immigrants, is very marked. You see this in passing from Cairo to Damascus. In Cairo, the Moslem native may be resentful and assertive—he is subtle and clever beyond even the appreciation of the Western mind—but he lacks that air of calm confidence, of good-humoured toleration of the unhappy ones "beyond the pale," of serene satisfaction with his own lot in life, which characterizes the true Damascene.

When I was in Constantinople four years ago, I had come from a Tripoli still imperturbably Turkish and Moslem, with a Turkish gun-boat of the vintage of the American Civil War slumbering under its crescent flag in the harbour. There was then no

thought in its picturesque streets of an Italian occupation. As for 'Stamboul, the Bulgarians had not yet thundered against the lines of Tchataldja, and there was no notion in the shaded alleys of the Great Bazaar or the fluttering dusk of the "Pigeon Masque" or the stately silences of St. Sophia that the rule of the Turk on the Bosphorus might not last forever. There was no echo of the swiftly approaching foot-falls of Fate.

'Stamboul was wholly Moslem. You probably know that the Western or non-Moslem sections of the population of Constantinople, live and do business in quite a different city. This European city is across the Golden Horn from 'Stamboul, and is called Galata below the ridge which shoulders through the middle of it, and Pera on top of the ridge. There are plenty of Turks in both Galata and Pera; but here are found the European hotels and banks and embassies and post-offices and shops. You land at the wharf in Galata, and after pass-



THE PALACE OF BEYLERBEY

This palace is now used as a Seraglio, the greater part of the front being reserved for the Harem. It is on the Asiatic shore of the Bosphorus, is built of white marble, is the most Oriental of the Palaces, and was occupied by the Empress Eugenie during her visit to the Sultan in 1869.

ing the customs—I let Cook's man attend to that—you are driven up a winding hill-street to the hotel plateau in Pera. There is a funicular railway climbing the hill through a tunnel; but you learn to use that afterward.

The hotel proprietor—I think he was a Greek—showed us to our room, and proudly threw open the blinds. He had good reason to be proud. For we stood at the open window, and looked over into 'Stamboul. We seemed to be on the edge of the plateau of Pera. Below us, the houses—mostly Turkish—fell away down the cliff to the Golden Horn, alive with craft and rippling in the sun. Here you looked into a court-yard—there on a vine-clad stone wall enclosing a garden. But when you raised your eyes, the age-darkened domes and graceful minarets of the many mosques of 'Stamboul filled in the picture. We saw much of 'Stamboul from this point of view—alive with sunlight, distant and misty through fog and rain, sprinkled at night with the few winking lights of a city of mystery.

But the true way to get the "feel" of 'Stamboul is to go there on foot across the Galata bridge. Much has been written of this bridge—especially of the old one which had been replaced, when I was there, with a much broader, firmer modern structure. They say that you see more varieties of mankind on that bridge than in any similar space in the world. You ought to; for it is the bridge which connects Europe with Asia (though 'Stamboul is geographically in Europe)—which leads from Lloyd's Register and the British Consular Office straight into the Arabian Nights. Just at the 'Stamboul end of the bridge rises the Sultan Valideh Mosque. The guides never thought it important enough to take us there; but it made more impression on me than any other mosque in 'Stamboul. It rose a massive, almost black, heavily-domed, secret shrine of a mystic religion, impending over this bustling bridge with its modern traffic like an impregnable fortress of Islam, guarding the entrance to what was then regarded as the capital of



PALACE OF DOLMA-BAGTCHE

In white marble. The most imposing of the Sultan's Palaces. It is used for official levees, and is situated on the European side of the Bosphorus

the Mohammedan world. I always said, when we were crossing the bridge: "Now we will go into this mosque"; for, so far as I knew, there was no objection. But when we got there, it seemed to retire behind its forbidding outer walls, and there was no inviting entrance, and we were always in a hurry to go somewhere else—so we never got inside. It was one of the million sensations which you regret having missed when you return from abroad. If I could only walk down to-day and find that mosque at the bottom of Bleury Street, how eagerly I would go in—and what an interesting experience it would be! But, in Europe, there is so much of it—such an unending feast of countless "courses"—that your appetite flags, and it requires something very piquant, indeed, to seem imperative.

And 'Stamboul is full of the piquant. Not far from this bridge-head was a little native sweet-shop, into which you dropped below the level of the pavement. Here the knowing went to purchase "Turkish Delight," fresh from the oven. You

could see it mixed and made and cooked and cut into pieces and parcelled up for you. It is too much like gum for my taste; but *connoisseurs* in candy rave over it. Farther along was a corner fountain, of which I have a picture. These are very picturesque and characteristic features of a Turkish street. Some benevolent Moslem donates them to the people; and through them run forever streams of fresh water which the passers-by may drink from metal cups. And water is a great boon in a land where it is sold from goat-skins by professional water-carriers to thirsty souls.

We might be on our way to St. Sophia. I shall not tarry here; because St. Sophia is probably the thing in Constantinople you know most about. It is the Church of Justinian, built on the site of the first Church of Constantine, turned into a Mohammedan mosque by Mohammed II., the conqueror of Constantinople. It has long been the dream of every Christian monarch of the East to recover the city and re-convert this



TYPICAL CORNER FOUNTAIN IN 'STAMBOUL

Water is the great blessing of the Moslem. The Mohammedan "Carnegie" establishes fountains, free to all comers

mosque into a church. For a time, it looked as if Czar Ferdinand of Bulgaria might have that honour. Now—though written long before publication—I am betting confidently on Czar Nicholas of Russia. There has always been, under Moslem rule, one striking evidence that St. Sophia was originally Christian. As you enter what we would call the nave, you notice that the carpets and matting, which always cover the floors of a mosque, are not directed right down the middle of the building as is usual. They have a twist to the right. That twist is caused by the fact that Mecca is a little to the right of the exact centre of the old Christian choir; and, as the Moslem must face Mecca when he prays, he cannot face the site of the old altar—he must turn slightly to the right. So the carpets are put down facing Mecca, and not the centre of the choir. It gives the sacred edifice a "skew-gee" appearance, and

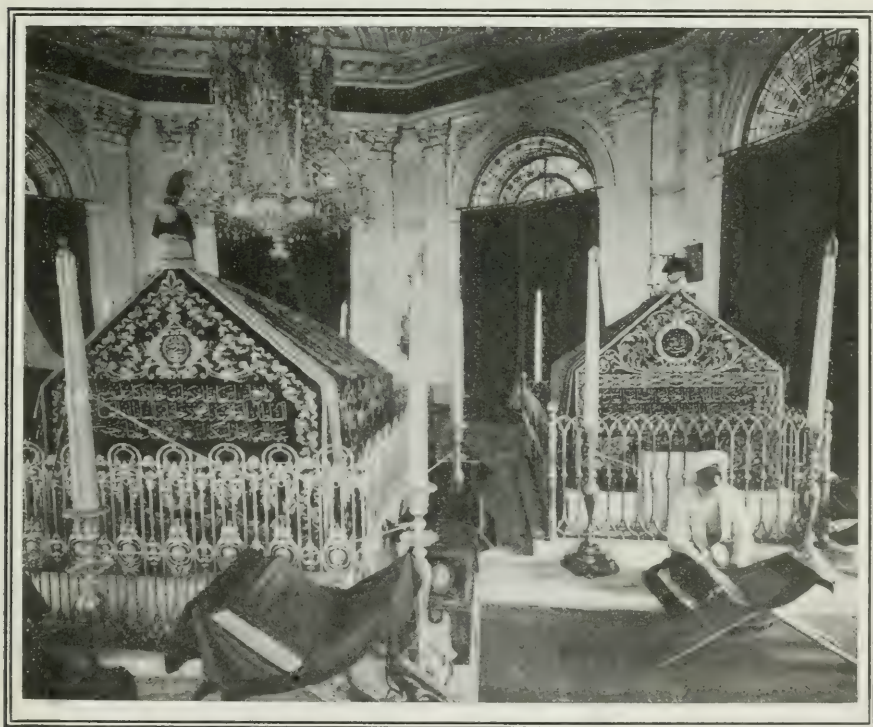
advertises the fact that it was not built by Moslems.

There are a number of other converted Christian churches in Constantinople—I have a record of six—but the Ahmedieh Mosque and the Mosque of Suleiman the Magnificent, and the "Pigeon Mosque" are of Turkish construction—and very beautiful they are. They are Byzantine architecture at its best. The effect of the minaret—when it is tastily handled—is most pleasing, especially when seen against a dark and soaring dome. The mosques miss the possible gorgeousness of a Christian interior—altars and aisles and choir-screens and side-chapels and all that sort of thing. But their pulpits are sometimes lavishly decorated and their marble *mihirabs* (altars) are beautifully done, and their rugs are frequently the loveliest work of Eastern looms. They are great houses of prayer—practically nothing else—and

faithful Moslems are always praying in them; and the faithful Moslem prostrates himself before a real Deity—he is not content with a polite bowing acquaintance, indicated by leaning gracefully forward on a gloved hand resting on the back of the pew in front.

You probably remember your "Prince of India" and the great cisterns under the city. They are there yet; and you may go down and see them. We ventured into one which was reached by going into a private Turkish court-yard. The woman of the house showed us down what looked like long cellar stairs under her home, but they disappeared in a dark mass of water which stretched away into the shadows among the forest of pillars which support the roof—pillars put there by Constantine. They

say that the houses over it still draw water out of it—but I did not ask for a drink. Then there are the bazaars—better by far than the bazaars of Cairo, but not so imposing as the lofty bazaars of Damascus. The Oriental bazaar is the original version of the departmental store. They sell everything in it which an Oriental wants to buy. But it is much better than the departmental store in one feature—it offers you plenty of competition. In the shoe department, for instance, there will be gathered all the shoe-makers and merchants of the city; and, if one is too dear, you step on to the next. You literally "step" on; for each merchant sits in a little alcove about as big as a bay-window, and it is only a step from one to the other. How you chaffer and "bluff" and bargain and drink coffee over



TOMB OF SULTAN MAHMUD II

That of his son, Sultan Abd-ul-Aziz, is on the right. Two copies of the Koran repose in front. Costly inscribed shawls cover the tombs. The large chandelier was gift of British Government to Sultan Aziz.

every purchase, you have read in dozens of books of travel.

But we must hurry away from 'Stamboul if I am to get you to the Bosphorus before "ye editor" rings off our chat. Still first let us step into this tomb—so typical a sight in 'Stamboul. It is the tomb of which we have a picture—the tomb of Sultan Mahmoud II. The building is a low, richly-decorated, and domed structure, standing amidst a grove in the corner of a cemetery abutting on the street. It is a most sacred place—like all Moslem tombs—and you see a priest reading the Koran in the right foreground. Mahmoud II. lies to the left, under heavily embroidered shawls, the script in view being texts from the Koran. The railing and candelabra are silver; and the chandelier, apparently just over the tomb, was a gift of the British Government to Sultan Aziz, who lies to the right. Aziz was the Sultan whom the Empress Eugenie visited when she stayed in the Palace of Beylerbey—that marble wonder of which I am sending on a picture. You will note the two fezes on the front of the tombs. They are each the invention of the Sultan who lies beneath. Mahmoud was the first Sultan to substitute the fez for the turban; and Aziz preferred a shallower and less gaudy style of fez. It may interest you to know that Mahmoud destroyed the great force of the Janissaries by the simple process of killing them all off in one day, appropriately called "Black Hell"—much as Mohammed Ali massacred the Mamelukes in Cairo.

But to the Bosphorus. You catch a little steamer at one of the piers of the Galata bridge. I discovered a Turkish peculiarity while buying my tickets for this steamer. They were cheap; and I had to give the clerk a coin which called for considerable change. He took out of it pay for the tickets, and then additional pay for "making change." We had picked up a bright little boy to act as

guide on this occasion; and he explained it to me—else I would have only thought that I had been "short-changed." The sail up the Bosphorus is an experience. When you get away from the wharves of Galata, the beauty of the shores of this vitally important highway of trade constantly delights you. I have pictures of the two chief palaces which mark the opposite banks; and you can easily imagine how lovely they are, shining in all their marble splendour against the green of the hills behind them and over the blue of the Bosphorus. We landed just about opposite Beylerbey to visit the Yildiz Kiosk which had recently been opened to the public by the abdication of Abdul Hamid who had, while still Sultan, imprisoned himself there.

It seemed curious to be walking through the rooms and gardens of the Yildiz where but a few months before it would have been entirely impossible for any foreigner and most Turks to penetrate. It was dangerous, during the reign of Abdul Hamid, for a stranger to be found even in the streets near the Yildiz. Abdul Hamid went in constant fear of assassination; and that was why he kept rigidly within the guarded "prison" of this kiosk and its grounds. Below him on the Bosphorus stood two magnificent marble palaces, in which he dared not dwell. The Yildiz is a fairly large country-house in a garden, luxuriously furnished in the Eastern style. Attached to it is a diminutive theatre—stage, boxes, orchestra, pit, and galleries complete. The Sultan could enter his private box in what we would call the gallery by a secret passage from his own rooms, and he could sit there unobserved and watch the performances on the little stage. There were other hidden passages for the ladies of the harem, and ways of access for the court. It must have been a cheerful Arabian Nights entertainment.

Behind the kiosk was a toy zoo—the guide said for the entertainment



THE CLOCK-TOWER OF THE PALACE OF DOLMA-BAGTCHE

of the ladies of the harem. There were cages of animals in plenty, and a museum of stuffed fauna of all sorts. The Sultan himself loved this part of his show. Through the garden ran a very small artificial pond, in which aquatic birds lived, and on which were several of those swan-headed boats propelled by the feet so popular for children in the public gardens of our cities. Doubtless the grown-up children of the royal harem had many a fine sail here—and with the wonderful waters of the Bosphorus rippling in the sunshine hopelessly out of their reach just below the garden. About a half-mile from the kiosk, though still in the grounds of the Yildiz, was a marble bathing-house which suggested the courts of Alhambra in Granada. There was first a circular pavilion with several apartments and retiring rooms upstairs; and this gave upon a flight of

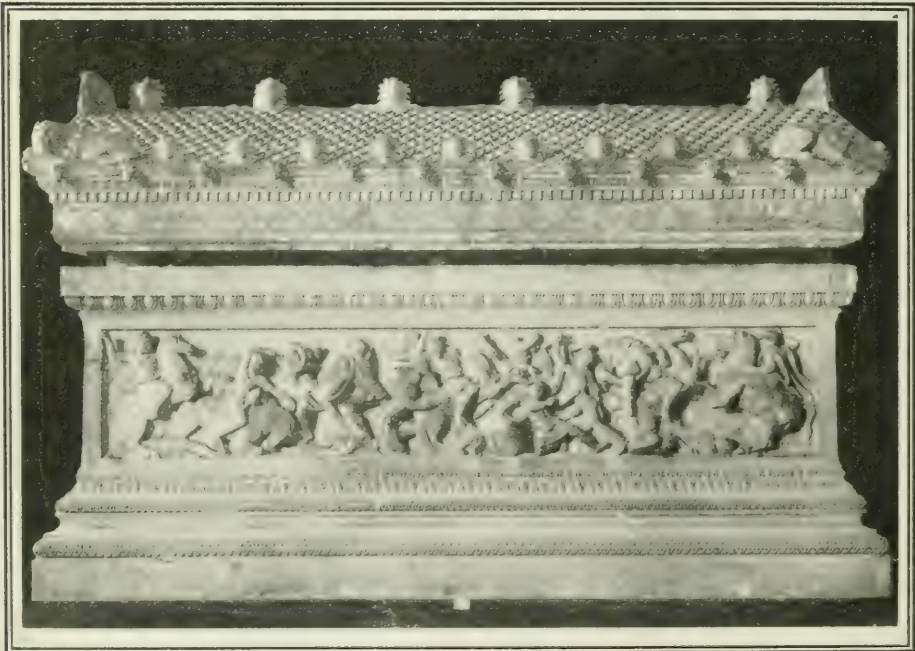
broad steps leading down to a carefully-covered and enclosed circular marble "swimming-pool." Or, rather, I should call it a splashing-pool. Here—the guide said—I am not responsible for the statement—the Sultan brought his harem and watched them play in the water through the hot days of summer.

And then we hurried back from *Selamlık*, I remember, to swallow a quick lunch and go to the Dancing Dervishes. The Philistine infidel has enough, in Pera, having a quaint and quiet little monastery just off the main business street. We got fine gallery seats and looked down for an hour or two on one of the strangest spectacles which an earnest religion can offer. I never know how to write about such a subject as the Dancing Dervishes. The Philistine infidel has so often taken a humorous view of these anything but humorous out-

growths of religious fervour that I know I should disappoint you if I talked of them seriously, as they appealed to me. I never felt less like laughing. Of course, these fanatically devoted "brothers" in this strange order do not dance—they rotate; and they rotate in a dizzy circle about the room for an incredibly long time to a wierd monotonous chant which set my head swimming of itself.

But I have been garrulous beyond the patience of the most patient editor—if one may apply a superlative to a non-existent virtue, so far as editors are concerned. And I will not get a penny more for it, either. Still as I generally must pay people to listen to me, when I indulge in a travel-monologue, I suppose I ought not to grumble. Constantinople is a memory which seems never to be exhausted. And if the Turks go as the result of this war, it is a memory which those who have not already seen

the city can never secure. Oh! I know that the Mohammedan religion will remain—there will be no interference with that—the minarets will still rise in slender grace over the domes of 'Stamboul. There are no lovelier minarets than those of Cairo. But the soul will be gone—as the Moslem soul has gone from Cairo and from Algiers. It was still to be heard breathing in the twisting lanes of Tangier when I was there—it hovered over Tunis, especially at night. It met you at the wharf of Tripoli, and it dominated everything at Damascus. 'Stamboul slept under its mystic charm—its other-worldliness—its scorn of time—its indifference to the baubles we Westerners strive for. It is the spirit of the East. And whenever I am tired, or experience a sensation of somnolent calm my friends describe differently, I wonder—. I listen to the clanging street-car gongs; and I wonder—.



TRADITIONAL SARCOPHAGUS OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT

It is in the Museum at 'Stamboul, is certainly a Greek antiquity, and possibly the tomb of one of Alexander's Persian Satraps



ISOLEMENT

From the Painting by
A. Suzor Côté
Exhibited by the
Canadian Art Club

THE DEATH-SICKNESS OF KRONAH

BY R. J. FRASER

"THE old Kronah is now sick two days."

"Have I not said I would draw Kronah's toboggan as well as my own until her sickness passes? My mother will not be sick long."

"The old good-for-nothing will never be better again—she has the death-sickness. Have I not let her lie in my tepee for these years now, and fed her? Was she ever hungry that we were not hungry? She cannot make the trail to Nemiskau; therefore we leave her. Has it not been the custom of our people to leave the old men to die when they could no longer hunt, and the squaws when they could no longer raise children, or work? For many moons the old mother has done little work; her eyes are blind like the bush-cat's in daytime. She is no longer fit to sew moccasins or net snowshoes. The old Kronah has the death-sickness! I have spoken!"

Thus Wapestan, the Cree, passed sentence on his wife's mother across a lonely camp-fire beside the frozen Woswonabie River. Here they had halted on their annual trip to the trading-post, while all around stretched the wastes and ridges of the snow-clad land. While the talk waged hot between them, a heap of rabbit-skins slowly came to life, the object of their contention. Feebly and painfully a withered arm crawled forth and pushed the coverings aside. Two sunken black eyes, deeply set into a mask of

parchment, looked forth pitifully beneath straggling gray locks. In spite of her four-score winters, Kronah, daughter of Muskwatin, the last of the proud Nastopia chiefs, still exhibited in pose and feature the blood of the former lords of Ungava.

Her fever-weakened voice was faint—her words were slow.

"You speak not the truth. Kronah has not the death-sickness. In a day or two I shall be well. Were the snow not so deep I could even now find the root that would drive away the fire from my body. Still without it I shall grow well."

Patiently, as was their nature, the two squaws waited for their lord's answer. No entreaties could evoke a sign of feeling, of sympathy, on that stolid, immobile countenance. The primitive brute heart within him had never known pity; and, when he answered, it was to repeat his heartless determination.

So at dawn, old Kronah, daughter of the one-time lords of the Ungava, was left behind to die.

An epidemic had swept the Nastopia as a tribe out of existence. On its heels, unresisted, the apathetic, improvident Swampy Crees swept eastward over the depopulated domain.

Kronah, last descendent of the race, widowed at twenty, with a babe at her breast, was brought by a returning band of Crees into the yearly gatherings at Lake Nemiskau, and in

their tepees she found a home. The missionary raised his little chapel alongside of the trading-post, but Kronah, steeped in the superstitions and rites of the paganish Nastopia, rejected and despised the white man's faith. Hers had been a religion of strife and the letting of blood, where might was right—a faith of strong warriors and exacting sagamores, and she could not be reconciled to the missionary's story of peace.

Nada, her daughter, grown to girlhood, became the squaw of Wapestan, the Cree. Upon the two women he was a hard lord, for they were not of his tribe and he treated them as captives. They suffered his jeers and curses—often his blows—and through it all obeyed their harsh lord meekly. They dragged their belongings over his trails and paddled and portaged his canoe up and down the swift Ungava rivers. In camp they performed all the drudgery.

And now sick and defenceless, her usefulness ended, the elder woman was left to die—just like a worn-out sleigh dog. It was midwinter and the snow was deep on lake and river, and deeper in the great pine woods. Game had been scarce and what little food that they now had left Wapestan kept for himself and Nada. He saw no use in wasting any on one who was about to die. Before leaving they built her a rude wattle-house out of the alders that lined the bank. Nada had laboured while the Indian slept, gathering a supply of firewood which she piled within reach of the tired arms. "The old woman cannot recover," thought the Cree, but as a further precaution he destroyed her snowshoes. Nada contrived to leave some matches and a hatchet behind, and at the last moment she found an opportunity to slip a fish-hook into the old squaw's feeble hand. Then she was dragged away and the fever-stricken Kronah was alone in the wilderness of snow.

Wrapped in the folds of her rabbit-skin, the old squaw fell into a deep

sleep. As she had predicted, when she woke, the fever's violence had passed. Weak and shaken by its attack, she was able to struggle to her knees. Food—she must have food! so her strength would come back. Then she would make the trail of vengeance on him who had lied, who had left her to die before her time, who had wanted to be rid of her.

With the patience of her race she went to work. Threads from her sash furnished her with a fishing-line for the hook she had, thanks to Nada's thoughtfulness. Her careful search for bait was fruitless, for as she lay in the wattle-house the ermine and the whiskey-jacks had forestalled her, and the camping-ground was bare.

Weakened by the exertion, but still clutching at life, the old woman crawled back into the wattle shelter. Bait she must have! She drew forth her crooked knife and whetted it to sharpness on a buckskin moccasin. Then, with the stoicism of her race, she hacked from her own flesh bait for the hook. With the hatchet she broke the thin sheeting of ice over an air-hole on the river and soon hooked a fish.

From juniper saplings she fashioned snowshoe frames, filling them with a mesh of willow roots. The wattle house on the Woswonabie was soon well stocked with fish and her leg quickly healed. Once more Kronah was ready for the trail, her feet in the lashings of the rude snowshoes.

A short journey from the Woswonabie had brought Wapestan and Nada to the Nemiskau post. They were stretching their smoke-stained caribou skins about the teepee poles when the trader appeared and greeted them.

"Whatchee, Whatchee, Nada!" he said, and grasped the hand of each in turn. "Where is the old mother, Kronah?" he asked. "I do not see her with you."

Nada threw up her head and her eyes flashed two tiny sparks of fire. What little of the blood of the old

tribe she had inherited from her spirited mother showed itself in the gesture. But it gave only a flash. Ere she could speak, Wapestan gave her one glance, so brutal in its meaning that with a shudder of fear she dropped her head in obedience and passed inside the wigwam.

"The old Kronah grew feeble on the Woswonabie; last moon she took the death-sickness, and many days ago she died. The old Kronah is no more."

The days passed by and Nada still mourned the loss of her mother. Then one morning Wapestan came out of the store with an ugly-looking bear trap slung over his shoulder.

"I go to set a trap for muskwa, the black bear," he said, "may be five, may be six miles up the river. Help me to open the trap, for a single man cannot open a bear-trap in the woods."

The squaw silently obeyed and with her assistance he forced open the strong, sharp-toothed jaws and locked them so that they could not spring close upon him. Picking up his gun and bait-bag, he slung the huge steel trap onto his shoulder again and strode off into the woods. The broad hunting shoes he wore carried him along over the hard, packed snow at a fast pace till, about five miles above the post, he came to the banks of a little stream. This was the spot that the hunter had in mind, and on the near side he proceeded to set and bait the trap.

The operation was nearly finished. The trap was almost covered with dry, powdery snow, when the snapping of a frost-hardened twig caused the Indian to start up in alarm. The sight that met his gaze held him rooted to the spot. On the opposite bank, close beside a towering dead spruce, stood Kronah, the deserted one! In her tattered caribou skins, travel-worn and tortured by hunger pangs, with the vengeful spirit of the old tribe flashing from her eyes, she might have been a spirit of the dead.

From the bundle of rags that clothed her shrunken frame the squaw slowly raised a hand. "Thou, son of a white-hearted Cree!" she cried, "it is I, Kronah, whom you left behind to die."

At her speech the Indian's fear vanished. This was no spirit, then, but flesh and blood, that confronted him. The old one had recovered after all, and taken his trail to Nemiskau. His rage was kindled at the thought and he sprang toward his gun. Seeing the movement, Kronah drew her axe and started to cross the stream. A shot—and the squaw stumbled to her knees, but rose again! Like a wounded she-wolf she was upon him ere he could reload, and the Indian had but time to raise his gun in defence when the furious axe-blow fell upon the steel. Both weapons flew from the fighters' hands and struggling madly the two became locked in one another's arms.

With one last mad effort the old woman forced the Cree backward, throwing her weight upon him. Down he went into the open trap that he had forgotten, with a terrible cry of agony.

By a frantic effort he hurled the other off and attempted to rise. But the strong-toothed jaws had closed about his loins and no single man could release them. In a mad frenzy of pain he thrashed about, while his shrieks and curses rent the air. Deeper and deeper the cruel teeth bit into the flesh and bone, and the whiteness about the dying Indian grew stained with splotches of red. His struggles grew fainter, till, with a last horrible shudder, Wapestan lay still.

From where she had been tossed, but a few yards away, Kronah, with a broken leg, lay on her side watching him.

"Wapestan, you will die, and I shall die," she said, "but you will go before me."

And lying there side by side amid the snow hummocks, while the long

winter night began to shroud the great white North, they waited the coming of death, each mocking the other, "you will go first." And the silent forces of nature, inscrutable and unfathomable as the wastes of

snow and ice, looked on at their petty human hate, and the stars, silver and scintillant, shone like a myriad mysterious cressets over the dying Indian and his victim, witnessing God's justice.

THE WAR MAKER

By ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

HE lay on the gray of the earth
 In the gray of the dawn;
 Above him the stars faded out,
 And the planets swept on;
 A little wind woke from its sleep on the hill,
 A sleepy bird stirred, trilled a note and was still.
 He said:
 "Ere the sun's first, swift lances are hurled
 My soul must find wings to be gone
 O'er the rim of the world!
 What wings shall you find, O, my soul?
 Have you fought to be free?
 Have you killed for some terrible good
 In a day yet to be?
 Red dew, fallen thick as God's dew on the mould,
 Lies it there for an altar defiled
 Or a hearthstone made cold?
 You have fought; you have slain,
 And the death that you gave has been given;
 Dead men, questioning, lie around
 With their faces from heaven.
 War is just; death is kind.
 For a cause high and true,
 Did these die, as night dies,
 That new day might shine through?
 In terrible silence they lie, mutely challenging one
 Who would darken a world that an Eagle might build in
 the Sun!

"O God, blind the eyes death has cleared,
 Blind the soul that has seen!
 I have entered thy temple of war
 With a spirit unclean.
 I have fought without faith, without flame,
 For a fair-sounding lie;
 For pride have I slaughtered my brother.
 O God, let me die!"

BETSY LOO AND THE ELEPHANT

BY PAUL SHEARD

"UNCLE GRANDAD," said Betsy Loo, "I know what I want."

This statement was in confirmation of my opinion that Betsy Loo was no ordinary child. I put away my paper.

"Yes, Betsy Loo," I said with deference. "What do you want?"

"An elephant," said Betsy Loo.

"An elephant?" I said. "What sort of elephant, Betsy Loo?"

Betsy Loo was silent for a time, as if mentally reviewing a herd of elephants, with a view to selecting a good one.

"An elephant," she replied at length, "with a trunk on it."

"Come, come," I said with some impatience, "you must be more specific; if you mean an elephant with a trunk, why that's no description at all, as trunkless elephants are not done, I believe. But when you say 'a trunk *on it*' you put me in mind of something to pack things in. Do you mean an elephant wearing a trunk on his back like a houdah?"

Betsy Loo regarded me anxiously for a minute, and then smiled.

"Uncle Grandad," she said, "I mean just an ord'nary elephant—to play with." She waved a chubby hand in a motion suggestive of all kinds of elephants.

"Oh," I said, "I see; you want an elephant."

Betsy Loo nodded until her curls bobbed.

"You don't mean one of those stuffed, shoe-button-eyed affairs they sell in shops, do you, Betsy Loo?" I

said, adding somewhat adroitly, "that run around so attractively on wheels."

"No, indeed," said Betsy Loo. "I mean a real one, real live."

"Real live," I repeated.

"Like a horse," said Betsy Loo.

"Not like Maud here," I said, indicating the flannel duck long since cherished beyond any symmetry of outline.

Betsy Loo's curls shook.

"Why not?" said I coaxingly. "Show Maud a little attention, and twist her head around to the front. She must find this constant Lot's wife's attitude a bit trying."

"Lot's what?" said Betsy Loo, performing the surgical operation on Maud with great speed.

"Never mind," I said, "but I dislike seeing dumb animals neglected, even in effigy."

"Is Maud an eff—eff—?"

"Yes," I said, "Maud is, or, if you prefer it, a symbol, a quacking tribute to all ducks—the sincerest form of flattery; and as such, due to constant respect and great care."

I picked up my paper and smiled behind it at my own subtlety in changing the subject.

My smile, however, was short-lived.

"When can I have him, Uncle Grandad?" said Betsy Loo.

"Who?" I said ungrammatically.

"The elephant," said Betsy Loo, rolling her blue eyes at me.

"Well, well," I said, not having anything else to say. "Now, let me see."

For be it known that among all my mundane as well as spiritual possessions I valued the good opinion and confidence of Betsy Loo above all other things. When one has striven hard against all odds to gain and hold something, then that thing becomes of the greatest importance and value. Hitherto I had satisfactorily filled my position of Bottle-Imp, or whatever you may call one who executes strange missions with infallibility. What Betsy Loo had demanded I had prided myself upon procuring without excuses, and now it was an elephant. I recalled the lessons I had given some time back, in which I had explained, with an eye to future demands, the mystery of the moon and stars and the difficulties one would confront in attempting to procure them as nursery ornaments. Inwardly I regretted my short-sightedness in not having included elephants at the time.

"An elephant," I said, "Why an elephant? What started all this talk of elephants, anyway, Betsy Loo?"

Betsy Loo disappeared like an otter in a burrow, underneath the sofa.

"What now?" I wondered.

"Here it is!" said Betsy Loo, rustling the shiny pages of last week's comic supplement.

Dolt that I was! Surely here was the elephant. I beheld again the very series of pictures I had taken such pains to explain two days before. I recalled with chagrin how thoroughly I had enthused over the pachyderm in the pictures, enlarging upon his excellence and intelligence.

"Betsy Loo," said I, rising and pacing the floor, "that settles it. I would have preferred it in some ways, had you chosen something that could be wrapped up in a package, such as, say, one of those grocery shops with the lovely red sausages hanging up." I stopped and cocked an eye at her. "But," I continued hastily, "elephants come under my range of office quite as completely and practically as do the other things. There are ele-

phants *and* elephants, however, and it is for you to decide whether you prefer a tame one who eats hay with his trunk, or a wild ferocious one who goes charging madly through a jungle. For my own part, I would give the decision to the hay-eater."

"And could I ride on his back, and call him Peter?" said Betsy Loo, dancing on one foot.

"Child," I said, "twenty of you could ride on his back, and you could call him Christopher Julius Caesar Napoleon and it please you."

For this I received a bear hug and a moist kiss. I deposited Betsy Loo on the floor, and assumed that briskness of attitude necessary to the procurer of elephants.

"Betsy Loo," I said, buttoning my coat, "why should we quibble the matter further? Action is the watchword, and so we shall fare forth together. An elephant we shall have by nightfall, according as you suggest."

Betsy Loo danced up and down on the other foot.

"Get your hat, rubbers, and mittens," I continued still with great briskness, "and we shall seek the elephant marts, viewing by the way many other species of the animal kingdom, including the humorous hyena, and the camel of humpish fame. To the Zoo, Betsy Loo," I chanted. "To the Zoo, me and you, Betsy Loo!"

Betsy Loo donned her accoutrements in high glee; and so, hatted, rubbered, and mittened, we started out. I was glad that our city boasted a zoological institution. Betsy Loo and I braved the spring sunshine, and boarded the necessary street-car in less time than it takes to tell. Betsy Loo was jubilant. She allowed the conductor to whom she handed the tickets, as well as the gentleman on her left, to share the secret of our faring forth.

"And so you're going to the Zoo to *get* an elephant?" said the gentleman on her left.

Betsy Loo's curls bobbed again. The gentleman smiled knowingly at me.

"Funny ideas children get," he said, "to one who understands them."

"To one who understands them," I replied, "their ideas are the salt of the earth. They know what they want."

"And the elephant?" said he.

"Will be led home in state, sir," I replied with dignity. "Betsy Loo, as mistress and owner, will ride on top, and I will lead the way in front. Is that not right, Betsy Loo?"

"Yes," said Betsy Loo, smiling in a way to ease my conscience.

The gentleman came to his station and rose to go.

"Don't get too old an elephant," he said gravely, "and take a good look at his teeth before closing the deal. This is the right time of year to bag one. I wish you luck—and you, sir, I envy very much indeed."

"What did he mean, Uncle Grandad?" said Betsy Loo, after waving this new friend out of sight through the car window.

"He meant," I said, "that he was sorry he couldn't come along with us and ride home on the elephant."

All in good time we reached the park and stepped out. We trod the path to the menagerie with a firm step and proud bearing, as befitted the dignity of our enterprise. To set out empty-handed and return with an elephant on the leash! Surely a mission that Sir Galahad himself could not have despised.

We halted many times on reaching the cages. Betsy Loo, ever a prey to the pleasures of the moment, insisted on gazing her fill at each. We waited to witness the hippopotamus yawn, which requires patience. We saw the king of beasts play lazily with a wooden ball. We marvelled at the fortitude of the polar bear in his icy tub. We came upon the camel, as I had predicted we would, and also the hyena, who, I thought, seemed inclined rather to sadness than hilarity.

And so we loitered down the pleasant paths, stared at by the blinking eyes of caged beasts from many lands. And as we walked I was wont to change my gaze from them to Betsy Loo, skipping in the sunshine. We stopped before the giraffe, and discussed him at some length, jocularly referring to the advantages he had over poor human beings. Never had I known Betsy Loo to be more enthusiastic and buoyant or more extravagant. Peanuts she dispensed impartially to all, extending a fat palmful with equal gravity to the Sacred Bull and the surly rhinoceros, displaying, it occurred to me, a startling ignorance of what the creatures really feed on. But although the child's quick steps seemed to weary ever so slightly as we wandered through, and although she held me in conversation as to the qualities and habits of the various beasts, still would she hark back to the object of our pursuit, until at length, as I handed over the fourth bag of peanuts, we reached the elephant-house.

We entered the large door and beheld our quarry. A large black elephant stood in a stall, whisking thoughtfully about with a trunk full of straw, and as we gazed, I felt Betsy Loo's hand creep into mine.

"Isn't he a nice elephant?" I said.

Betsy Loo gazed round-eyed, and said nothing.

"Come, Betsy Loo," said I, "we must find the keeper of this most excellent pachyderm. The keeper will be our man, and we shall engage him in profitable talk. Nothing can stop us now, Betsy Loo."

She followed mutely down the aisle, her hand still in mine, and her gaze on the elephant, strangely quiet. I located a little gray man in a blue cap, sweeping with a broom, and halted before him.

"Are you the keeper of the elephant?" I asked.

The little man stopped sweeping long enough to move his hat back on his bald head.

"I look after ol' Sal a bit," he said, "vis, sor."

Mentally I blessed the Irish.

"Then," said I, feeling in my pocket for a good cigar, "you are just the man we want. This little lady and I have come from afar, in order to own, obtain, and possess an elephant. You seem to have an excellent elephant here, which will suit us in every way. We would like also to ride him home through the streets."

I stooped to look at Betsy Loo, but she was still gazing at "Ol' Sal," and clutching my hand.

"Through the streets?" said the keeper, pocketing a good cigar. "Thank you, sor. Ol' Sal through the streets, did you say?"

He looked at me, and, catching my expression, let his gaze rest on Betsy Loo.

"'Tis an easy thing ye ask, sor. Shall I wrap her up in a bit o' paper, sor?"

"Hm," said I reflectively. "In that case you would send her up, I suppose. We had rather intended riding her, hadn't we, Betsy Loo?"

Betsy Loo looked up and smiled—an uncertain smile, I thought, and edged a step nearer to me.

The three of us sauntered over to old Sal's stall.

"His teeth," said I, remembering instructions. "They are in the best condition, I suppose?"

"Sound," said the keeper, "sound as rocks, barrin' the one she had pulled off her in August. She suffered terrible with it, sor."

I winced.

"Does he, or she, rather, eat peanuts?" I inquired.

"She does that, sor," said our guide.

"Betsy Loo," said I, "how about donating a peanut or two on the altar of friendship?"

Betsy Loo clutched the bag, and edged closer to me. At the movement a huge trunk was thrust invitingly through the bars.

"Uncle Grandad," said Betsy Loo, running behind me and extending the peanuts, "you feed him."

The keeper chuckled.

"Sure, she's quiet as a lamb," he said, "but a trifle skittish at times with that trunk o' hers. Easy, Sal, ol' girl!"

In the elephant's eagerness, the bag of peanuts in passing became upset, and the nuts rolled upon the ground. We stepped back while the huge animal began gobbling up those within reach.

"Uncle Grandad," said a small voice, "I don't want the elephant."

I smiled to myself.

"Why not, Betsy Loo?" I said.

"He's—he's so big and—so—so big!"

I looked at Betsy Loo shrinking beside me and back at the elephant.

"He is big," I said, "but that, I fear, is a fault common to elephants. They don't come in smaller sizes."

"If the little lady," said the keeper, "would care to step inside, and git up on ol' Sal, I could stan' by an' see that nothin' happened to her, or she didn't fall off like."

I turned on him with scorn.

"Man," I said, "does the tending of elephants do nothing towards sharpening your human perceptions? The little lady has changed her mind and will not own an elephant. She has taken advantage of her feminine prerogative."

"'Tis an instinct," said the keeper, "attained early and frequent, I know me perceptions ain't as sharp as they once was. I'm right sorry ol' Sal cut up so and spilt them peanuts."

I reached for another good cigar, and handed it to him.

"You have been very obliging and considerate," I said, "and we are grateful indeed. Every man to his trade, and the keeping of elephants is not for me. I salute you as a man who understands his work."

We strolled out of the elephant-house and along the path to the gate. The small feet lagged a bit, and so I

impersonated an elephant as best I could for the last hundred yards. Betsy Loo slept soundly going home on the car.

We reached the house just as the lamps were being lighted, and, going up to the nursery, found that Clara had started the fire. Maud, the flannel duck, stood on guard, seemingly much gratified at having her head once more facing the right way.

Betsy Loo seized Maud, and clamored on to my knee.

"Uncle Grandad," she sighed (some day, when I have the time, I'll explain how I come to exist in the combined capacity of uncle and grandfather), "Uncle Grandad, I'm so tired."

"But," said I, "we had a pleasant time."

Betsy Loo put down her head and gazed at the fire.

"Lovely," she murmured. "I loved feeding peanuts to the bunnys."

"The bunnys," said I, "doubtless appreciated the spirit of the giving,

but I think they would have preferred carrots."

Betsy Loo reflected.

"Next time," she said, "we'll take carrots, won't we, Uncle Grandad?"

"Yes, indeed," I said, "and some fish for the seals."

Nothing disturbed the silence for a long time, save an occasional crackle from the fire.

"Uncle Grandad—we didn't get —"

"It was a small matter," I said.

About an hour later Betsy Loo's mother came in, pulling off her gloves, and in a whisper at my raised finger, asked what we two had been up to all afternoon. I said we had been hunting elephants. And when she said, "My goodness, where?" I replied, "In the land of Lost Elusion," at which Betsy Loo's mother smiled and called me an "Old Silly."

I smiled, too, and did not answer the charge, for I felt that if Betsy Loo had heard she would have answered it for me.



A FRONTIER RIVALRY

BY JOHN CAIN

BLUEFIELD'S first citizen had arrived. Standing on the grass-covered townsite near the spot where later the Grand Hotel proudly reared its high board front, he admiringly surveyed its undulating beauty.

Building material formed the most conspicuous portion of his outfit, which was now to be unloaded. It was not of a character to warrant hope of ornate architecture. The lumber was of common grade, and there were black rolls diffusing a pungent smell that prairie animals with nostrils expert in odours of the plain had sniffed from afar and wondered at. These rolls were of tar-paper for outside finishing, which, however much it may have offended the æsthetic eye or the sensitive nose, won the devotion of early settlers for its prized virtues of lightness and economy. But though the structural supply was a modest one, its owner felt a radiant satisfaction in its possession. For was not the first building of Bluefield to be fashioned from it! And was not Bluefield to be the pet town of the Chicago and Western and the Milwaukee and St. Peter, which companies, except in matters affecting Bluefield, were soon to fight a duel with steel for supremacy in the new Northwest!

But the base upon which young Ashton's enterprise was to rest was a box wherein was a machine, small but potential in giving civilization a start. It was an "army" printing press, the simplest contrivance for the diffusion

of printed intelligence. The owner had held the reins on the wagon carrying the printing plant and the commissariat. To hired drivers having no proprietary interest in the project might be committed the task of guiding the other freight. But the man who was not only to be Bluefield's first editor, but its first inhabitant as well, justly occupied the place of honour in the driving.

And yet Ashton's display of pride in his plant did not have complete inward justification. He had hoped to buy a hand-press. But his capital was not sufficient—the expense of getting established being so indefinite—to justify paying for one. And who would give credit to a man proposing to start a newspaper in an almost uninhabited country? So the hand-press ambition had been put aside.

When the wagons had reached the site yet without a structure to distinguish it from the rest of the sweeping plain, the "army" surely seemed large enough for the field. Ashton felt that it would do for the present. But being a pioneer he had faith in the future, and out of his faith came a vision in which he saw, not an "army" machine, nor yet a hand-press but that glorious possession, a cylinder press run by steam.

A shout by one of his drivers directed his attention to a forerunner of the multitude which would make this vision a reality. There was an object far off to the east, where the ground rose higher.

"It's an outfit," called Joe lustily.

An outfit! A thing to thrill the young pioneer! Bringing other people into his new world—people with hope and faith like his!

"Somebody else's just fool enough to want to locate in this infernal country," was Joe's guess.

Joe Weeks was a freighter when he worked, and regarded raw prairie as fit only to be teamed across. His sarcasm missed its mark. The editor was already planning to give whoever was in the schooner a send-off in the first issue of his paper. He rightly assumed that this vessel of immigration was being steered to the haven of Bluefield.

Frequently he turned from the work of unloading to watch with much satisfaction the approaching schooner navigating the prairie main. When it came near he had been on the ground several hours and had a consciousness of being at home, which imposed a frontier obligation to extend to newcomers an effusive welcome.

"It's probably a stock of groceries," he remarked to Weeks. "That is what a town really needs at the start. If it is, it ought to be good for a half-column ad. in the *Pioneer*."

Ashton walked toward the craft in a cordial spirit. The schooner hove to and a young fellow disembarked.

"Howdy. This is Bluefield, I suppose," exclaimed the newcomer, jauntily taking the initiative.

Ashton had seen within the canvas a young woman, who, being so entirely unexpected a person, was responsible for his failure to promptly perform his semi-official duty. "Yes, this is the coming city," he responded, striving to recover his balance.

"Well, we've come to stay," said the other. "My name's McCargar, Jim McCargar, and this is my sister," nodding toward the young woman. "It's a little raw, I know, for a woman here now, but she's a good compositor and I brought her along."

"Compositor!" exclaimed Ashton.

"Yes. You know what a compositor is? She sets type," explained McCargar. "I'm going to start a newspaper here."

"A newspaper!" The object Ashton had seen on the horizon was a cloud, and it had now covered his sky! "But you mustn't do that. I've come here to start one myself." Ashton grasped at a claim of exclusive right by reason of priority.

"Oh, yes, I must," said McCargar, also striving against the force of bad news. "I'm here, and you've got to make room for me. We're getting a little thick, I admit, for the size of the town," he added, with an effort at facetiousness, "but she's going to grow."

"What kind of a press have you?" asked Ashton, wishing to know the worst.

"Only an eight-column hand-press," replied McCargar, airily, "It'll do for a while until business picks up. What's yours?"

"I brought in an army," said Ashton in a tone implying that it was a matter of choice. "When I get the field sized up I'll decide whether to get a large hand-press or a cylinder."

McCargar smiled incredulously. "Well, we're hungry," he said abruptly, "and if you'll let us start a fire in your town we'll fix up something to eat. Here's my pasteboard," he added, handing his competitor a card.

As Ashton turned to go, McCargar's sister was leaning forward at the front of the wagon, her hand upon a hoop of the over-arching canvas, and a most objectionable suggestion of sympathy in her eyes. On his way Ashton glanced at the card he still held in his hand. Amazed, he stopped, staring wide-eyed at it, then turned as if to go back, but changed his mind, and still looking at the bit of cardboard, strode on. He had read: "James G. McCargar, editor and proprietor of the *Bluefield Pioneer*."

Fierce resentment burned its way through Ashton's being. He would

insist upon having for his paper, alone, the title of "Pioneer!" What right, anyway, had this interloper to come to Bluefield? There were other townsites not yet pre-empted where McCargar could go. Here, where there was no local government, no law, the primitive policy of force seemed to him righteous, and he was sure he could drive his slender rival forth.

But his fever soon ran its course, and in a saner state he saw the absurdity of the scheme of violence. Besides, there was the fellow's sister. He hated her, too, of course, but being a woman she was entitled, especially on the frontier, to respectful treatment. And furthermore, he was conscious of a feeling, which was doubtless inspired by his strong public spirit, that her presence might have a gracious influence in starting the young city aright.

Ashton had wavered, to be sure, in choosing between *Vidette* and *Pioneer*, and the choice had at last been made by means of a toss-up, but now he would have nothing but the name that had been decreed by that agency of fate. Even if he had been willing to change the title it would have been a matter of weeks to get a new "head" from the type foundry. It was, for all reasons, out of the question. He would rush his type-setting and fortify his prior right by getting out his paper ahead.

Six days later Ashton's journal came from the press. It was not much of a paper compared with issues he has put out since, but it is highly improbable that he has ever thought as much of even his celebrated twenty-page special edition, illustrated, as he did of this little number. It chronicled at length the arrival of a stock of merchandise, the starting of a blacksmith shop, and the coming of a crew of carpenters to erect a hotel. It made very brief mention of a saloon outfit, the owners of which, he noticed, had been greeted in a most friendly manner by McCargar, which

incident placed Ashton more firmly on the side of temperance. Most space was, however, given to prophetic statements concerning the coming greatness of Bluefield, with some fervid words about the devotion of the editor to its best interests.

It had been reported to Ashton that his rival had been overheard in a conversation with his sister cursing the country, its winds and its water, and pronouncing it unfit as a place of habitation for anyone not having the willingness of an Indian to endure nature at its worst. This news caused Ashton to put his item about the McCargars in this form:

"James G. McCargar and his sister, Miss Mary McCargar, are here from Yankton. Mr. McCargar is looking the town over with a view to starting a newspaper, but as he is not pleased with the country, and finds the field already occupied, he may decide not to locate here. If he concludes to seek further, we fraternally wish him good luck in finding a location to his liking."

This brotherly statement was regarded by Mr. McCargar as offensive, and when his paper appeared, it contained this reply:

"A wandering printer, whose name in this country is Ashton, blew in here the other day with a box of old type and a second-hand toy press, and has started what he calls a newspaper. In this sheet, which we would not take any notice of, except for the fact that it may become a disgrace to the town, the fellow attempts to be funny with us, intimating that we do not like the country, and are ready to quit. Our faith in the country was shown when we brought in our complete printing outfit, and we can truly say that we have never liked any place we ever lived in more than we have the city of Bluefield during the seven weeks we have been here. And we have a right to feel that this is where we belong, judging from the many words of appreciation we have received from the day of our first publica-

tion, and the liberal patronage that has flowed in on us. We are here to stick, as this nomad will discover. With a fine plant, and backed by ample capital with which to enlarge it when necessary, we are prepared to keep right on publishing such a paper as Bluefield deserves."

When Ashton read this fulmination his anger reached the degree that inspires violence. "The colossal liar!" he exclaimed, as there in the date line he saw the whole scheme to beat him by claim of prior publication revealed in: "Vol. 1. No. VI."

The fellow's insults demanded that he be choked into an admission of his depravity. Ashton was at once striding toward McCargar's tent. The personal thrusts alone might have started him on the way to vengeance, but it was the injustice of the contemptuous allusions to his entirely new plant that really enraged him. He would see that the shameful disparagement of his facilities was stopped. But when McCargar's sister met him at the door of the tent and told him that her brother was ill, he awkwardly tried to make her understand that he was merely passing that way, and even failed to decline a sprig of goldenrod she offered him from a bunch she had gathered on the prairie. As he walked away, he reflected at length upon the subject of the great difference there could be between members of the same family. Such cogitation led him to decide to bear himself in the controversy in a dignified manner, and in the next issue of his paper he dealt with his rival in a properly disdainful way.

Bluefield grew rapidly. The track of the Chicago and Western soon reached it on its way West, and then came daily trainloads of people looking for business or professional openings, or most of all, quarter-sections of free Government land. The blue-joint grass which gave the town its name was trampled down all over the site by buyers of lots. The tough sod which had never before been disturb-

ed by human kind—was ruthlessly cut for excavations over which were raised structures which were later regarded as small and unsightly, but were now looked upon as altogether admirable works of the builder. With hammer and saw men were hurriedly striving to make the place worthy in its infancy of its great destiny. To the hundreds of enthusiasts who were founding a city, the strife of the newspapers was but an incident. They easily distinguished the papers as Ashton's *Pioneer* and McCargar's *Pioneer*, and any objection that may have been felt because of the titular sameness was soon waived. But it remained a very serious matter to the editors, and rivalry for the growing patronage of the community intensified the bitterness.

The need of local government being felt at Bluefield from the beginning, steps were soon taken to organize the county in which it was situated. Bluefield was, of course, made the temporary county seat, and the matter of making it the permanent one at the first election was regarded as a mere formality, until the promoters of a townsite ten miles away attracted contemptuous notice by announcing their intention to compete. But Bluefield presently realized that it would be necessary to conduct a campaign. The presumptuous manager's of Oakton's candidacy had begun work among the voters, and strangely enough, were convincing some of them.

Committees were quickly formed to guard Bluefield's interests, and the work that followed gave McCargar opportunities for gaining prominence, of which he took ample advantage. So clever did he seem to be that in addition to other honours he was given the chairmanship of the important committee to keep advised of the movements of the enemy.

One evening Ashton sat on his office doorstep. He would have been utterly dejected over the eminence his rival was maintaining, except for the odd

reason that he had that afternoon heard that the rival's sister had spoken appreciatively of him. The kind words that had been repeated to him were the first positive evidence that she did not believe it her sisterly duty to hate him. He was pleased now that he had put that sprig of goldenrod away somewhere, and he would try to remember where. As his thoughts were hurrying into a rather attractive field, they were checked by the arrival of Chairman Stackpole of the county seat executive committee.

"We've got important work for you, Ashton." Mr. Stackpole spoke with an intensity befitting a serious matter. "Those Danes up the river must be kept in line. They have been friendly to us, you know, but McCargar is on to a scheme of the Oakton people to win them over. There must be all of sixty votes there, and you know how clannish Danes are. If the Oakton notion got around among them they might swing over in a body. McCargar wanted this work. But he figured it would take several hundred dollars and we can't afford that much. He'll be more disgruntled when he finds we've given you the job. But in this fight we can't let people's feelings interfere, and we know the leaders of the Danes like you for the way you've mentioned them in your paper. So there's the proposition, and, of course, you'll tackle it?"

Ashton was already planning his campaign. In his elated state he could already see how proud he would be when the returns came in, showing the Danish vote solid for Bluefield. But he controlled himself sufficiently to say in a calm tone: "I'll do the best I can."

"Well, if you do that, we'll feel safe there," an expression of confidence Ashton resolved to sustain.

But he was not so sure of success after a week of electioneering. Oakton emissaries had been making alluring talks, and the colonists were showing an annoying disposition to consider the matter. "Ay tank Ay tank

'bote et," was too often the aggravating reply to Ashton's best arguments.

Ashton soon saw a chance for a master-stroke. The Jim River, which runs through the district occupied by these settlers, was without good fording places there. This was having some influence on the county seat question, as the colonists on the east side of the river had to cross it in going to Bluefield, whereas they could go to Oakton without that thrilling experience. While listening to the maledictions of a worthy east-side citizen stuck in midstream with a pair of mules, it occurred to Ashton that it would be wise for Bluefield to build a bridge. No massive structure was required, but one could be built cheaply that would hold the Danish gratitude until election day. But the executive committee did not approve the project. Any bridge that would serve the purpose would be too expensive. And besides, if it enabled Eastsiders to come more conveniently to Bluefield, the west-side settlers could go more easily to Oakton. No, the best plan was to assure the Danes that as soon as the country was organized, Bluefield would see that a fine public bridge was built for them.

But when Ashton a few days later reported that Oakton proposed to build a bridge for the settlement, the Bluefield committee found it could spare the money, and gave a hurry order for timber. And that was how it happened that two bridges were built at the bend near Cottonwood gulch.

Ashton's confidence was greatly strengthened in the succeeding days. A week before the election he knew how every man felt on the momentous question. His report was that the sentiment was entirely favourable to Bluefield. This greatly encouraged the committee. Oakton had conducted a despicable campaign, and the result would be close. It was possible that the Danish vote would decide the contest.

McCargar was busy getting out

the issue of his paper which was to appear the day before the election. It was being filled with Bluefield arguments, to be distributed widely among the voters. The night before the day of publication the press work was to be done. When McCargar entered his office to do this printing he locked the door. A form of type stood on the imposing stone, all made up except a portion of a column reserved for a final article. The copy of this article he now gave his sister, with an injunction to hurry it up. As she stepped to a case of type to set it she saw that it was about the Danish vote. Disregarding his desire for haste, she read it through. Then she turned angrily upon him. He had been watching her.

"You are not going to print this!" she exclaimed.

"I just am. Why not?"

"Because it is an insult to those Danes, and will drive them all to voting for Oakton. It'll make Oakton the county seat."

"Well, what if it does—it's nothing to me."

"Nothing to you!" cried the amazed girl. "Why, it'll ruin our paper and kill you in the town. That's what it will do to you."

"See here, you. I know what I'm doing. These fellows haven't done the square thing. They think Ashton's pretty smart, but I'll show them they don't know what smartness is. I want this thing set up as fast as you know how. An Oakton man is coming here to-night, and I want papers ready for him to take out."

"I'll not set it," said the girl.

"You've got to set it. You talk about me ruining myself," he went on, "but if you don't help me get the paper out with this in it, you'll do the ruining."

The awful conviction forced itself upon her that he was in a plot to betray his town.

"I'll not set a word of it," was her ultimatum.

"Well, sit down there and keep

quiet," he commanded, and commenced the slow task of setting the article himself.

The girl sat in a limp state, hopeless of thwarting the scheme, which was now very plain. Papers containing the offensive article would be distributed among the Danes in the last hours of the campaign, and the damage would be done so late that Bluefield would not be able to repair it. But how could she prevent it? How save her brother from disgrace and her town from defeat? She could think of no plan. No, there was nothing she could do. What! Could she do that? The limp figure straightened up and became rigid. She could try. It was a rather desperate thing to attempt, but she could try. It was not fair, maybe, but there was the old justification of the importance of the end. She looked over at her brother. He was awkwardly picking up the type.

Oh, well," she called, "if you insist, I'll set the stuff up!"

"Now you're showing some sense," he responded, and gladly turned over to her the composing stick. She was an expert typesetter, and soon the article was up.

When the article was ready, McCargar became confidential. "I hope you can see this thing as I do," he ventured. She said nothing. "This is the only way Oakton can reach the Danish vote. The fellows who are backing it have plenty of money, but it wouldn't work with the Danes. The trouble with them is that they are too all-fired conscientious. Of course, it seems strange to you that I should help Oakton. But Bluefield hasn't been fair with me, and you know I don't like the layout anyway. I have merely sold Oakton advertising space, but you can bet it pays me a big price for the space. I know I can't live here after this is discovered, and so I got enough cash," he went on shamelessly, "to make it an object to get out of the country, and I'm going. I am to have \$300 more if Oakton

wins, and you can get that and apply it on what I owe you. The plant is yours, of course, and you can probably sell it. Then I'll have you come where I locate."

She did not reproach him. She had listened to his recital with rising indignation, and now so bitter was her feeling that she dared not speak. But it made the deed she had resolved on easier to perform.

He placed the article in the form and tightened the type in its steel frame. The heavy page was raised, and McCargar and his sister carried it to the press. Here it was rested on its edge before being lowered to the flat surface of the bed. The editor had a weak arm, and needed assistance in putting forms down on the press. Now, as they were steadily lowering the page, the girl's foot seemed to slip, she fell heavily against her brother, weakening his hold and losing her own, and the type fell with a crash! The metal letters, thousands of them, were jarred from their alignment into confused heaps of "pi," and it would require days to assort them. McCargar's *Pioneer* would not be issued before election!

"It's all gone to h—!" cried McCargar as he gazed at the wrecked page, while his collapsed sister lay at his feet on the floor.

"What infernal thing happened to you?" he demanded.

She pointed with shaking finger to an oily spot where she had stood. As she thus mutely answered they heard three light knocks on the rear door.

"That's Ferguson," he whispered. "He's after the papers for Oakton."

The knocks were repeated.

"I'm off, Mary. Tell him what I've told you to say."

He stepped to the front door noiselessly and went out.

Again there was knocking on the rear door. This time it was more forcible. The young woman, rising, called out: "Who's there?"

"I want to speak to McCargar," was the reply.

"He's not here."

"Oh, yes he is. Say, McCargar, let me in. It's Ferguson."

"My brother has gone, Mr. Ferguson. He told me to tell you he had gone to Oakton by the upper road."

Ferguson swore.

"How long has he been gone?"

"Only a little while."

"Did he take the papers with him?"

"I didn't see him when he started."

The Oakton emissary hurried away.

The next day when Ashton heard of the disaster at McCargar's he went right over to offer the use of his material. He found there, leaning over the confused heaps of type, a disconsolate figure. Only a very hard heart could remain unmoved by so pitiful a scene, and Ashton's that morning was by no means stony. What occurred there is gathered sufficiently from what appeared in the next issue of Ashton's *Pioneer*. This was mainly devoted to election returns, and accounts of the celebration of Bluefield's victory. The returns showed that the Danish colony gave Bluefield fifty-two majority, and as its majority in the county was but the narrow one of thirty-five, it can be seen that but for the Danish vote it would have been defeated by seventeen, which fact, aided by a certain comparison, made Ashton a hero in the community.

But other decidedly interesting news appeared under the head of "Consolidation," in an article which announced that the *Pioneers* had been combined by the owners, Edward Ashton and Mary McCargar. A month later the firm of Ashton and McCargar formed another union. The ceremony would have been performed sooner, it is understood, but for the natural desire of the bride to appear on the occasion dressed to conform to the advancing requirements of society at the county seat.



TIME, DEATH AND JUDGMENT

From the Painting by Frederick G. Watts, in the National Art Gallery of Canada

"LONG LIVE THE KING!"

BY MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

THE crown prince sat in the royal box and swung his legs. This was hardly princely, but the royal legs did not quite reach the floor from the high crimson velvet seat of his chair.

Prince Ferdinand Wilhelm Franz Otto was bored. His royal robes, consisting of a pair of blue serge trousers, a short Eton jacket, and a stiff, rolling collar of white linen, irked him.

He had been brought to the opera house under a misapprehension. His aunt, the Princess Annunciata, had strongly advocated "The Flying Dutchman," and his English governess, Miss Simpkins, had read him some rather inspiring literature about it. So here he was, and the Flying Dutchman was not ghostly at all, nor did it fly. It was, from the royal box, only too plainly a ship which had length and height, without thickness. And instead of flying, after dreary eons of singing, it was moved off on creaky rollers by men whose shadows were thrown grotesquely on the sea backing.

The orchestra, assisted by a bass solo and intermittent thunder in the wings, was making a deafening din. One of the shadows on the sea backing took out its handkerchief and wiped its nose.

Prince Ferdinand Wilhelm looked across at the other royal box, and caught his cousin Hedwig's eye. She also had seen the handkerchief; she took out her own scrap of linen, and mimicked the shadow. Then—the Princess Annunciata being occupied

with the storm—she winked across at Prince Ferdinand Wilhelm.

In the opposite box were his three cousins, the Duchesses Hilda, Maria, and Hedwig. Personally he liked Hedwig best. She was the youngest and prettiest. Although she had been introduced to the court at the Christmas eve ball, and had been duly presented by her grandfather, the king, with the usual string of pearls and her own carriage with the spokes of the wheels gilded half-way—only the king and Prince Ferdinand Wilhelm had all gold wheels—she still ran off now and then to have tea with Ferdinand and Miss Simpkins in the school-room at the palace, and she could eat a great deal of bread and butter.

Prince Ferdinand Wilhelm winked back at the Duchess Hedwig. And just then—

"Listen!" said the Princess Annunciata, leaning forward. "The 'Spinning Song'—is it not exquisite?"

"They are only pretending to spin," remarked Prince Ferdinand Wilhelm.

Nevertheless, he listened obediently. He rather liked it. They had not fooled him at all. They were not really spinning—anyone could see that—but they were sticking very closely to their business of each out-singing the other, and collectively of drowning out the orchestra.

The spinning chorus was followed by long and tiresome solos. The crown prince yawned again. Catching He-

wig's eye, he ran his fingers up through his thick yellow hair and grinned.

Hedwig blushed. She had confided to him once, while they were walking in the garden at the summer palace, that she was madly in love with a young lieutenant of the palace guard. Ferdinand had been much interested. He had asked to have the lieutenant ride with him at the court riding-school, and his grim old grandfather had granted the request.

Ferdinand liked the young officer. He assured Hedwig, the next time she came to tea, that when he was king he would see that she married the lieutenant. But Hedwig was much distressed.

"I don't want him that way," she said. "He—he doesn't care about me. You should see the way he stares at Hilda!"

"Pish!" said Ferdinand over his cup. "Hilda is not as pretty as you are. We talk about you frequently."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the Princess Hedwig, colouring. "And what do you say?"

Miss Simpkins's back being turned, Ferdinand Wilhelm took another lump of sugar.

"Say? Oh, not much, you know. He asks how you are, and I tell him you are well, and that you ate thirteen pieces of bread at tea, or whatever it may have been. The day Miss Simpkins had the toothache, and you and I ate the fruit-cake her sister had sent from England, he was very anxious. He said we both deserved to be ill."

The Duchess Hedwig had been blushing uncomfortably, but now she paled.

"He dared to say that?" she stormed, and picked up her muff and went out.

Only—and this was curious—by the next day she had forgiven the lieutenant, and was angry at Ferdinand Wilhelm. Women are very strange.

So now Ferdinand Wilhelm ran his fingers through his light hair, which

was a favourite gesture of the lieutenant's, and Hedwig blushed. After that, she refused to look across at him, but sat staring fixedly at the stage, where Frau Engel, in a short skirt, a black velvet bodice, and a white apron with two yellow braids over her shoulders, was listening, with all the coyness of forty years and six children at home, to the love-making of a man in a false black beard.

The Princess Annunciata, sitting well back, was nodding. Just outside, on the red velvet sofa, General Mettlich, on guard, was sound asleep. His martial bosom, with its gold braid, was rising and falling peacefully. Beside him lay the prince's crown, a small black Derby hat.

The Duchess Maria looked across, and smiled and nodded at Ferdinand Wilhelm. Then she went back to the music; she held the score in her hand and followed it note by note.

It was very wearisome! If one could only wander around the corridor, or buy a sandwich from the stand at the foot of the great staircase—or, better still, if one could only get to the street, alone, and purchase one of the fig women that Miss Simpkins so despised! And, after all, why not? His aunt and General Mettlich were asleep; Miss Simpkins, the governess, was at home with a headache. Why not?

With the trepidation of a canary who finds his cage-door open, and, hopping to the threshold, surveys the world before venturing to explore it, Prince Ferdinand Wilhelm rose to his feet, tiptoed past the Princess Annunciata, who did not move, and looked around him from the doorway.

In the royal dressing-room behind the box, a lady-in-waiting was sitting and crocheting. A maid was spreading the Princess Annunciata's carriage wrap before the fire. The three duchesses had shed their carriage boots just inside the door. They were in a row, curiously of a size.

Prince Ferdinand Wilhelm picked up his hat and concealed it by his side.

Then nonchalantly, as if to stretch his legs by walking ten feet up the corridor and back, he passed the dressing-room door. Another moment, and he was out of sight around a bend of the passageway, and before him lay liberty.

Not quite! At the top of the private staircase reserved for the royal family, a sentry commonly stood. He had moved a few feet from his post, however, and was watching the stage through the half-open door of a private loge. His gun, with its fixed bayonet, leaned against the stair rail.

Prince Ferdinand Wilhelm passed behind him with outward calmness. At the top of the public staircase, however, he hesitated. Here, everywhere, were brass-buttoned officials of the opera house. A *garde-robe* woman stared at him curiously. There was a noise from the house, too—a sound of clapping hands and “bravos.”

The little prince looked at the woman with appeal in his eyes. Then, with his heart thumping, he ran past her, down the white marble staircase, to where the great doors promised liberty.

Olga, the *garde-robe* woman, came out from behind her counter, and stood looking down the marble staircase after the small flying figure.

“Well, well, well!” she said, wondering. “How much that child resembled his royal highness!”

The old soldier who rented opera-glasses at the second landing, and who had left a leg in Bosnia, leaned over the railing.

“Look at that!” he exclaimed. “He will break a leg, the young rascal! Once I could have—but there, he is safe! The good God watches over fools and children.”

“It looked like the prince,” said the woman. “I have seen him often—he has the same bright hair.”

But the opera-glass man was not listening. He had drawn a long sausage from one pocket and a roll from the other, and now, retiring to a far

window, he stood placidly eating—a bite of sausage, a bite of bread. His mind was in Bosnia, with his leg.

And because old Adelbert’s mind was in Bosnia, and since one hears with the mind, and not with the ear, he did not hear the sharp question of the sentry who ran down the stairs and paused for a second at the *garde-robe*. Well for Olga, too, that he did not hear her reply.

“He has not passed here,” she said, with wide and honest eyes, but with an ear toward old Adelbert. “An old gentleman came a moment ago, and got a sandwich, which he had left in his overcoat. Perhaps that is whom you are seeking?”

The sentry cursed, and ran down the staircase, the nails in his shoes striking sharply on the marble.

At the window, old Adelbert cut off another slice of sausage with his pocket-knife and sauntered back to his table of opera-glasses at the angle of the balustrade. The hurrying figure of the sentry below caught his eye.

“Another fool!” he grumbled, looking down. “One would think new legs grew in place of old ones, like the claws of sea-creatures!”

But Frau Olga leaned over her checks, with her lips curved up in a smile.

“The little one!” she thought. “And such courage! He will make a great king. Let him have his prank like other children, and—God bless him and keep him!”

Sheltered behind the rows of coats from Adelbert’s spying old eyes, she crossed herself.

II.

The crown prince was just a trifle dazzled by the brilliance of his success. He paused for one breathless moment under the *porte-cochère* of the opera house; then he took a long breath and turned to the left. For he knew that at the right, just around the corner, were the royal carriages, with his own drawn up before the

door, and Beppo and Hans erect on the box, their haughty noses red in the wind, for the early spring air was biting.

So he turned to the left, and was at once swallowed up in the street crowd. It seemed very strange to him. Not that he was unaccustomed to crowds. Had he not, that very Christmas, gone shopping in the Stadtplatz, accompanied only by General Mettlich and Miss Simpkins, and bought his grandfather, the king, a burnt-wood box which might hold either neckties or gloves, and his cousins silver photograph-frames?

But this was different, and for a rather peculiar reason. Prince Ferdinand Wilhelm had never seen the back of a crowd! The public was always lined up, facing him, smiling and bowing and God-blessing him. Small wonder he thought of most of his future subjects as being much like the ship in the opera, meant only to be viewed from the front.

Also, it was surprising to see how stiff and straight their backs were. Prince Ferdinand Wilhelm had never known that backs could be so rigid. Those with which he was familiar had a way of drooping forward from the middle of the spine up. It was most interesting!

The next hour was full of remarkable things. For one, he dodged behind a street-car and was almost run over by a taxicab. The policeman on the corner came out, and, taking Ferdinand Wilhelm by the shoulder, gave him a talking to and a shaking. Ferdinand Wilhelm was furious, but policy kept him silent; which proves conclusively that the crown prince had not only initiative—witness his flight—but self-control and diplomacy. Lucky country, to have in prospect such a king!

But even royalty has its weaknesses. At the next corner Ferdinand Wilhelm stopped and invested his small change in the forbidden fig lady, with arms and legs of cloves. He had wanted one of these ever since he

could remember, but Miss Simpkins had sternly refused to authorize the purchase. In fact, she had had one of the raisins placed under a microscope, and had shown his royal highness a number of interesting and highly active creatures who made their homes therein.

His royal highness recalled all this with great distinctness, and, immediately dismissing it from his mind, ate the legs and arms of the fig woman with enjoyment. Which, not the eating of legs and arms, of course, but to be able to dismiss what is unpleasant—is another highly desirable royal trait.

His movements, although agreeably indeterminate, had by now a definite object. This was the park, and a certain portion of the park at that.

It was not the long *allée* between rows of trees trimmed to resemble walls of green in summer, and curiously distorted skeletons in winter; not the coffee-houses, where young officers in uniform sat under the trees reading the papers, and rising to bow with great clanking and much ceremony as a gold-wheeled carriage or a pretty girl went by.

Prince Ferdinand Wilhelm had the fulfilment of a great desire in his small, active mind. This was nothing less than a ride on the American scenic railroad, which had secured a concession in a far corner of the park. Hedwig's lieutenant had described it to him—how one was taken in a small car to a dizzy height, and then turned loose on a track which dropped giddily and rose again, which hurled one through sheet-iron tunnels of incredible blackness, thrust one out over a gorge, whirled one in mad curves around corners of precipitous heights, and finally landed one, panting, breathless, shocked, and reeling, but safe, at the very platform where one had purchased his ticket three eternities, which were only minutes, before.

Prince Ferdinand Wilhelm had put this proposition, like the raisins, to Miss Simpkins. Miss Simpkins re-

plied with the sad story of an English child who had clutched at its cap during a crucial moment on a similar track at the Crystal Palace.

"When they picked him up," she finished, "every bone in his body was broken!"

"Every bone?" queried the prince.

"Every bone," said Miss Simpkins solemnly.

"The little ones in his ears, and all?"

"Every one," said Miss Simpkins, refusing to weaken.

The prince pondered.

"He must have felt like jelly," he remarked, and Miss Simpkins had dropped the subject.

So now, with freedom and his week's allowance, except the outlay for the fig woman, in his pocket, Ferdinand Wilhelm started for the Land of Desire. The *allée* was almost deserted. It was the sacred hour of coffee. The terraces were empty, but from the coffee-houses along the drive there came a cheerful rattle of cups, a hum of conversation.

As the early spring twilight fell, the gas-lamps along the *allée*, always burning, made a twin row of pale stars ahead. At the end, even as the wanderer gazed, he saw myriads of tiny red, white, and blue lights, rising high in the air, outlining the crags and peaks of the sheet-iron mountain which was his destination. The Land of Desire was very near!

There came to his ears, too, the occasional rumble that told of some palpitating soul being at that moment hurled and twisted and joyously thrilled, as *per* the lieutenant's description.

Now it is a strange thing, but true, that one does not reach the Land of Desire alone; because the half of pleasure is the sharing of it with someone else, and the Land of Desire, alone, is not the Land of Desire at all. Quite suddenly, Prince Ferdinand Wilhelm Franz Otto discovered that he was lonely.

He sat down on the curb under a

gas-lamp and ate the fig woman's head, taking out the cloves, because he did not like cloves. At that moment there was a soft whirring off to one side of him, and a yellow bird, rising and falling erratically on the breeze, careened suddenly and fell at his feet.

Ferdinand Wilhelm leaned over and picked it up. It was a small toy aeroplane, with yellow silk planes, guy-ropes of waxed thread, and a wooden rudder, its motive power vested in a tightly-twisted rubber. One of the wings was bent. Ferdinand Wilhelm straightened it, and looked around for the owner.

"Gee!" he said in English. "Did you see it go that time?"

A small boy was standing under the next gas-lamp.

Ferdinand Wilhelm eyed the stranger. He was about his own age, and was curiously dressed. He wore a short pair of corduroy trousers, much bloomed at the knee, a pair of yellow Russia-leather shoes that reached well to his calves, and, over all, a shaggy white sweater, rolling almost to his chin. On the very back of his head he had the smallest cap that Prince Ferdinand Wilhelm had ever seen.

Now this was exactly the way in which Ferdinand Wilhelm had always wished to dress. He was suddenly conscious of the long trousers on his own small legs, of the ignominy of his tailless Eton jacket and stiff, rolling collar, of the crowning disgrace of his Derby hat. But—the lonely feeling had gone from him.

"This is the best time for flying," he said, in his perfect English. "All the exhibition flights are at sundown."

The boy walked slowly over and stood looking down at him.

"You ought to see it fly from the top of Pike's Peak!" he remarked. He had caught sight of the despised Derby, and his eyes widened, but with instinctive good-breeding he ignored it. "That's Pike's Peak up there."

He indicated the very top of the

Land of Desire. The prince stared up.

"How does one get up?" he queried.

"Ladders. My father's the manager. He lets me up—sometimes."

Prince Ferdinand Wilhelm stared with new awe at the boy. He found the fact much more remarkable than if the stranger had stated that his father was the King of England. Kings were, as you may say, directly in Ferdinand Wilhelm's line, but scenic railroads—

"I had thought of taking a journey on it," he said, after a second's reflection. "Do you think your father will sell me a ticket?"

"Billy Grimm will. I'll go with you."

The prince rose with alacrity. Then he stopped. He must, of course, ask the strange boy to be his guest. But tickets! Perhaps his allowance—

"I must see first how much it costs," he said with dignity.

The other boy laughed.

"Oh, gee! You come with me. It won't cost anything," he said, and led the way toward the towering lights.

For Bobby Treat to bring a small boy to ride with him was an everyday affair. Billy Grimm, at the ticket-window, hardly glanced at the boy who stood, trembling with anticipation, in the shadow of the booth.

"Remember, Bob," he said, passing out the two tickets to fairy-land as if they were mere bits of paper, "I haven't pulled your ears for luck yet. Just wait until closing-time!"

"It's my birthday," explained Bobby, as they climbed the steps to the waiting car. "In America they pull your ears on your birthday. What do they do to you?"

Now Ferdinand Wilhelm had had a birthday lately. He had a vivid recollection of early mass in the palace chapel before dawn, with the prelates of the church praying for his long life and health and wisdom; of being taken at eleven o'clock to see

his grandfather, the king, and of suffering a grilling examination in army tactics at the hands of that grim old man of blood; and of a tiring reception that afternoon, when the court had brought its respects and good wishes, as well as the admirals of the fleet and the generals of the army, and the burgomaster had read him a long address, while he stood until his legs ached. Also, he remembered that he had had preserved pineapple at tea that day, by way of special jollification. Nobody had pulled his ears.

"They—oh, they don't do very much," he said evasively.

"Doesn't your mother let you order what you want for dinner, or give you presents?" Bobby asked.

"My mother's dead," said Ferdinand Wilhelm.

He did not have a lump in his throat when he said it. His mother had died years before, as had his father—both felled by the dagger of an assassin. To Ferdinand Wilhelm they were two pictures that hung on his bedroom wall, and, of course, there was his father's sword. He rather fancied the sword. Once or twice, in his rare moments alone, he had buckled it on. It was much too long, of course, unless he stood on a hassock.

The car came just then, and they climbed in. Perhaps, as they moved off, Prince Ferdinand Wilhelm had a qualm, occasioned by the remembrance of the English child who had met an untimely end; but if he did, he pluckily hid it.

"Put your lid on the floor of the car," said Bobby Treat, depositing his own atom there. "Father says, if you do that, you're perfectly safe."

Ferdinand Wilhelm divined that this referred to his hat, and drew a small breath of relief. And then they were off—up an endless, clicking roadway, where, at the top, the car hung for a breathless second over the gulf below; then, fairly launched, out on a trestle, with the city far beneath them, and only the red, white, and

blue lights for company; and into a tunnel, filled with roaring noises and swift-moving shadows. Then came the end of all things—a flying leap down, a heart-breaking delirious thrill, an upward sweep just as the strain was too great for endurance.

"Isn't it bully?" shouted Bob against the onrush of the wind.

"Fine!" shrieked his royal highness, and braced himself for another dip into the gulf.

Above the roaring of the wind in their ears, neither child had heard the flying feet of a dozen horses coming down the *allée*. They never knew that a hatless young lieutenant, white-lipped with fear, had checked his horse to its haunches at the ticket-booth, and demanded to know who was in the Land of Desire.

"Only the son of the manager, and a boy friend of his," replied Billy Grimm rather curtly. "What's wrong? Lost anybody?"

But Hedwig's lieutenant had wheeled his horse without a word, and, jumping him over the hedge of the *allée*, was off in a despairing search of the outskirts of the park—despairing, because those who had slain the father still lived to threaten the son. The terrorists! He shut his teeth to stifle a groan.

As the last horse leaped the hedge and disappeared, the car came to a stop at the platform. Quivering, Prince Ferdinand Wilhelm reached down for the despised hat.

"Would you like to go around again?" asked Bobby quite casually.

His highness gasped with joy.

"If—if you would be so kind!" he said.

And at the lordly wave of Bobby's hand, the car moved on.

III.

The old king was dying. To the Princess Annunciata, his spinster daughter, the news had come as she sat dozing in the royal box at the opera.

And the crown prince, who might

now at any moment be king—the crown prince was missing!

The news had spread quickly. There was wild consternation at the palace. In the public squares crowds were silently gathering, and in every group there was whispering of the terrorists who had stabbed Prince Marmaduke and his young wife, and who might now—but then, such a child! It was incredible!

Across from the palace, with only the great square between, lay the Royal Opera. Old Adelbert, having locked up his opera-glasses—for, with the king dying, there would be no opera that night, nor, indeed, for no one knew how long—old Adelbert limped down the marble stairs and into the square, black with people.

The crowd was very still. Always it stood facing in one direction—toward that wing of the palace where the old warrior had his apartments, and where now he lay dying.

The curtains were open, and the casement of one window, which opened on a balcony, was thrown wide. Now and then shadowy figures passed it and once the Princess Annunciata, with wide, grief-stricken eyes, had come as if for air, and had stood for a moment, unconscious of the eyes below.

"A good woman!" said old Adelbert, finding himself, in the dusk, beside the *garde-robe* woman. "She remained unmarried to be with her father. And now he goes, and she is alone. It is the way of the world."

Olga had been staring before her with dull and sunken eyes.

"They—have they found the—crown prince?" she asked thickly.

Adelbert stared.

"The crown prince!"

"He is missing. I—I thought it was only a prank, but—two hours!"

"What did you say?" Adelbert was old, and the soft hum of the crowd confused him. "What was two hours?"

"Nothing." She drew a long breath. "He is missing!"

Old Adelbert started violently.

"He is not there, in the palace?"

"No. He disappeared from the opera-house this afternoon. Every regiment in the city is out."

And true enough, at that moment, the crowd surged back against them to allow the passage of a company of soldiers. For the first time in the knowledge of man the palace was practically unprotected. The king's guard, every man of noble birth, marched through the crowd, young faces eager and intent under their tall black shakos, lanterns swinging in time to the muffled beat of a solitary drum. It was General Mettlich's own regiment, and the crown prince himself wore its uniform on gala occasions.

Up-stairs, in an anteroom of the king's bedchamber, General Mettlich, old friend and comrade of the dying monarch, had been placed under restraint. Twice, in frenzy over the loss of his charge, he had tried to fall on his sword. Now he sat between two guards, his face whiter than the king's own, waiting for what must soon come—for the dreaded moment when, the archbishop having solemnly announced from the balcony the death of their old ruler, the people below would call to him, General Mettlich, to show them from the rail their boy king.

As the sound of the solitary drum came through the open window, the old warrior stirred. One of the guards—crowning humiliation, a captain of his own regiment—laid a quieting hand on his arm.

Down in the square, old Adelbert at the same moment put a hand on Olga's arm. His mind moved slowly.

"From the opera-house!" he said. "Impossible! There were the usual guards—unless—" He turned and peered into the *garde-robe* woman's face. "It was *he* then!" he muttered. "And you knew!"

"He was so little, and he has so few pleasures," cried Olga passionately. "It is always study, study—

and I saw his eyes. They were like his father's!"

Old Adelbert made no reply. He caught her arm, and, struggling, pulled her behind him through the crowd. Where it refused to yield, he brought down the iron point of his wooden leg, and his progress was one of oaths and groans.

"Where are you taking me?" gasped Olga.

"To the Princess Annunciata," said the old soldier. "The child is only lost, wandering. It is not the terrorists, after all. Only—may be he found in time!"

Olga wept softly. She complained that her shoes were bad and her jacket old. If she had only time to go home and put on her braided coat—

"Come! Use your breath to pray," said old Adelbert roughly, and planted his iron toe on her shabby ones.

So she was led as a lamb to the slaughter. Finally they came to an open space under the stone balcony, where one sentry kept the crowd back, and walked sadly to and fro with his gun over his shoulder.

Adelbert stepped boldly into the lighted square, and faced the sentry.

"I would see the Princess Annunciata," he said, and saluted.

The sentry stared.

"Adelbert, from the Royal Opera"—under his breath—"with news of the crown prince."

The sentry swiftly turned the geometrical right angle that is a specialty of sentries, and crossed with rapid strides to the arched stone doorway which was the old king's private entrance.

"Adelbert of the Royal Opera, with news of the crown prince," he repeated to the sentry there.

And so it happened that into the ante-room where General Mettlich sat on a sofa between two captains of the guard; where the Duchess Hedwig, kneeling at a shrine with her sister, was crying over a small silver photograph-frame; where the Princess Annunciata, distracted, walked back—

ward and forward, wringing her hands—into this room, preceded and followed as far as the door by sentries, and then left to stumble into the bright light by themselves, came Adelbert of the opera-house and the *garde-robe* woman, Olga.

The Princess Annunciata stared. Then she came toward them swiftly. Old Adelbert could not kneel, having lost his leg fighting for the old man in the next room. Also, he was out of breath.

"Highness!" he said. "Highness!"

Then—oh, pitiful climax to a martial career! It came to him suddenly that just beyond that door his king lay dying; and old Adelbert burst into ignominious tears.

Women rise better than men to great emergencies. Olga forgot her worn shoes and the braided coat which was at home. She saw only the frantic eyes of the Princess Annunciata, and her fear left her.

"Highness," she said gently, "the little crown prince was—was not abducted by the terrorists. I think he is safe. He—he ran away, quite by himself. It was only a boyish prank, highness—the desire of a caged bird to fly."

"Why, if you knew this, did you not raise an alarm?"

"I saw him running down the staircase of the opera-house, excellency. He looked at me, as if to ask me not to tell. And I did not." She looked bravely at the princess, although she knew that her confession might cost her dearly.

"Highness, I have but this moment learned it," said old Adelbert, getting his voice. "I brought the woman here at once. I thought it might distress the—his—majesty, and I—I was in the Bosnia campaign. He—he came once to the hospital, where I lay, and patted me—"

The disgrace of old Adelbert was complete. He broke into snivelling sobs. Throwing his arms up against the side of the doorway, he wept unrestrainedly into the velvet hangings,

with the royal arms in gold and silver.

The Duchess Hedwig came over to Olga, and patted her on the sleeve of the jacket which was not the braided one.

"We are grateful to you," she said softly. "No harm will come to you, I am sure. Will you tell the gentlemen in the next room what you have told us?"

So Adelbert and Olga were taken to another and a larger anteroom—a room all gold and blue, where the court was gathered, and where the prelates of the church and the generals of the army and the admirals of the fleet were waiting with white faces and strained eyes. And there Adelbert was himself again, and a man among his peers, wearing, instead of a jewelled order, his insignia of valiant service, a wooden leg with a sharp iron point.

And there he told his story.

IV.

On his narrow iron bed the old king lay peacefully dying. He had not moved for an hour, and it was the prayer of the court that he might not recover consciousness before the end. He would wish to see the little crown prince.

Beside him knelt his private chaplain. The three court physicians had withdrawn from the bed, and stood consulting in an alcove. The two sisters of mercy who had cared for the old king for years, stood looking down at him.

"I should wish to die so," whispered the elder. "A long life, filled with many deeds, and then to sleep away!"

"A long life full of many sorrows!" whispered back the younger one. Her mild blue eyes rested on the writing-table, where, under the lamp, were the photographs of his dead wife, his slain son. "He outlived all that he loved."

"Except the little Ferdinand."

Their eyes met, for even here there was a question.

As if their thought had penetrated the haze over the old king's faculties, he opened his eyes.

"Ferdinand?" he asked, with difficulty. "I—I wish—"

"Yes, yes," said the younger sister. "You shall see him soon."

Which, of course, was literally true, and no prejudice to the good sister's soul. The chaplain had so instructed her. For if the terrorists—

The old monarch closed his eyes, but a moment later he opened them again.

"Mettlich?" he asked.

The elder sister tiptoed to the door.

"His majesty is conscious; he has asked for General Mettlich," she said.

The Princess Annunciata took the general's hand and led him to the door of the bedroom.

"Courage!" she said. "And not a word!"

General Mettlich stood a second just inside the door. Then he staggered to the side of the bed and fell on his knees, his lips to the cold white band on the counterpane.

"Sire!" he choked. "It is I—Mettlich!"

The old king looked at him, and put his hand on the bowed gray head. Then his eyes turned to the Princess Annunciata and rested there.

"A good friend and a good daughter! Few men die so fortunate, and fewer sovereigns!" said the old ruler, and placed his other hand on the head of the princess as she knelt beside him. His eyes, moving slowly, travelled to the photographs on his writing-table and rested there.

The elder sister leaned forward and touched his wrist.

"Doctor!" she said sharply.

The doctors came forward hastily, and grouped around the bed. Then the eldest of the three, who had ushered her into the world, touched the Princess Annunciata on the shoulder.

"Madame!" he said. "Madame, I—the king has passed away."

General Mettlich staggered to his feet and took a long look at the face

of his old sovereign and friend. Then, his features working, he opened the door into the large anteroom.

"Gentlemen of the court," he said, "it is my duty—my duty—to announce—" His voice broke; his grizzled chin quivered. Tears rolled down his cheeks. "Friends," he said pitifully, "our—our good king—my old comrade—is dead!"

V.

Three glorious times the car had made its trip to Pike's Peak and return. Three rapturous, breathless times it had swept into the sheet-iron gulfs of the Grand Canon, only to climb out again of its own momentum. Three times it had swept through the blackness of the tunnels, and as many times had brought up in safety at the landing-platform.

Then, having no charm of novelty for him, the scenic railroad palled on Bobby. They climbed out and stood on the platform, and by the light of a gas-lamp the small American consulted a large nickel watch.

"Gee!" he said. "It's supper-time; I thought I was feeling empty. Say, can't you come home to supper with me?"

Ferdinand Wilhelm consulted his own watch. It was gold, and on the inside of the case was engraved:

To Ferdinand Wilhelm Franz Otto, from his grandfather, on the occasion of his taking his first communion.

It was seven o'clock! Miss Simpkins would be very irritable; she disliked waiting one moment for her supper. But perhaps she had been frightened, and if she had, a little more alarm would probably make her glad to see him.

"Do you think your mother will be willing?" he asked.

"Willing? Sure she will! The only person—but I'll fix *fräulein*. She's a Bohemian, and they're always cranky. Anyhow, it's my birthday. I'm always allowed a guest on birthdays.

So home together, gaily chatting, went the two children, along the cobble-paved streets of the ancient town, past old churches that had been sacked and pillaged by the very ancestors of one of them, taking short cuts through narrow passages that twisted and wormed their way between and sometimes beneath century-old stone houses; across the flower-market, where faint odours of dying violets and crushed lilies-of-the-valley still clung to the bare wooden booths; and so, finally, to the door of a grim building where, from the porter's room beside the entrance, came a reek of stewing garlic.

Neither of the children had noticed the unwonted silence of the streets. What few passers-by they had seen had been hurrying in the direction of the palace. Twice they had passed soldiers, with lanterns, and once one had stopped and flashed a light on them.

“Well, old sport?” said Bobby in English. “Anything you can do for me?”

The soldier had passed on, muttering at the insolence of American children. The two youngsters laughed consumedly at the witticism. They were very happy, the lonely little American boy and the lonely little prince—happy from sheer gregariousness, from the satisfaction of that strongest of human inclinations, next to love—the social instinct.

The porter was out. His wife admitted them, and went morosely back to her interrupted cooking. The children hurried up the winding stone staircase, with its iron rail and its gas lantern, to the third floor, where the parents of Bobby Treat made their temporary home.

In the sitting-room, the sour-faced governess was darning a hole in a small stocking. She was as close as possible to the green tile stove, and she was looking very unpleasant; for the egg-shaped darner only slipped through the hole, which was a large one. With an irritable gesture, she

took off her slipper, and, putting one coarse-stockinged foot on the fender, proceeded to darn by putting the slipper into the stocking and working over it.

Things looked unpropitious. The crown prince ducked behind Bobby. The *fräulein* looked at the clock.

“You are fifteen minutes late,” she snapped, and bit the darning thread—not with rage, but because she had forgotten her scissors.

“I’m sorry, but you see—”

“Whom hast thou there?”

The prince cowered. She looked quite like his grandfather when his tutors’ reports had been unfavourable.

“A friend of mine,” said Bobby, not a whit daunted.

The governess put down the stocking and rose. In so doing, she caught her first real glimpse of Ferdinand, and she staggered back.

“Good heavens!” she said, and went white. Then she stared at the boy, and her colour came back. “For a moment,” she muttered, “I—but no. He is not so tall, nor has he the manner. Yes, he is much smaller!”

Which proves that, whether it wears a crown or not, royalty is always measured to the top of one.

In the next room, Bobby’s mother was arranging candles on a birthday cake in the centre of the table. Pepy, the cook, had iced the cake herself, and had forgotten one of the “b’s” in “Bobby,” so that the cake really read:

BOBY—XI YEARS.

However, it looked delicious, and inside had been baked a tiny black china doll and a new American penny, with Abraham Lincoln’s head on it. The penny was for good fortune, but the doll was a joke of Pepy’s, Bobby being aggressively masculine.

Bobby, having passed the outpost, carried the rest of the situation by assault. He rushed into the dining-room and kissed his mother, with one eye on the cake.

"Mother, here's company to supper! Oh, look at the cake! 'B-O-B-Y'! Mother, that's awful!"

Mrs Treat was very young and girlish. She looked at the cake.

"Poor Pepy!" she said. "Suppose she had made it 'Booby'?" Then she saw Ferdinand Wilhelm, and went over, somewhat puzzled, with her hand out. "I am very glad Bobby brought you," she said. "He has so few little friends—"

There she stopped, for the prince had brought his heels together sharply, and, bending over her hand, had kissed it, exactly as he kissed his Aunt Annunciata's every morning at eleven o'clock. Mrs. Treat was fairly startled, not at the hand-kiss, but at the grace with which the tribute was rendered.

Then she looked down, and it restored her composure to find that Ferdinand Wilhelm, too, had turned eyes toward the cake. He was, after all, only a hungry small boy. With the quick tenderness that all good women who have been mothers feel toward other children, she stooped and kissed him gravely on the forehead.

Caresses were strange to Ferdinand Wilhelm. His warm little heart leaped and pounded. At that moment, he would have died for her!

Mr. Treat came home a little late. He kissed Bobby eleven times, and one to grow on. He shook hands absently with the visitor, and gave the *fräulein* the evening paper—an extravagance on which he insisted, although one could read the news for nothing by going to the café on the corner. Then he drew his wife aside.

"Look here!" he said. "Don't tell Bobby—no use exciting him, and, of course, it's not our funeral, anyhow—but there's a report out that the crown prince has been kidnapped. And that's not all. The old king is dying!"

"How terrible!"

"Worse than that. The old king gone, and no crown prince! It may mean almost any sort of trouble. I've

closed up at the park for the night. The whole town is packed in front of the palace." His arm around his wife, he looked through the doorway to where Bobby and Ferdinand were counting the candles. "It's made me think pretty hard," he said. "Bobby mustn't go around alone the way he's been doing. All Americans here are considered millionaires. If the crown prince could go, think how easy—"

His arm tightened around his wife, and together they went in to the birthday feast.

Ferdinand was hungry. He ate eagerly—chicken, fruit compote, potato-salad—shades of the court physicians, who fed him at night a balanced ration of milk, egg, and zwieback! Bobby also ate busily, and conversation languished.

Then the moment came when, the first cravings appeased, they sat back in their chairs while Pepy cleared the table and brought in a knife to cut the cake. Mr. Treat had excused himself for a moment. Now he came back with a bottle wrapped in a newspaper and sat down again.

"I thought," he said, "as this is a real occasion, not exactly Robert's coming of age, but marking his arrival at years of discretion, the period when he ceases to be a small boy and becomes a big one, we might drink a toast to it."

"Howard!" objected the big boy's mother.

"A teaspoonful each, honey," he laughed. "It changes it from a mere supper to a festivity."

He poured a few drops of wine into the children's glasses, and filled them up with water. Then he filled the others, and sat smiling, this big young man, who had brought his loved ones across the sea and was trying to make them happy up three flights of stone stairs, above a porter's lodge that smelled of garlic.

"First," he said, "I believe it is customary to toast the king. Friends, I give you the good king and brave soldier."

They stood up to drink it, and even Pepy had a glass.

Ferdinand was on his feet first. He held his glass up in his right hand, and his eyes shone.

"To his Majesty the King!" he said solemnly, but firmly. "God keep the king!"

Over their glasses, Mrs. Treat's eyes met her husband's. How they trained their children here!

But Ferdinand Wilhelm had not finished.

"I give you," he said, in his clear young treble, holding his glass, "the President of the United States. The President!"

"The President!" said Mr. Treat.

They drank again, except the *fräulein*, who disapproved of republics, and only pretended to sip her wine.

"Bobby," said his mother, with a catch in her voice, "haven't you something to suggest—as a toast?"

Bobby's eyes were on the cake; he came back with difficulty.

"Well," he meditated, "I guess—would 'home' be all right?"

"Home!" they all said, a little shakily, and drank to it.

Home! To the Treats, a little house on a shady street in America; to the *fräulein*, a thatched cottage in the mountains and an old mother; to Pepy, the room in a tenement where she went at night; to Ferdinand Wilhelm, a formal suite of apartments in the palace, surrounded by pomp, ordered by rule and precedent, hardened by military discipline, and unsoftened by any love other than the grim affection of the old king.

Home!

VI.

After all, Pepy's plan went astray, for the *fräulein* got the china baby, and Ferdinand Wilhelm the Lincoln penny.

"That," said Bobby's father, "is a Lincoln penny, young man. It bears a portrait of Abraham Lincoln. Have you ever heard of him?"

The prince looked up. He knew the

Gettysburg address by heart, and part of the Proclamation of Emancipation.

"Yes, sir," he said. "The—my grandfather thinks that President Lincoln was a very great man."

"One of the world's greatest. I hardly thought, over here—" Mr. Treat paused and looked speculatively at the boy. "You'd better keep that penny where you won't lose it," he said soberly. "It doesn't hurt us to try to be good. If you're in trouble, think of the difficulties Abraham Lincoln surmounted. If you want to be great, think how great he was. If you want to be good, just remember how good he was." He was a trifle ashamed of his own earnestness. "All that for a penny, young man!"

The festivities were taking a serious turn. There was a little packet at each plate, and now Bobby's mother reached over and opened hers.

"Oh!" she said, and exhibited a gaudy tissue-paper bonnet. Everybody had one. Mr. Treat's was a dunce's cap, and *fräulein's* a giddy Pierrette of black and white. Bobby had a military cap. With eager fingers Ferdinand Wilhelm opened his; he had never tasted this delirious paper-cap joy before.

It was a crown—a sturdy bit of gold paper, cut into points and set with red paste jewels—a gem of a crown. He was charmed. He put it on his head, with the unconsciousness of childhood, and posed and smirked charmingly.

From a far-off church a deep-toned bell began to toll, slowly.

Ferdinand caught it—St. Stefan's bell! He sat up and listened. The sound was faint; one felt it rather than heard it, but the slow booming was unmistakable. Only once before had Ferdinand heard it, except for mass, and that was when his uncle—

He got up and puled his chair back.

Other bells had taken it up, and now the whole city seemed alive with bells—bells that swung sadly from side to side, as if they repeated:

"Alas, alas! Alas and alas!"

Something like panic seized Ferdinand and Wilhelm. Some calamity had happened—some one was—perhaps grandfather—

He turned an appealing face to Mrs. Treat.

"I must go," he said. "I do not wish to appear rude, but something is wrong. The bells—"

The *fräulein* had been listening, too. Her face worked.

"They mean but one thing," she said slowly. "I have heard it said many times. When St. Stefan's tolls like that, the king is dead!"

"No! No!" cried Ferdinand Wilhelm, and ran madly out of the door.

VII.

With the first boom of St. Stefan's bell, the great crowd fell on its knees. Other bells took up the dirge, and above their slow, insistent peal rose the nearer sound of a people mourning.

The archbishop came out upon the balcony, and stood for a moment with both hands raised. What he said no one heard, but all knew.

Hedwig's lieutenant, riding frantically up one street and down another, heard the bell. With his horse's bridle over his arm, he knelt on the cobblestone in the street, and prayed at the passing of his king's soul. And if the lieutenant shed a tear or two, why, there were few dry eyes in the city that night.

When he had crossed himself and risen, behold, running down the street, sobbing and panting, a small figure in blue serge trousers, a short Eton coat, and a rolling white collar, with a gilt paper crown on its head. The boy, who did not recognize the lieutenant, having cried much and run more, gasped:

"Take me to the palace instantly!"

Without ceremony, Hedwig's lieutenant flung his king into the saddle, and, springing up behind him, rode wildly to the palace.

The Princess Annunciata had come out of the death chamber, and stood staring at the archbishop.

"What are we going to do?" she asked. "*What are we going to do?*"

From a corner the Duchess Hedwig sobbed aloud. She was sitting alone, holding the silver photograph-frame.

And then, suddenly, the door was flung open, and in it, with the lieutenant behind, stood the boy king.

"My grandfather!" he said, and, seeing their faces, fell to snivelling into a very soiled pocket-handkerchief.

General Mettlich opened the door from the room where the court had assembled. He saw the disreputable figure of his sovereign, and, with a cry of thankfulness, he knelt and kissed the small, not over clean hand.

Ferdinand Wilhelm straightened his shoulders. It had come to him that he was a man now, and must do a man's part in the world.

"I wish to see my grandfather," he said, fighting back the tears.

General Mettlich rose and stood looking down at him.

"Your people are waiting," he said gravely. "To a ruler, his people must come first!"

And so, in the clear light from the room behind, Ferdinand Wilhelm I. first stood before his people. They looked up and saw the erectness of the small figure, the steadiness of the blue eyes that had fought back the tears, the honesty and fire and courage of this small boy who was their king. And they rose and cheered mightily.

Down below, in the crowd, a young American woman clutched her husband's arm, and together they stared up.

"Dick!" she said. "Dick, it's Bob's little friend!"

"Nonsense!" he retorted uneasily. "It looks like him, but the thing's absurd. See, they've crowned him already!"

"Oh, they haven't crowned him!" She was half weeping, half smiling.

"The absurd little chap! They've forgotten to take off his paper crown!"

VIII.

The king, having been pronounced safe and well by the court physicians, had a warm bath and was put to bed. There was much formality to this process now, but finally he was left alone with Oskar, who had put him to bed and got him up since he had passed the wet-nurse stage—alone, of course, as much as a king may be alone; for there were guards outside each door and below his windows.

"Oskar!" said the king, from his pillow.

"Your majesty?"

Oskar was gathering the royal garments, which were to be burned, as Heaven only knows where his majesty had been, and what germs—

"Have I a small box anywhere, a very small box?"

"The one in which your majesty's seal ring came is here, as is also the larger one which had school-room crayons in it."

"Give me the ring-box and my trousers," said Ferdinand Wilhelm I., and sat up in bed.

Having received both articles, he proceeded to feel carefully in all the pockets of the trousers. At last he found what he wanted, and the new Lincoln penny rested in a cushion of white velvet, on which were the royal arms.

Ferdinand Wilhelm looked carefully at the penny, and then closed the lid.

"Whenever I am disagreeable, Oskar," he said, "or don't care to study, or—do things that you think my grandfather would not have done. I wish you'd bring me this box. You'd better keep it handy!"

He lay back and yawned.

"Did you ever hear of Abraham Lincoln, Oskar?" he asked.

"I—I have heard the name, your majesty," ventured Oskar curiously.

"My grandfather thought he was a great—man. I—should—like—"

The excitements and sorrows of the day left him gently. He stretched his small limbs luxuriously, and half turned upon his face. Oskar pulled the blanket around his shoulders, and put out the light.

Half an hour later, General Mettlich passed the guard and tiptoed into the room. He knelt by the bed in silence, and into the old soldier's prayer went all his hopes for his country, all his dreams, all his grief for his dead sovereign and his loyalty to his new king.

In his stone-floored room behind a milk-shop, old Adelbert prayed also. The events of the evening had awakened his warrior spirit again.

"Oh, God, make him a soldier!" he prayed. "Let him lead this country to victory!"

Olga, the *garde-robe* woman, sat late that night sewing, for the *garde-robe* alone would not support her.

"How like his father he looked!" she said. "And he smiled at me, God bless him!"

The Duchess Hedwig, having sent away her maid, sat in front of her dressing-table and looked long at the silver photograph-frame.

"Dear little Ferdinand!" she thought, and then her mind travelled to the young lieutenant. After all, she thought, the young officer was noble, and such things as she dreamed of had been known. "I hope I shall look well in black!" she reflected, and held one of her black silk stockings to her cheek to see.

The American mother bent over her boy's bed, and kissed him softly on the lips.

"I wonder," she said, "in all that great palace, did any one kiss the little king good-night?"

THE OLD PROSPECTOR

By CARROLL AIKINS

WELL, I may be a mad old crank
Without a dollar in the bank,
One of a thousand other fools
That burn their hands with miners' tools;
I may be that and more, but still
I know there's gold on Cougar Hill,
And if I were a younger man
I'd hear it rattle in my pan.
But way down East in Hamilton
I've got a well-off only son
Who rides to office every day
In what he calls a *landauley*,
And every night he dresses up
And has the fine folks in to sup.
But he's not proud, sir, not a mite,
And he's prepared to treat me right,
And I can see myself already
A-drinking tea with his good leddy,
Or sitting in the cosy seat
Beside the fire, with my cold feet
In velvet slippers, and a maid
To mix my whiskey-lemonade.

A fine life that, a fine life sure,
And what an old man could want more
I cannot think—unless he might
Miss the keen air, the sense, and sight
Of mountain peaks, a-gleam with snow
Or the green, glacial freshet flow
Of bubbling creeks, or the big pines,
Or any of the forest signs;
Unless he was so used to camp,
With only the high moon for lamp,
That any four-walled room would seem
A lonely place to lie and dream;
Unless that mad old crank had learnt
To love the tools that seared and burnt,
To live to-morrow every day,
Knowing the streak would surely pay—
And so it will—by God, it will;
So I'll go back to Cougar Hill!



Photograph by H. Otto Frind, F.R.G.S.

THE WARNING

Storm clouds crossing the main divide of the New Zealand Alps

THE AFFINITY

BY FRANCIS HAFFKINA SNOW

CHRISTOPHER HOGUE, head bookkeeper and private secretary to a New York millionaire occupying palatial offices on the sixteenth floor of one of the Metropolitan skyscrapers, came forth from the iron cage which shot him and a score of other hot and tired people earthward to life and liberty one sweltering August day, and swinging his Malacca cane jauntily, walked slowly through the yellow marbled tessellated corridor and down the wide granite stairway to the crowded street.

Mr. Hogue was in a particularly suave and contented frame of mind that late August afternoon. Through a "tip" handed him a few days before by his employer, who was one of the restricted group of "big" Wall Street magnates, he had cleared up a little matter of nine hundred dollars in tobacco stock preferred; and the cheque had been passed over to him scarce fifteen minutes before, and now lay securely tucked away in the right-hand inner pocket in his coat. Also he had incidentally received what was, practically, assurance that his salary after the New Year would be augmented to the extent of five hundred good American dollars. Thirdly, he and his wife had recently attained the coveted five-thousand-dollar-mark in their savings in the Fifth Avenue Commercial Bank, and were already looking forward to their second decimal, which touched, they intended to purchase their own home in a convenient suburb and with an automobile at best—a horse and carriage

at worst — live like "somebody" thenceforward. Lastly, he had had an especially gratifying lunch that day in a Spanish restaurant off Wall Street to which a fellow-clerk had brought him—a lunch in which Spanish omelet and *frijoles* and roast chicken and red wine had figured prominently. All the long hot afternoon he had felt dozy and comfortable, and now, because of the savoury memory lingering with him still, and all the other circumstances already enumerated, he was going home to his wife and family in a very happy and, if I may so express it, "prosperous" state of mind.

For at the age of forty-four he felt, with some ground of reason, that he had done well. His position was solid and responsible; a full dozen of clerks and bookkeepers were, to all intents and purposes, subservient to his orders; his wife was devoted and affectionate as well as a good manager; his son and daughter were doing well at school and college—he lived well, ate well, slept well, and steadily grew stout and bald and prospered.

Hence did his mild blue eyes, somewhat round and prominent, shine benignly through his gold-rimmed spectacles; his rotund, ruddy face beam sweet contentment on all who sat before him in the up-town Broadway subway; and many a fagged-out, ten-dollar-a-week clerk — high-collared and flat-chested—and many a pale, anæmic, nervous girl stenographer gazed on his benign and smiling face with envy, as they swayed and stag-

gered in the swiftly-moving train which roared and thundered on its underground up-city course.

"Some men have luck," thought the ten-dollar-a-weeks, with that peculiar bitterness which only the inefficient and "not-counters" experience (most illogically!) when confronted by the incarnation of success. And the girls wished their fathers or brothers were as well dressed, with a fancy waistcoat as well filled out; and a suit as well tailored and shoes as shapely and well shined; and a real gold cameo ring upon the third finger of the right hand and shining gold spectacles and a Stetson hat as glossy on their heads. The dirty, sweating Italian labourers, jabbering in their staccato Sicilian dialect and blissfully unconscious that they were chastely if not scantily clad only in undershirt and trousers, paid no attention to him at all, so far as he was aware, but had he known it, one of them—the dirtiest and most offensive of them all—was already with his neighbour commenting on Mr. Hogue's benign and prosperous appearance.

"Oh, the devil, look at the rich chap!"

And the other had answered him with a muttered curse, as he thought of his own hard lot, with resignation withal—

"Oh, yes, when a man gets up in the world. . . ."

But of this Mr. Christopher Hogue knew nothing. He had purchased himself an *Evening Sun* and was enjoying, with inward chucklings, that playful journal's capitalized and editorialized scoffings at Boston, the uni-vers's hub.

He took a peculiar satisfaction in always turning first to the editorial page, because he thought it suggested an air of importance, but he soon found himself turning with more eagerness to the columns that record the transactions in stocks and bonds.

At Forth-second Street the train stopped with its usual vicious jerk; the usual motley throng got off and

the usual motley throng got on; and the Broadway Express started again with the same usual jerk, and the proceedings from start to finish were just as usual and as nightmarish as the underground railway offers in its diurnal way.

What was unusual was the prettiness of the girl who tripped as lightly and as nonchalantly in as though subways and express trains did not exist; and sat down directly facing Mr. Hogue. "Pretty, indeed!" thought Mr. Hogue, as at a sudden lurch of the train, he looked up momentarily from the *Sun's* Bostonian chucklings and innuendoes, and his eyes fell upon her face.

Mr. Hogue had never known much of women. A raw country boy, he had married at the age of scarce nineteen, an insipidly pretty girl who lived in the Connecticut village whence, some score of years before, they had migrated with all their goods and chattels to the great city, which with its muffled roar and long tentacular feelers had reached out at last and sucked them, bag and baggage, in. His wife, with all the cooking and dish-washing and child-bearing of the early days, had paled and withered and become angular and unattractive; this he vaguely realized; but he had become used to her, and they had fought and struggled on together, and she was very close to him; his life had been busy; he had never had bad habits or evil associates; he had never departed from the path of rectitude or even thought of the possibility of so departing. Hence had his life been morally quite impeccable and monotoned; to paraphrase Rostand "a woman's skirt had never crossed his life," (Wives, in such comparisons, never count!)

Usually, when Mr. Hogue saw a pretty girl he gazed on her with a species of kind but furtive interest, as becomes a married man who feels the chain. But to-day, for some inexplicable reason—perhaps it was the sense of confidence engendered by his

prosperity; perhaps it was just the striking piquancy of the girl's dark eyes and creamy face or the jaunty elegance of her attire—a suit of dark blue, whose tailored skirt, very short, exposed two slim and dainty ankles, shimmering through hose of fine silk and remarkably small, neat feet; perhaps it was the red Spanish wine in the *Café de Madrid* off Wall Street. But why speculate further? Mr. Hogue's glance was no longer furtive; this time at least he did not feel the chair, and his round and ruddy face became even rounder and ruddier; and his prominent blue eyes fairly popped through his round and shining spectacles; and his wide, clean-shaven, somewhat prognathous lips pursed—I will dissemble no longer—Mr. Hogue *stared* in open admiration of a young girl's beauty, for the first time in his life. And strange dreams and yearnings of his youth which he had thought long dead within him surged suddenly and unaccountably out from some obscure corner of his brain; and danced a wild elfin dance in his methodical, well-grooved and well-oiled consciousness, as, forgetting all rules and precedents, he gazed at the girl across the aisle.

Catching his fixed, insistent gaze, the pretty girl lowered her dark eyes the fraction of a second modestly; but immediately raised them and caught his glance again; she smiled, suddenly and as it seemed involuntarily; Mr. Hogue also smiled, with his heart, quite unused to such new and strange emotions, beating a highly virtuous and indignant tattoo against his ribs; then Mr. Hogue, embarrassed, turned his gaze away and back again upon his paper, into which he plunged with a strange ardour, considering that he was reading over and over the same identical sentence which he could not comprehend.

At Seventy-second two things happened. Mr. Hogue got out to change to local; the pretty girl smiled openly at him again as he departed.

One—or rather, two—little smiles from a pretty girl—what of it?

This of it. Mr. Hogue was fluttered and discomposed. Mr. Hogue was filled with dream and reverie; pervaded with a nameless melancholy. His wife and children could make nothing of it; at dinner he was absent-minded and abstracted; he had lost his wonted appetite; he was cross and irritable. And after dinner he went off by himself to sit in his “den” in the darkness, where he smoked innumerable pipes of tobacco (The Prince Charming, of course, the kind that's got the punch that hits the spot on every fire-up; say! that's Prince Charming—the national smoke (add, *ad libitum ad nauseamque*, other chastely and elegantly worded eulogiums of the same sort)—and growled at his “half orange” (as they say across the border line in Mexico) when she came in after the woman's work was over, and in general made himself so conjugally and paternally undesirable that Mrs. Hogue's feelings were aroused.

“Christopher,” she ultimated querulously (she was tired both in mind and body after a fretful day), standing before him in the darkness, “Whatever is the matter with you? You're quite unlike yourself—has anything happened?”

“No,” growled back Mr. Hogue's voice sepulchrally from the smoke-filled darkness.

“Then what, in mercy's name, is the matter with you?”

Silence.

“Did you hear me?” asked Mrs. Hogue with some sharpness.

“Yes, I heard you!” exploded Mr. Hogue like an overcharged cannon from behind a cloud of smoke. “Go away now and let me alone; I won't be hen-pecked. Don't bother me!”

“Well, I declare!” retorted Mrs. Hogue, with rising indignation. “One would think from the way you talk that you were Sultan of Turkey!”

And with fire in her eyes—happily Mr. Hogue could not observe it—she

turned and left the den, banging the door after her. For some subconscious reason, Mr. Hogue, despite his sultanian propensities, expected her to return, but one hour passed away and then another, and she made no re-appearance. Then Mr. Hogue became deep down in his consciousness byronic.

"Of course! All women were the same. Nagging and fault-finding—confound it all, they were all hen-peckers anyway, even the best of them!"

A man couldn't be blue and melancholy in any comfort with such a woman—who wants to know everything and gets mad if you don't tell her your inmost thoughts.

"What was marriage anyway—slavery? Can't a man have any private feelings to himself?"

His wife's face rose up before him—thin, sere of tint with tell-tale lines and wrinkles grooving their inexorable way everywhere. He suddenly realized that though scarcely his own age she was already old; he, on the contrary, still young.

Then he thought of the girl. Ah, the girl!

A thrill like that of a thousand violins went over him as he thought of those dark and glowing eyes, that complexion of velvet cream—those bewitching ankles, translucent through shimmering silk.

Oh, beauty—beauty—what was that line of poetry he had learned at school?

That day he had discovered that he was young—young and—well, why shouldn't he say it, if only to himself?—attractive. (Mr. Hogue stared truculently and defiantly at the darkness). Yes, attractive!

How she had smiled—with such softness—such bewitching favour. For him!

His heart swelled big within him as he went up to bed. His wife had already retired, and lay very still in the big, four-poster bed. She did not speak a word as he undressed in the

darkness and lay beside her. Plunged deep in his new inner world he felt only a cold and hard indifference as, much later he heard her niffing and sniffing in the darkness.

This was, mind you, their first serious disagreement in many years. Mr. Hogue was usually as bland and placid as the surface of a summer lake. Mr. Hogue had never in twenty years' time exploded like an over-charged cannon into Mrs. Hogue's nocturnal face. Hence you will easily understand Mrs. Hogue's astonishment, her indignation, her feeling of hurt and offence. Half the night she lay awake, thinking of it; in the morning she was listless, heavy-eyed, more sere and yellow than ever.

Mr. Hogue took his coffee, eggs and rolls in silence behind his paper. Mr. Hogue departed silently, morosely, without a word, without the parting kiss which for twenty years had lightened and sweetened Mrs. Hogue's toilsome, lonely day.

Mrs. Hogue retreated after breakfast to her unmade bedroom and on the unmade conjugal couch cried as though her heart would break. . . . For some unaccountable reason, for some unexplained, unexpected way, like a bolt from a summer sky, she had lost her husband's love. And this to a woman who has lived and slaved and planned and pinched and saved for a man for twenty years is the same as saying that she had lost her world.

Ah, Mr. Hogue, do you know, as you sit scowling and frowning over your books to-day that your wife's heart is breaking?

Mr. Hogue was a changed man. He wore his glossy Stetson at a rakish angle and looked boldly now as he walked or rode into the faces of every pretty girl he met; looked with what he felt was a knowing, devilish air; the air of a young and dashing blade, who knows, as he plunges his gaze into the langorous eyes of some fair

young beauty, that her heart responds to the undisguised tribute of his admiration. He turned around after they passed with a muttered "Doosed pretty girl"; he estimated their beauties openly. And always he looked for the dark-eyed girl with the creamy complexion who had so charmed him on that eventful day. But New York is either strangely small or strangely vast. You may meet once and meet by accident again the very next day in the most unexpected place; or you may never meet again; so was it in Mr. Hogue's specific case.

Was it because of this that Mr. Hogue, beneath his new character of tardily blossomed Don Juan, was secretly ill at ease and melancholy? Or did he think of the seared and withered little woman at home who did her duty silently, waiting, waiting, with heart-burn and longing and many secret tears for the mighty tide of love, now antipodally remote, to turn with joyous cymbal-clash and harps of canorous foam and bear back to her upon its gigantic crest one little human heart—to her, a universe?

One week, two weeks, three weeks. Mr. Hogue travelled regularly back and forth each day from home to business, from business to home; and life to him now was a totally new strange thing, a vast and perilous emprise. His world was no more an orderly well-oiled groove; the centre of his universe had shot forth from its orbit like a comet on a wild tangential course; his earth revolved dizzily about a dark and unknown pit; his sun and moon and stars had dimmed, and died; or rather, a strange night-marish brilliancy had replaced them all, which dazzled and bewildered him in equal parts—the fallacious light (alas!) in woman's eyes.

Fallacious? Of course, he knew it was fallacious! Had he not read in the window of a picture dealer the eloquent and epigrammatic toast, "Here's to the light that lies in woman's eyes—and lies—and lies—and lies?"

Fallacious in the majority of cases, of course; for *most* men, not necessarily so in *his* case. His heart still glowed with happiness and pride when he remembered the smile, nay, by the immortals! the two smiles of the dark-eyed, creamy girl.

The main interest and end of his existence now revolved concentrically around one thought—to have one single soul-adventure — one *grand amour*. At night, in the darkness, lying by his wife's side, hardly conscious of her breathing, he placed each and every one of the girls whom he had met that day—blonde girls, dark girls, rosy girls, pale girls, all kinds and varieties—but always pretty girls, under the relentless searchlight of this thought and always they were weighed and found wanting. And always the procession and cortège was banished and eclipsed by the vision of the dark-eyed creamy girl who had first opened his eyes to this new world. *She* was the mystic and unobtainable ideal of his dreams; she and she only was his soul affinity.

It was after the third week that he had his unique experience, which brought to him a great illumination.

Down-town as usual he rode in the tightly jammed subway express; strap-hanger from long experience among the best, he successfully negotiated the complex problem of keeping his balance, reading his paper, holding his cane, and baulking the frantic and concerted efforts on the part of those around him to perform a minuet upon his well-shined feet.

At Fourteenth Street, as usual, a motley and heterogeneous throng got off, and Mr. Hogue among them. With a sigh of relief, he entered the comparatively empty local and sank into a seat. Two girls sat in the corner across the aisle talking with animation. Boldly Mr. Hogue, with his now habitual Don Juanesque glance stared, at the one—a ravishing blonde Juno wearing a suit of white linen with purple revers and a big white plumed hat—by gad! a beauty! The

other girl was hidden behind the hat—so he feasted his eyes upon the blonde alone. After a time she turned, as though drawn by some magnetic attraction and caught his gaze—she giggled and nudged her companion, who peered out beyond the periphery of the encircling plume. With a suddenly thumping heart Mr. Hogue recognized the dark-eyed, creamy girl whom he had solemnly elected as his soul-affinity.

The whole world seemed to whirl before him. It was now or never!

He rose and walked, with the solemnity of one who marches to wedding strains, across the aisle, stopped squarely before the dark-eyed girl, and with what he fondly imagined was a composed yet fascinating smile deliberately raised his hat.

The dark girl suddenly grew pink and dimpled, and as suddenly seemed to choke—a convulsion which she checked indifferently well by means of a lacy handkerchief. She smiled up to him then, a flashing smile, turned and whispered to her broadly-smiling companion, who also choked, and cast her glowing mischievous eyes up to meet him again.

Mr. Hogue hanging gracefully from his strap, leaned over her.

"I have been looking for you for over three weeks," he began with, in his low and ardent voice, a species of kind and tender reproach.

The creamy girl looked at her openly laughing friend severely.

"O, have you?" she countered neatly.

"Yes; always I thought I saw your face—but always it turned out to be some one else," pursued Mr. Hogue with a smile, yet with a melancholy air.

The creamy girl gazed at him gravely and intently.

"How sad!" was her only comment.

Mr. Hogue, encouraged, kept up the conversation bravely.

"I have never forgotten the day I met you in the subway—"

"Haven't you?" interrupted the girl sweetly.

"No—never. I have longed so much to meet you again—to make your acquaintance."

"Well, you've made it, haven't you?"

"No," replied Mr. Hogue, with ardour. "Not till I know your name."

"My name—" The girl again seemed to choke. "You tell me yours first."

"My name is Christopher Hogue," said Mr. Hogue with weight and dignity.

"Really?" asked the girl with great seriousness. "What a surprise! I thought it might be Christopher Columbus, or something like that."

The two girls suddenly and contemporaneously screamed with laughter. Mr. Hogue, disillusioned, grew pink and gazed down at the creamy girl severely. This surely was not love, which, as everybody knows, is founded on respect.

"Your pleasantries, my dear young lady," he said, with kind reproof, "seems a little out of place."

"Does it?" said the girl quickly, as the train pulled into Astor Place. "Not more so surely than your attempt to flirt—a man of your age—with such a foolish face!"

And she suddenly arose and fled with her companion, both shaking with inextinguishable laughter.

Mr. Hogue stood literally rooted to the floor as the guard slammed the door after them. He turned and found a good half-dozen pairs of amused eyes fixed on him intently and most discomfitingly and over in the opposite corner (O, unkind fate!) sat little Timmins, his under ledger clerk, all bent over to catch every word and grinning a hyena grin.

With chill, majestic dignity Mr. Hogue stalked to the other end of the car and got off at the next station. He was too crushed even to feel melancholy. All his rainbow-tinted dreams lay like a heap of fragile and

exquisite china shattered to pieces at his feet. All his cloudy castles of inner vision suffused as with the golden radiance of Eos, rosy-fingered, ringing with the divine strains of the lyre of Apollo, god of Music, had become dark and mute and vanished in an impenetrable void. Only life was left—life—stripped bare and naked—forever bereaved of its immortal consolation—Love—and the Ideal!

All day as he worked over his employer's millions, Mr. Hogue was thinking. As his fingers juggled with great numbers which waxed and waned like ocean tides beneath his busy pen, so was his subconscious mind, which functioned independently of all mathematical processes, busied with the great problems of our human life. . . .

And finally when the hands of the office clock marked exactly five, Mr. Hogue's calculations, alike psychical and mental, were completed.

He suddenly brought his fist violently down upon his ledger—

"I'm glad!" he ejaculated, half aloud, scowling fiercely at little Timmins upon his stool, who, suddenly alarmed, made frantic efforts to conceal his hyena smile behind his hand.

The soul of Mr. Hogue as he shot down in the iron cage that night in a purified and chastened frame of mind, might be compared to a nugget of base metal transmuted in a

solution of black acid to 14-karat gold. No longer flew the centre of his universe upon its wild, tangential way; but radiated calmly in its accustomed orbit, its pure and mellow ray. Hard work and the daily duty of man, and a stainless conscience, glorified by the confidence and love of one good woman—this was the cosmic secret of the ages; this—this only—brought self-content and happiness.

So thinking, Mr. Hogue, for the first time in three weeks, beamed forth again benignly upon his fellow passengers in the up-town subway from behind an enormous box of American Beauties and other mysterious boxes and packages of various sizes and shapes—a warm, refulgent, triumphant ray, like a sun that has been but momentarily eclipsed by dark and ugly clouds. And for all the pretty girls he had but a kind and paternal glance—silly, futile little things—they were unworthy of a strong man's scorn!

No longer was his glossy Stetson cocked at a rakish angle, but reposed soberly upon his head; no longer shone forth his mild blue eyes through the round gold spectacles the ardent Don Juan conquering ray. Soul experience? *Grande passion*? I blush with shame at the word that epitomized Mr. Hogue's emphatic thought; I will not transcribe it. The tide of love had turned.



THE MAGICIAN'S BOX

BY MADGE MACBETH

JACK DENNIS, bored to extinction and trying to reduce the temperature of his burning skin, sat listlessly in an open-air theatre. The amusement park was crowded with steaming humanity and a preponderance of babies under one year; Jack had accidentally trodden upon them as they crawled about the grass until their shrill cries racked his already over-taut nerves to the breaking point, so he flung himself into the less crowded theatre hoping that no one under the age of seventy would be admitted. He was a stranger in Montreal, was obliged to spend the night there, and did not know what to do with himself.

The seat upon his immediate right was vacant and remained so during the whole of a very poor performance; that upon his left was occupied by a man who seemed to come pretty well within the age limit set by Jack. He appeared to find the performance uninteresting also, and kept up a running fire of "David Harum" comments which amused the young man more than most vaudeville shows would have done. Finally, the old fellow gave forth a sigh of expectant pleasure and sat erect in his chair. Jack, glancing toward the stage, saw that a conjuror had stepped before the footlights, but he did not anticipate finding any greater pleasure in his performance than in that which had already taken place. The eating of a couple of yards of burning paper and the evolution of a common handkerchief into a Union Jack did not

seem feats worth while on such a hot night. So the youth smiled with tolerant and lofty amusement at the other's attitude. Becoming conscious of this, the old man grinned an amiable, toothless grin and waved a deprecatory hand.

"I always takes partic'lar notice of them jugglin' tricks," he said by way of explanation, at the end of the performance, "sence I seen a girl disappear for good out of one of them magician's boxes."

"A case of the quickness of the hand deceives the eye," suggested Dennis. "A good conjuror can make black look white, any day."

"No, sir!" The old man shook his head positively. "It can't be called a usual case, but the girl, she got sperited clean away—out of the box—out of the town—out of the country—clean."

"That certainly was remarkable," said Jack, as they walked with necessary slowness down the aisle.

"I'll tell you the story if you like—a queer thing," the man mused—"there's something that makes me think of her, when I look at you—but first I must have one of them ice cream dippers to keep the heat from sizzlin' my brain to soup."

"Why not come back to my hotel and have it there?" invited the other, glad of any diversion so long as it was removed from crowds and heat-peppered, perspiring babies.

So the two oddly-assorted companions were presently seated at a small table where they soon became so en-

grossed in one another that the constantly changing scene about them lost all interest.

"You see, I come from a little town that you've likely never heard about—bein' an American. It's in the Lower Provinces where we live slower and more easy-like than they do hereabouts. We don't aim to be so progressive, except when our Member comes on a visit and talks a lot about home improvements and all that! I've seen a heap of life's ups and downs—mostly downs! Not my own," he added hastily, "but them of other people's. Everybody tells me their troubles, because they claim I haven't got none of my own—not bein' married." He chuckled.

"You surely are not a woman hater, Mr. —" Jack laughed back.

"Holcombe's my name, Julius Holcombe, and if ever you get into trouble, you call on me; why, I've got a reg'lar reputation—but that ain't the story. I s'pose it ought to begin with a feller who lived in our town called Ben Hargrave. He was the cussedest kid you ever knew, and grew up into the sallow, long-faced, sneaky kind of a man who favours in appearance an olive with a moustache. He had the worst disposition of anybody livin'; just like a blood-sucker out on a Sunday school picnic. Ben wasn't happy unless he was makin' someone else miserable. You've seen a boy torture an animal or a smaller boy who couldn't hit back? Well, sir, that was Ben Hargrave to the life! Folks used to say that his ma fed him thick soup to keep people from seein' through him, he was that thin. But even thick soup didn't do no good as he grew up. Everyone seen through him—he wasn't subtle, as you might say. He lived with no other thought or objee' or aim in the world than himself."

"You evidently were not fond of him," said Jack in the pause which followed.

"No one was! Why, son, he was the kind of man who hated anyone to

do him a favour, fearin' that some sleepin' sense of decency might prompt him to be grateful; and thankin' anyone for anything wasn't in Ben's line. Figger, then, how hard we all took it, when Belle, the jedge's daughter, gave out that she was goin' to marry him."

"She was a nice girl?"

The old man's eyes grew misty.

"The sweetest ever," he exclaimed. "I knowed her sence she was a baby; she—oh, but what's the use of tryin' to tell you how sweet she was! How she took care of her pa jest the same as if she was a grown-up person, how she carried baskets to the sick and needful when she wasn't higher than that, how she brought happiness and goodness into places where they never been before! People used to say that it was better than hearin' one of the parson's sermons to talk to Belle—" he shamelessly wiped his sleeve across his eyes and Jack did not smile.

"Well, you see, Ben he was like a kind of loathsome disease in the town. When people seen him comin' they would cross the road, or duck in a store, or get out the way, the best they could. But because he was so terrible mean, he was about the richest of us, and the jedge borried money from him he couldn't pay."

"The old story of the lovely young daughter selling herself to pay the mortgage on the farm," sighed Jack.

"Not precisely, as you might say," Holcombe contradicted. "I don't think she knowed so much about the money till she had give her word. She was sorry for Ben; she didn't think he would have been so mean if people had give him a chance, and he played for her with all his bulldog strength. He done it cleverly, too—throwin' his worthless self on her tenderness and sympathy. Oh, he knowed that was the way to get Belle!

"Well, son, the old jedge took sick and died. Then Mis' Hargrave said Belle was to come to her house till

it was decent for the marriage to take place. Poor girl, she must have got many a shock from that time on; livin' under the same roof with a man, specially a mean, low-down brute, don't show him up in a noticeable rosy light! But she stuck to her word and all of us poked our fingers in her pie and tried to get her away from the Hargraves. Ben told her about the money the jedge owed him, and I have no doubt made her feel that she was acceptin' charity from him and his ma."

"Why didn't she run away—why didn't she go to work?" Dennis broke in with sympathetic anger.

"You forget that I'm speakin' of nigh onto thirty years ago, in the Province of New Brunswick. Girls didn't go gallivantin' off to the towns alone in them days, an' suitable, pay-in' jobs for 'em wasn't so plentiful as they are now. I do think, however, that if Bell could have persuaded Ben to give back her promise, she'd have found some way of makin' the money due him, right. As it was, she worked out her debt to the last cent. A couple of weeks after she'd moved to the Hargraves along comes a young feller from the States—a crackerjack as ever was! Snoopin' round with an eye to some of our timber, he was, and all the girls went plum crazy over him. Bein' in mournin' and all that, I reckon Belle wouldn't have seen much of the stranger, hadn't he asked Mis' Hargrave to take him in as boarder, and she couldn't refuse the chance of makin' a little more money for Ben. At that time parties was so thick and fast, gossip was runnin' purty free, and it took the stranger just about three hours to l'arn the story of Ben and Belle.

"They say Ben ordered her not to speak to him after he seen 'em together a couple of times."

"And did she obey him?" asked the young man eagerly.

"Not her! Livin' under the same roof with Ben wasn't calculated to make her more respectin' of his no-

tions, you see, and besides, don't let me give you the idee that Belle Nolan hadn't no sperit. She had. And she vowed she'd hold off marryin' him till she was out of his debt. As soon as she seen Ben makin' that other sort of fool of himself, she up and told him there was no reason for her not bein' civil to the stranger, and he had to be content with that."

"She grew to know—the fellow well, then?"

"It don't take long for certain folks to know each other," remarked old Holcombe, sententiously. "They met at table, at the store, at church, and such; mind, there was no sneak-in' love-makin', passin' of notes, or the like, but their ordinary 'good mornin',' and 'good evenin',' was a darn sight more than a greetin'. By gosh, young feller, I ain't nothin' with fancy language, but let me tell you, ceremonious as their few words always was, underneath all the square deal they was givin' each other and that skunk, Ben, they was just a-hungerin'—a-hungerin'!"

Holcombe stopped and Jack was jealous that he could not follow him in memory back through the years to the time when Belle and the American stranger were playing the game of honour as only two upright souls can play. He signalled a waiter, who brought another plate of ice cream, and the old man back to the present.

"I allow most every one of us in town had the same thoughts about them two—they was matched in heaven, if there is any truth in what the Bible tells us! And all durin' the summer Ben cut up as only devils can, urg'in' the girl to marry him one minute and half threatenin' to throw her over the next. You might think that was what she wanted—but don't you see, she felt she owed him an awful debt and could hardly marry anyone else and ask them to pay it. And the longer she lived in the Hargraves' house—workin' though she were, the harder it was for her to break away. You see, little things

counted with us in that quiet town thirty years ago, and Belle was awful partic'lar. The stranger, he couldn't see it just that a-way. You couldn't blame him. But he knowed he couldn't persuade Belle that she'd be right in breakin' her word to Ben, till she'd worked out her time, at least."

He stopped and Jack waited impatiently for him to go on.

"You could hear him scream at her all the way to the town hall, when he'd go blind mad with jealousy, and the next minute he'd be on his knees prayin' for her not to give him up when he most needed help. I tell you, young man, things come to sech a pass that there was a lot of the boys who held a meetin' and was goin' to kidnap Ben for a while and give him a piece of their minds before the weddin'—but before they got the thing pulled off he was took with typhoid.

"Stinginess kept him from gettin' a nurse. Course, in them days they didn't have trained ones plentiful, but there was people he could have got to help. He wouldn't take medicine from no one but Belle; wouldn't eat the food his mother cooked; wouldn't let no one else set with him. And in his crazy delirium, when he was more human than ever before, he used to scream for her or against her by the hour!

"Imagine him gettin' well!" the old man hurried on, "him that ought to have died before he was born! She did it—she pulled him back from the place that is just a shade hotter than this town to-night. And do you think he was grateful?" Holcombe laughed mirthlessly.

"Do you think he could see that she was sicker than he was by the time he was able to set up a while, and did he ever consider her a little? No, sir! If she left the room, he worked himself up into a terrible fever, thinkin' she'd gone out to meet the American, and at last one day, before the doctor, he accused her of tryin' to kill him with neglect."

"Well?" asked Jack with an ugly look.

"Well, the doctor hauled off and hit him, but Belle, she turned dead white and slipped to the floor in her tracks. In spite of that the mother and son got her up and around by evenin' and that is where the magician's box comes in."

Jack leaned forward so as not to miss a word.

"The whole town was goin' to turn out for the performance. We hadn't got a show for some months and the magician's comin' was an event. Ben and Belle had some words over it, she claimin' that she wouldn't go on account of bein' still in mournin', to say nothin' of bein' poorly—and Ben arguin' five months was long enough to mourn, and as for bein' poorly, she might just as well be settin' in the town hall as home flirtin' with the American! With that, his ma up and accuses Belle of not bein' true to Ben, of tryin' to torture him by heartlessness; her, and her alone, that brought him back from the valley of sinkin' souls into the world he done his best to blight.

"Belle give in. Then she shet her lips tight and said no more.

"The whole town was there, includin' the American feller. He was sittin' a wee mite behind Belle, and I bet my shirt he never even knew there was a performance goin' on! He just sat and watched her. Finally, along about the end of the evenin', the magician comes on the stage and addresses us. 'Ladies and gentlemen,' he says, 'my last trick will be my best. It's a cabinet trick which is seldom attempted because of its difficulty. I will ask any lady in the audience to oblige me by steppin' on the stage and takin' her place in the box yonder. I will then show you how the lady will disappear out of the locked and roped cabinet. Disappear—entirely.'

"He waited a minute, and when no one moved, he looked plum at Belle, sittin' in the front row all dressed in

black, and he says, 'Won't you oblige me, miss? I assure you there's nothin' in the least disagreeable about it.'

"Bell looked at Ben, hesitatin'. Now, son, listen to me!" Holcombe emphasized each word with his fist upon the table. "Just to show how ornery he was, he made Belle go on that stage because he thought she didn't want to! Somehow the notion tickled him—the idee of havin' her locked up in one of them boxes, specially when he had a hand in it! He and Tom Hodgins tied the ropes round, same as we seen done to-night, and they also tied up an empty cabinet standin' on the opposite side of the stage. Then they took the chairs on the platform while the magician give 'em a long spell about havin' trouble to make her disappear on account of the knots they tied. In the meantime the American got up and went out.

"'Now, friends,' said the feller, and I can hear him as if it were yesterday, 'these gentlemen will unlock the box—the one which they tied, and you will find it empty.'"

"Yes?" breathed the boy.

"Well, durn me, if it wasn't true!"

"Ben was up in the air in a second, 'Where is she?' he yelled. 'In the other cabinet, of course,' answered the magician, calm-like and believin' it, too.

"We didn't, but we looked on quiet while Ben he tore at the ropes. There was an awful hush as he turned the key . . . he turned the knob . . . he flung wide the door . . . the cabinet was empty!

"He was terrible surprised, that magician! We wasn't, for we didn't expect the impossible. Belle was sperited clean away, and the American, too, right out of town, with the assistance of a horse and buggy and the railroad train some miles farther on. And there wasn't a man jack of us but was glad; Ben knew it and made very little row for him. But

one day when the doctor was bold enough to tell him how everybody felt, he just naturally bust a blood-vessel in his rage and died."

"But what became of *her*?" asked the young man.

"I wish I knew," answered Julius Holcombe, wistfully. "I always thought she would have written, except for lettin' Ben know where she was at, but, son, she ought to know me better; I was mighty nigh as old as her pa, and I loved her a lot, I did. I wouldn't have told. I haven't got long to live, boy, but I'd cheerfully give five years out of my life, to look into her purty face once more, and hear her say she was happy. Five years," he murmured dreamily.

Jack motioned a waiter and sent him away with a card. The two men sat in silence a few moments, then Holcombe rose slowly.

"It's about time I was movin' along," he said, "but I've enjoyed tellin' you about Belle, and if you ever meet—My God!" he reeled a little and clung to the chair, as a beautiful woman wound her way between the tables toward them. Admiring glances followed her and the waiter who acted as pilot held himself with particular erectness, as though proud of his position. She stopped at Jack's chair and laid her hand upon his shoulder. He looked up at her with the adoration of an erring man for an angel, in his fine gray eyes.

"Mother," he said gently, "I sent for you to meet an old friend of yours—Mr. Julius Holcombe. We have been talking about the time of long ago and he wants to hear you say that dad and I have tried to make you happy, mother mine."

The woman looked up with a radiant smile.

"Belle—little Belle," whispered the old man brokenly. "I do believe it's dear little Belle!"

And it was!

CURRENT EVENTS

BY LINDSAY CRAWFORD

THERE may be a real battle of Armageddon after all. A Cairo despatch to *The Daily News* (London) says: "Armageddon, on the historic highway connecting three continents, is passed through daily by Jews and Christians fleeing to the sea coast. A division of the fourth Turkish army is encamped in the immediate neighbourhood. The strategic position of Armageddon makes it not improbable that one of the battles of the present war will be fought there." The place referred to is probably El Lejjun, which by most authorities is said to be on or near the site of the Biblical Megiddo, or Armageddon, the last great battle between the forces of good and evil at the day of judgment.

In the meantime the Turks are on the run in Egypt and the Caucasus. Their sufferings up in the storm-swept passes of the snow-clad Caucasian hills have been terrible, and the big army organized by Enver Bey has practically ceased to exist. The occupation of Tabriz in northern Persia completed the discomfiture of Enver Bey and destroyed all hopes of the Persians aiding Turkey and Germany against Russia. In the south the British have likewise convinced Persia that the future of this war lies with the Allies. The occupation of Mesopotamia by British Troops will kill German ambitions in this quarter and exercise a potent influence over the Oriental mind, liable to be swayed by appeals to religious fanaticism.

In Egypt the long-awaited invasion

took definite shape in two concerted attacks on the British lines guarding the Suez Canal. The official report of these engagements says: "In the engagement at El Kantara, on the Suez Canal, the Turks made their first attack before dawn. Owing to the British inundations the enemy was forced to advance on a narrow front over very soft ground, where some of them were stuck waist deep in the mud. The attack failed before dawn came. At daybreak another attack was pushed from the southeast. From all accounts the enemy never had a chance of succeeding. The Syrian troops came bravely on, but the British fire was too much for them. A shell from one of the warships wiped out a party of officers. A low ridge where the Turks were attempting to entrench was swept by artillery. The advance of the Indian troops completed the work of the guns, and by three o'clock in the afternoon all was over. The next day the British, pushing out from the canal, found the hostile column had retreated, and had even abandoned a position several miles to the east, which had been strongly entrenched as a *point d'appui*. Since then prisoners with rifles and other trophies have been streaming in. The prisoners, some of whom expected to be delivered up to torture, were delighted to find themselves well treated and well fed." By the time these notes see the light of day the fate of the main Turkish army of invasion in the arid desert over which it must cross will be known. Those who know

the country through which it has to pass to reach the Suez Canal express the opinion that the whole force may perish in the desert as the British have destroyed the wells for one hundred miles east of the Suez Canal. The invasion of Egypt has fizzled out, the only advantage reaped by Germany—and this is not unimportant—being the retention in Egypt of one hundred thousand men whose services would be invaluable in France and Flanders.

The fighting on the eastern and western fronts has been fierce and costly, but beyond the terrible slaughter among the Germans, there is as yet no serious inroads into German territory. Germany still has the advantage of fighting on the enemy's soil. Big operations are on foot in the east, where Austria-Hungary, reinforced by Germany, is making another desperate effort to obtain a footing in Galicia as a line of defence against the threatened invasion of Hungary. There has been desperate fighting in the Carpathian passes, but at time of writing the Russians are not worrying as to the outcome. Simultaneously with this fresh Austrian offensive, Hindenburg hurled dense masses of his troops against the Russian defences in Central Poland, only to be thrown back, mangled and discomfited. Thousands of Germans went bravely to their doom on the Bzura River, thrust forward to certain death by succeeding ranks that gave them no time for pause. Many of these troops—mere lads—arrived at the Russian trenches too exhausted to do more than call for quarter, which could not be given because of the dense ranks that followed them. Were the people of Germany acquainted with the true facts it is impossible to conclude that this wanton slaughter, barren of any military advantages, would be allowed to go on very much longer.

The war has been brought home to Canadians by the attempted destruction of the C. P. R. bridge between

Maine and Canada, at the St. Croix River. A German-American named Von Horn placed dynamite under the bridge, but the damage was not so great as he had expected. Canada has applied for his extradition, and the press on the other side seems to be fairly unanimous in condemning the outrage, and in leaving to Canadian courts the trail of Von Horn for the serious offence for which he has been placed under arrest. The prisoner has set up the plea that his crime was "political" and "an act of war." The New York *Evening Post*, writing of the outrage, warns Germans in the United States against a repetition of such acts. "It needs merely to be said that, if anything of the kind results, and if excited Germans, singly or in a body, attempt outrages anywhere along the Canadian border, the whole power of this Government must be exerted, if necessary, to suppress and punish them."

The law is very explicit in regard to "acts of war" by those residing in the United States. Section 5286 of the Revised Statutes of the United States provides: "Every person who, within the territory or jurisdiction of the United States, begins, or sets on foot, or provides or prepares the means for, any military expedition or enterprise, to be carried on from thence against the territory or dominions of any foreign prince or state, or of any colony, district, or people, with whom the United States are at peace, shall be deemed guilty of a high misdemeanour, and shall be fined not exceeding three thousand dollars, and imprisoned not more than three years."

Two events of great importance during the past month were the decision of the German Government to take over all foodstuffs in Germany, and the announcement from the same quarter of a blockade of the British coast. The cornering of the food of Germany by the authorities made it incumbent upon Great Britain to place food on the list of contraband

shipments. The blockade of the British Isles is an equally serious affair for Germany as it has brought her into direct conflict with neutral countries whose shipping is exposed to danger. Protests have been entered by the United States and other countries, but the feeling at Washington is that no action will be taken until a German submarine blows up an American vessel. German submarines have been active around the British coast since the naval battle in the North Sea and the loss of the *Blucher*. That raids by German submarines on British commerce might make a United States merchant marine valuable to Great Britain as a means of supplying food, is the opinion of the London *Daily News*, which in an editorial justifies President Wilson's attitude on the Ship Purchase Bill now before Congress. The paper says this "unprecedented development of state socialism is the only means whereby the United States can recover its place in the world of shipping." The editorial sets forth that in the present war the submarine has become a serious menace to England's food supply, and in any future war will dominate her position unless in the meantime science should discover some effective means of defence. "Should it then threaten our shipping with destruction and ourselves with starvation," says the *Daily News*, "it will not be an unimportant fact that a great neutral country, possessing a mercantile marine of its own, can send its ships into our ports unmolested and unafraid."

The Princess Patricia Regiment—the first Canadian force to reach the firing lines—has been in the trenches off and on since Christmas. The lists of casualties are beginning to arrive, six being killed in action.

Mr. Alexander Powell, war correspondent of *The New York World*, and the author of "Fighting in Flanders," addressed the American Club in Ottawa last month. His stories of German atrocities witnessed by him-

self created a profound impression on his auditors, who included members of the Cabinet, military men, and several other prominent people, including Sir Wilfred Laurier. In one case a man and his son were dragged out of their house and bayoneted in the presence of the mother and daughter as revenge for the killing of a Uhlan who was really shot by a Belgian soldier. Mr. Powell said: "I counted twenty bayonet wounds on the face and neck of the father. I helped to bury the victims." A fleeing woman, carrying a baby, was overtaken and the baby shot. He also himself entered a cottage and saw a girl still alive with both hands and feet cut off. He said he felt it his duty to make these facts public, as he found many in Canada and the United States who were not willing to believe the reports of atrocities. He said he wished to impress on Canadians that a long and hard fight was ahead. "It will be a terrific struggle," said Mr. Powell, "to drive the Germans back upon their own soil, but you've put your hand to the plough, and there should be no turning back till the furrow is completed."

From time to time reports appear alleging that Irishmen are shirking the fight in Europe. It is true that many Irishmen are sceptical as to the outcome of the Home Rule Act, and the willingness of their opponents, or the ability of the British Government to allow the Act to go into operation without further mutilation by an Amending Bill. On the whole, however, the Irish are behind the British Government in this fight, trusting in the Government and people of Great Britain to see an Irish Parliament established. An ex-member of the Irish Party, Mr. T. M. Kettle, now Professor of Economics in the new National University, and a lieutenant in the Irish Division of Kitchener's army, spoke recently at a recruiting meeting in Nanan, near Dublin. Speaking in this Nationalist district, Professor Kettle said:

They had been told that the war did not concern Ireland, and the two ideals proposed to them were to stop at home and sneer, diversifying their leisure with praises of the barbarism of Berlin. It was even said that the German outrages in Belgium had been exaggerated, and that Belgium had brought them on herself by not standing aside and letting the Germans through. But with the exception of a small section of dissentients, Ireland was heart and soul with the Allies in their battle for justice and for the foundations of civilization. The cause had been made plain by Cardinal Mercier's Pastoral, which was one of the noblest documents in the whole epic of human freedom. Let Irishmen now recognize the changed conditions under which they lived, and be with the Allies "not in thought only, but in deed, and take a strong and positive part in the war. It was the supreme moral crisis of our time.

. . . Ireland had never been a success as a neutral or a trimmer." They had established the Volunteers for national defence, but the war had made it clear that "unless the liberties of Ireland were defended on the Continent they could not be defended at all. Call it a paradox, but the absentee at the present time was the man who stopped at home. If the Volunteers were either to learn their trade as soldiers or to fulfil their functions as defenders of the liberties of Ireland, they could not stop in Ireland. A great many of them had come, but he deliberately asked more of them to come, not in separate units, but in organized bodies. . . . "I cannot help hoping that when Catholic and Covenanter, Unionist and Nationalist, have written in blood their joint acceptance of this bill of honour on the Continent they may pos-

sibly find an easier way of settling their differences at home after the war. I should like to think, at any rate, that the four Kingdoms of Ireland, England, Scotland, and Wales, as a result of that unity and comradeship between soldiers, which is the strongest bond that binds men, should come into the new Europe after the war with all the good omen that, as we know, goes with the four-leaved shamrock. It means, at any rate, that we are against the modern gospel of Prussia." He wondered if anybody who spoke lightly of a German invasion wanted a new confiscation of Ireland, which would be its first-fruit, and a new language problem which would be its second.

The most interesting despatches from the front are to be found in the letters home of soldiers in the firing line. A letter from the front, printed in *The Manchester Guardian*, says:

I stopped for a few seconds by the side of a German who was dying. He was in great pain, and when I asked what I could do for him he said, in a pathetic tone that went to my heart, "Nothing, unless you would be so good as to hold my hand till all is over." I gave him my hand and stayed to the end. It seemed to comfort that poor chap a lot. He was able to speak good English, and we had quite a pleasant chat, considering the circumstances. He thought the war would last another year at least, but had no doubt that his own country would be beaten in the end. "Our people didn't make enough allowance for the fighting spirit of the British."

The British "fighting spirit" is one of the most inspiring and hopeful evidences of British progress at the front, and will in the end prove too strong for the boastful militarists of Prussia.

THE NORTH COUNTRY

From the Painting by
A. Y. Jackson

Contributed to the Canadian
Patriotic Fund



POETRY WITH A PREFACE

A REVIEW OF MR. ARTHUR STRINGER'S VOLUME ENTITLED "OPEN WATER"

BY ARTHUR L. PHELPS

MAN writes in serious and urgent contention about poetry. We may not agree with his arguments; we may repudiate all that he says. Yet we welcome the fact of his contending. It indicates a revival of interest of a proper sort in a subject that should not be neglected. Much versifying is being indulged in in the world to-day. We in Canada are not behindhand in the matter. Indeed, did not an American editor exclaim that he thought we must grow poets over here as plentifully as we grow mullein stalks? But, this notwithstanding, our general output of verse is not likely to suggest that much mental stress went into its production. Versifiers from all over the country are hawking their spontaneity—fluff-candy stuffed in paper sentiment. But few offer for consumption the bread of beauty or the meat of thought. They do not write prefaces. They have not taken their work jocularly enough to understand it seriously. Their regard for it has been full of too tragic hopes and too serious despairs. They have not laughed over it and thought about it. Poetry they have never conceived of in the light of its tradition and classic inheritance as an art demanding care, technique, and craftsmanship. Perhaps the poetasters have not been alone at fault. Our publishers have not stood united in making the suggestion that poetry is an art. Too often it has been that if a poet

paid his money he could take his choice—as to what he published! So we welcome Mr. Stringer's recently published book, "Open Water."

Mr. Stringer is regarding his work seriously in the real and proper sense. Evidently he is apprehensive of the fact that poetry is an art. He has in mind the great traditions. In fact, so much has he them in mind that he feels justified in suggesting a step beyond them. He would be the serious, elate herald of an advance movement. He would venture. That is why, I imagine, he calls his book "Open Water."

In his preface (for he writes a preface, and that is the thing we welcome) through some ten pages he urges the contention that poetry must advance as have the other arts, that we have too long been trammelled by the conventions and a sort of iron-bound tradition of poetic form. He says:

"The iambic pentameter of his native tongue . . . has been found by the later singer to be ill-fitted for the utterance of those more intimate moods and those subjective experiences which may be described as characteristically modern. Verse in the nature of things has become less epic and racial and more lyric and personal. The poet, consequently, has been forced back into the narrower domain so formally and so rigidly fenced in by rhyme . . . This verbal embroidery, while it presents to the workman in words a pleasingly decorative form, at the same time imposes on him both an adventitious restraint and an increased self-consciousness. The twentieth century poet, singing

with his scrupulously polished vocalization, usually finds himself content to re-echo what has been said before. He is unable to travel light; pioneering with so heavy a burden is out of the question. Rhyme and metre have compelled him to sacrifice content for form. It has left him incapable of what may be called abandonment. And the consciousness of his technical impediments has limited the roads along which he may adventure. His pre-occupation with formal exactions has implanted in him an instinctive abhorrence for anything beyond the control of what he calls commonsense. Dominated by this emotional and intellectual timidity, he has attributed to end-rhyme and accentual rhythm the self-sufficiency of mystic rites, in the face of the fact that the fewer obstacles between feeling and expression the richer the literary product must be, and forgetting, too, that poetry represents the extreme vanguard of consciousness, both adventuring and pioneering, along the path of future progress."

Such writing as this is serious writing. The writer has thrown out a challenge. He has asked for a thoughtful hearing. And before going beyond such a preface the reader pauses to consider. One of the first things noticed is the fact of the use of certain words. It may be possible to regard them as suggestive of a line of criticism. The words, on the one hand, are these: "Technical obligations", "Restraints", "Too fixed", "Impossible", "Incarceration"; and, on the other hand, "Freedom", "Emancipation", "Rebellion", "Abandonment". Now, generally speaking, such words upon the lips of a propagandist mean that one day he will be called prophet, or accused of short-sightedness. In this connection, before time has proved the matter out to a conclusion, opportunity for present opinion arises. In a literary sense, is Mr. Stringer short-sighted or is he an emancipator? Is he sounding the bugle and calling to poetry to move forward? Of course, he is not alone in doing all that he has done. Hundreds have been doing it of late. But he has come out into the open seriously contending for it. How shall we regard him? He says a few things upon

which criticism may definitely impinge. Speaking of the fact that poetry has remained stable in the matter of structure for the last century, he says:

"This has resulted, on the one hand, in a technical dexterity which often enough resembles the strained postures of acrobatism, and, on the other, in that constantly reiterated complaint as to the hollowness and aloofness of modern poetry. Yet the poetry is remote and insincere, not because the modern spirit is incapable of feeling, but because what the singer of to-day has felt has not been directly and openly expressed."

This "hollowness and aloofness of modern poetry" we have all felt and deplored. But surely it has not been brought about solely because convention has demanded that our poets use rhyme and accentual rhythm! If our poetry has lacked content, may it not also be suggested that the writers had no content to put into it? Is not Mr. Stringer doing a rather dangerous thing when, even though he admits rhythm of some sort as fundamentally necessary, he is advocating the repudiation of rhyme and accentual rhythm in order to promote freedom and abandonment? He says: "The fewer obstacles between feeling and expression the richer the literary product must be." Even leaving aside the fact that the sculptor's obstacle is his medium and its possible suggestions, and granting the truth of Mr. Stringer's statement as it stands, it might be no argument for his contention. Poetry pleases us by virtue of many characteristics; its intellectual and emotional qualities, its structural form, its music, its rhythm. If we leave out at least two of these characteristics because they seem like obstacles, will not poetry become impoverished to that extent? And, further, as we are talking, of course, of great poetry and what constitutes it, by the supreme craftsman, the born poet, would these things be regarded as obstacles at all? Shelley possessed abandonment in sufficient degree surely? Mr. Stringer, wittingly or



MR. ARTHUR STRINGER

Author of "Open Water"

not, raises some great questions by his challenge. He is surely right in finding fault with much of our modern poetry. But whether his diagnosis of the trouble is a convincingly correct one is a matter which remains somewhat in doubt. One is still a little afraid of the "free verse" poets. There lurks the suspicion that to write "chicken tracks all down a page," as the irregular lines of free verse have been called, is an easier thing than to embody the content in the pleasing garb of music and accentual rhythm, but not a greater, more consummate thing. However, one definite implication of Mr. Stringer's work is a plea for more content in the poetry which is being written. Such a plea is to be applauded to-day without question. Opinions may

differ as to whether he should contend for less structural exactness and traditional form.

After all of which has been said—comes his own verse! One picks up the volume, digests and challenges or accepts the preface. The poetry one reads and enjoys. There is "something in it." Perhaps just that is the final criticism Mr. Stringer would most desire. Apart altogether from what some might regard as the theoretically dangerous theories of the preface, the practical result of the theory as embodied in the poems of the volume is quite pleasing. The characterizations, the transcriptions of human moods and passions, the phrasing, the descriptions, indicate a certain amount of poetic insight and passion and power of which we as

Canadians are proud. But it is to be hoped that too many less endowed poets will not arise among us demanding all Mr. Stringer's "emancipation" in matters of form while they possess little or none of his insight and craftsmanship.

Certain of the poems are here appended without comment other than the remark that they may be regarded as fairly representative of the work in the volume:

I SAT IN THE SUNLIGHT

I sat in the sunlight thinking of life;
I sat there, dreaming of Death.
And a moth lit on the sun-dial's face,
And the birds sang sleepily,
And the leaves stirred,
And the sun lay warm on the hills,
And the afternoon grew old.

So, some day I knew that birds would
sing,
And the leaves would stir,
And the afternoon grow old—
And I would not be there.
And the warmth went out of the day,
And a wind blew out of the West where
I sat,
And the birds were still!

THE PILOT

I lounge on the deck of the river steamer,
Homeward bound with its load,
Churning from headland to headland,
Through moonlight and silence and dusk.
And the decks are alive with laughter and
music and singing,
And I see the forms of the sleepers

And the shadowy lovers that lean so close
to the rail,
And the romping children behind,
And the dancers amidships.
But high above us there in the gloom,
Where the merriment breaks in a wave at
his feet,
Unseen of lover and dancer and me,
Is the Pilot, impassive and stern,
With his grim eyes watching the course.

AUTUMN

The thin gold of the sun lies slanting on
the hill;
In the sorrowful grays and muffled violets
of the old orchard
A group of girls are quietly gathering
apples.
Through the mingled gloom and green they
scarcely speak at all,
And their broken voices rise and fall un-
utterably sad.
There are no birds,
And the goldenrod is gone.
And a child calls out, far away, across the
autumn twilight;
And the sad gray of the dusk grows slow-
ly deeper,
And all the world seems old.

A SUMMER NIGHT

Mournful the summer moon
Rose from the quiet sea,
Golden and sad and full of regret
As though it would ask of earth
Where all her lovers had vanished
And whither had gone the rose-red lips
That had sighed to her light of old.
Then I caught a pulse of music,
Brokenly, out at the pier-end,
And I heard the voices of girls
Going home in the dark,
Laughing along the sea wall
Over a lover's word!



The Library Table

WESBLOCK: THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN AUTOMATON

By H. McD. WALTERS. Toronto: J. M. Dent and Sons.

THIS seems to be a book without plot, purpose, or motive. It is so intimate that one feels that it was written for close friends or relatives, and not for the inquisitive outsider. The incidents to Wesblock's life, as recorded in the book, are commonplace, and one wonders just why the author was prompted to put them before the public. The various stages of Wesblock's career—his home life with his parents, his course at McGill, his period as manager of a saw-mill near Montreal, and other ventures leading finally to a position in the civil service at Ottawa—are undoubtedly of peculiar interest to certain persons, but they scarcely will move the great reading mass of the people. However, that frequently is the fate of great books.

*

MEMORIES

By JOHN GALSWORTHY. Illustrated by Maud Earl. London: William Heinemann.

LOVERS of dogs the world over cherish the memory of this story of the life of a Cocker Spaniel, and even those who do not love dogs love the story on its own merits. The story appeared first in Mr. Galsworthy's volume of studies and essays entitled, "The Inn of Tranquillity."

Now it appears in a fine book of its own with many charming illustrations by Maud Earl. The book is eight by eleven inches in size, and some of the illustrations are in colours and occupy a full page each.

*

CANADIAN ETCHERS

By NEWTON MACTAVISH. London, 44 Leicester Square: The Studio.

THE January number of this excellent art journal contains an article by Newton MacTavish, entitled "Notes on Canadian Etchers." This, we believe, is the first distinctive treatment of the art of etching in Canada. Not all Canadian etchers are mentioned, and indeed the review is confined to the work of Clarence A. Gagnon, Dorothy Stevens, H. Ivan Neilson, Gyrth Russell, and Percy Grassby. But even with these few names Mr. MacTavish has been able to make a good case, and the reproductions display work such as would merit acceptance anywhere.

*

McCAUL: CROFT: FORNERI

By JOHN KING, K.C. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

THESE sketches of three outstanding personalities of early university days in Toronto compose a volume that gives the reader more than a glimpse of the beginnings of higher education in Ontario, but as well an acquaintanceship with three professors who had much to do with the



H. McD. WALTERS
Author of "Wesblock"

moulding of the character of the Canadian youth of that time. The Reverend John McCaul, LL.D., was the first President of University College, Toronto. He took a leading part in the founding of Upper Canada College, of which he was the Principal from 1837 to 1842. He occupied the position of Principal of University College from 1853 to 1880. Henry Holmes Croft was the first professor of chemistry and experimental philosophy in King's College and in the University of Toronto; he served in that capacity from 1842 to 1880. James Forneri was the first professor in modern languages in University College (1853-1865). The careers and accomplishments of these three early educationists in Ontario make material for valuable and interesting history, and one suspects that the author has been able to embellish his pages with touches of personal reminiscence.

SAILOR TOWN: SEA SONGS AND BALLADS

By C. FOX-SMITH. London: Elkin Mathews.

THIS is the second volume of delightful sea verse that Miss Fox-Smith has contributed to the Vigo Cabinet Series. The first, "Songs in Sail and Other Chanties," is memorable especially for its "Paradise Street," which runs:

As I was a-walking down Paradise Street,
A bonny young maiden I chanced for to meet:
She gave me good morning all as I went by,
With lips full of laughter and love in her eye.
"Here's wine in a flagon, and white bread and brown,
And a bright pretty parlour where you may sit down,
A fiddle to dance to, and friends two or three:
Turn again, turn again, lad, from the sea!"

In the second volume we do not find anything quite so gripping as the foregoing, although "Hastings Mill" is the kind of verse that one reads again:

As I went down by Hastings Mill I lingered in my going
To smell the smell of piled-up deals and feel the salt wind blowing,
To hear the cables fret and creak and the ropes stir and sigh,
(Shipmate, my shipmate!) as in days gone by.

*

BIG TREMAINE

By MARIE VAN VORST. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company.

IT is amazing how conservative we remain in the matter of plot-making. From our youth up we have been familiar with the heroic lad who suffers for the sake of his weaker brother. We know how nobly he carries his undeserved odium and how meekly he allows himself to be misunderstood and "put upon." We are so well acquainted with him in all his phases

that his reappearance in "Big Tremain" is like the return of an old friend. Perhaps we have grown critical, but in "Big Tremain" the reason for the hero's long sacrifice seems hardly adequate. He shields his brother for his mother's sake and keeps silence until his brother's death brings the truth to light. One fancies that Mrs. Tremain might just as well have faced the truth in the first place. The story deals with the return of the supposed prodigal and his efforts to make a name and a position for himself in the place from which he had fled under a cloud. The love interest comes in when he meets Isobel Malvern, the daughter of the man he is supposed to have defrauded. The situation is easily full of misunderstandings and heart burnings of a somewhat stereotyped order, but all comes right when Isobel triumphantly vindicates her love by refusing to believe the slander. When the truth comes out she is in the proud position of "I told you so," and John Tremain is happily conscious that, at least, one person believed in him despite appearances.

✱

THE WINNOWING FAN

BY LAURENCE BINYON. London: Elkin Mathews.

FROM one whose work has been admired for its mystery and gentleness we might not have looked for these strong, vengeful "Poems on the Great War." But it all goes to show that even a gentle poet may on occasion be stirred to fighting passion.

The little volume includes "The Fourth of August", "Louvain", and "Ode for September", but the one that stirs us most is "To the Enemy Complaining":

TO THE ENEMY COMPLAINING

Be ruthless, then; scorn slaves of scruple;
avow

The blow, planned with such patience,
 that you deal

So terribly; hack on, and care not how
 The innocent fall; live out your faith
 of steel.

Then you speak speech that we can comprehend.

It cries from the unpitied blood you spill,

And so we stand against you, and to the end,

Flame as one man, the weapon of one will.

But when your lips usurp the loyal phrase
 Of honour, querulously voluble

Of "chivalry" and "kindness," and you praise

What you despise for weakness of the soul,

Then the gorge rises. Bleat to dupe the dead!

The wolf beneath the sheepskin drips too red.

✱

—The Macmillan Company of Canada are issuing at ten cents a copy the following booklets on the war: "Why Britain is at War," by Sir Edward Cook; "Why India is Heart and Soul with Great Britain," by Bhupendranath Basu; "Neutral Nations and the War," by Viscount Bryce; "Our Russian Ally," by Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace, and "How Britain Strove for Peace," by Sir Edward Cook.





GOOD FOR THE DRESSMAKER

Harrison Fisher, the illustrator, tells the following at his own expense:

"I was once lounging about a hall wherein certain of my illustrations were being exhibited when I chanced to overhear a woman, standing in front of one of them, exclaim, with heartfelt fervour:

"'Ah! If I only knew the artist of this!'

"Pardon me, madam," said I hastening up, "but I am the artist."

"'In that case,' said she, with a winning smile, 'won't you tell me the name of the dressmaker who made that perfectly dear frock your model wore?'"—*Lippincott's*.

*

A DEPRESSION

Visitor at the Art Gallery—"I'm afraid I don't get this picture at all. To me it looks like a big black smudge in lampblack. One of the works of the new school of futurism, I suppose?"

Attendant—"Oh, no, sir; that's a regular landscape, and one of the prize winners, sir. (Consults catalogue.) It's called 'Montreal Harbour at Noon.'"—*Montreal Herald*.

THE LOVER TO THE CUBIST PORTRAIT OF HIS INAMORATA

Beautiful brown and blue eyes!
Spread over the front of your blouse!
Oh, most adorable nose!

Is it a nose or a mouse?

Chin where your mouth used to be,
Oh, how it fascinates me!

Red, green, and yellow, and blue,
Those wonderful sharp teeth of you!

Poing-pointed, tapering ears,
Each of a different size!
Strands of a strange-coloured hair,
Hiding some of your beautiful eyes!
Oh, adorable being look down,
From the top of the wall where you frown,
And tell me what is it you're in,
A landscape, a dress, or your skin?

*

BOTH WAYS

The Vicar (to the old lady, the last of whose family has married)—"You must feel lonely, Mrs. Muggine, after having such a large family."

Mrs. Muggine—"Yes, I do, sir. Sometimes I misses 'em and sometimes I wants 'em; but I misses 'em more nor I wants 'em."



AN INDIAN BRAVE

From the model by A. Phimister Proctor, N.A.



THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

XLIV

TORONTO, APRIL, 1915

No. 6

WERE THE PIONEERS PARASITES?

BY JOHN LEWIS

CANADA is now spending a great deal more money for military purposes than she did some years ago. Before the war in Europe the expenditure on militia and defence had increased from a little more than a million dollars in 1896 to a little more than nine millions in 1913. The estimates for 1914 were ten and a half millions, and for 1915 almost eleven millions. Upon the outbreak of the European war Parliament voted fifty millions in a special session, and another hundred millions will be voted in the present session. There may be more grants for the same purpose, and there is a general disposition to give cheerfully all that is required.

There are some, however, who say that this large increase in military expenditure is due to belated realization of duty. They say that while we are now approaching the proper standing, we are emerging from a condition which ought to fill us with remorse. The contention is that during the nineteenth century Canadians were "parasites," that they were living sheltered and artificial lives.

This is an accusation not so much against the present generation of Canadians as against their fathers, grandfathers, and more remote ancestors. These persons, it is inferred, were so neglectful of their duties that they bequeathed us a debt which we can never repay. We may be able to meet our own obligations from year to year, but we are told that it is almost hopeless for us to expect to clear off the arrears of debt piled up by our ancestors. We have been accustomed to cherish the memory of the pioneers of Canada, but it appears, according to the new doctrine, that we must substitute "parasites" for pioneers.

The question is interesting to students of Canadian history. Take the case of a man who emigrated to Canada about a hundred years ago, say, after Waterloo. He had a long voyage, in most cases in the worst part of a sailing vessel. Next came a long, toilsome journey from the Atlantic to the forests of Upper Canada. All the comforts and conveniences of civilization were left behind. A little patch of land had to be cleared, a log house

built, and some potatoes planted. While these were growing the settler and his family would live on the little store of food transported with enormous labour to the wilderness, and with such fish and game as could be procured. Gradually the potato patch would be enlarged, wheat would be sown, and the supply of live stock increased.

This does not strike one as a sheltered, artificial, or parasitical existence. A social parasite is one who lives in ease and luxury on the labour of others, giving no service in return. The backwoodsman, or frontiersman, was surely doing his whole duty to society. It was hardly a reproach to him that he was not sending cheques to England to cover the expense of naval and military protection. If anything, cheques ought to have been sent to him for the enormous service he was doing for Canada, for the Empire, and for the world.

Life in the forest was not only laborious, but lonely and even dangerous. To say nothing of the possibility of attacks by beasts of prey, there was constant danger to the settler, his wife, and children, from sickness with lack of medical aid, or long delay in procuring such aid. One need only mention the dangers incident to childbirth in these circumstances. The farmer used to be ridiculed for his liking for patent medicines and curative herbs. But it was quite natural that something in the form of a medicine chest should be kept when doctors were few and far between, when there were no telephones to call them, and no good roads for them to travel on. The settler and his wife had even to learn to set a broken limb.

Justice has never been done to the heroism of these lonely men and women, whose very names are forgotten. But surely the name parasites is hardly applicable, for there was no room for loafers. Everybody worked who was capable of working. We whose bread is delivered at our doors find it hard to realize what a piece of bread

meant to the early settler. The wheat had to be grown, then threshed, then carried a long distance to the mill. A Government official, whose evidence is appended to Lord Durham's report, says:

"In 1834 I met a settler from the township of Warwick, on the Caradoc plains, returning from a grist-mill at Westminster with the flour and bran of thirteen bushels of wheat. He had a yoke of oxen and a horse attached to his wagon, and had been absent nine days, and did not expect to reach home until the following evening. Light as his load was, he assured me that he had to unload, wholly or in part, several times, and after driving his wagon through the swamps, to pick out a road through the woods, where the swamps or gullies were fordable, and to carry the bags on his back and replace them in his wagon."

But it may be said that no one intends to throw a slur at the early pioneers, but that their successors were to blame for not realizing their obligation to pay for defence. At what period, then, did parasitism begin? Here it must be remembered that pioneering conditions, even in what we now call older Ontario, lasted until after the middle of the nineteenth century. In the sixties, in a part of what is now called old Ontario, men had to carry their grist to the mill and to wait their turn for one, two, or three days. They would carry their food with them and cook it in the open air, and sleep rolled in a blanket on the mill floor. It was also in the sixties that a man who had been absent at the mill several days returned and found his wife and two children frozen to death. It was indeed a sheltered, artificial, luxurious, parasitical life that the early farmers of Canada led, and their descendants must blush with shame as they reflect upon the neglect of these farmers to pay their share of the maintenance of the British navy.

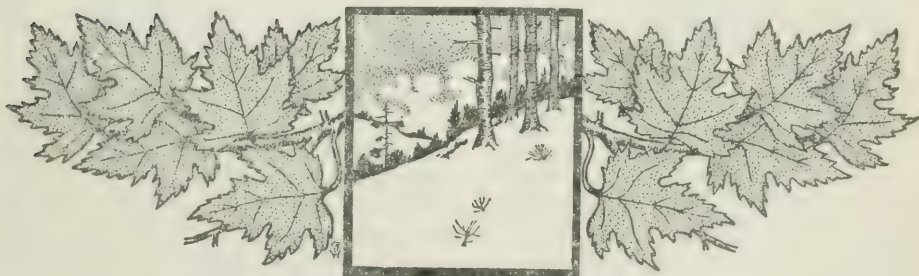
The history of the pioneers of Canada, the real makers of Canada, has never been told. One gets a glimpse of it occasionally in some county or other local history. But it would ap-

pear that the conception of the farmer as a "rube" or a "hayseed," a rather sordid and ridiculous person, has found its way into literature and history.

Of course, in the period to which I refer, everybody was not engaged in farming. But nearly all Canadians were engaged in some kind of hard labour. The old books described Canada as a country of farmers, lumbermen, and fishermen. All these occupations are toilsome, and do not lend themselves to leisure or luxury. The population of the cities and towns in the old days was small, and there were few opportunities for acquiring wealth without work. In my boyish days a millionaire was pointed at as one of the wonders of Toronto. The salary of a principal of a Toronto school was seven hundred dollars. There may have been some loafers who managed to live without working, but the opportunities for leading a parasitical life were very few.

The error made by those who reproach Canada for its failure to contribute to Imperial defence until recent years is that their minds are too much fixed upon taxation, and especially upon taxation for war pur-

poses. In considering whether a man is to be ranked as a parasite or a useful member of society, we must consider not only his tax bills, but his whole life. On the whole, does he render to society, in service, as much as he receives from society? From this point of view it is ridiculous to talk of a community of farmers, fishermen, and lumbermen, blacksmiths and carpenters, and their hard-working wives as parasites. The parasitical classes thrive in old communities, where there are large cities and great accumulations of wealth. There we find families living on interest and dividends and waited upon by armies of superfluous servants. There we find also butlers, valets, and others, whose work, while honest enough, is of no real service to society. As the new world grows old and wealth accumulates, these conditions will come. They are already found in the United States, to some extent, and to a smaller extent in Canada. But they were almost non-existent in Canada until very recent years. So that, whatever parasites we may accumulate in the future, our Canadian conscience need not be troubled about parasitism in the past. There are no arrears.



BRITAIN'S INTELLECTUAL EMPIRE

BY C. LINTERN SIBLEY

NOW that there has come a universal awakening to the full worth and immense possibilities of the British Empire, it is instructive to inquire how the British came to exercise sway over so vast a portion of the earth. Was it, as General von Bernhardi would have us believe, by a series of fortuitous accidents, or was it by inherent qualities that marked the British out for leadership?

Those who have read Bernhardi's books will have remarked that he continually harps on the superiority of the German nation. He claims that the Germans are not only a civilized nation of the first rank, but *the* civilized nation. Here are two typical passages:

"The conviction presents itself upon us with inevitable power that a high, if not the highest, importance for the entire development of the human race is ascribable to the German people; that Germany is in social and political respects at the head of all progress in culture; that German science has held its place in the world in achievements of mechanics, industries, trades, and commerce, discharging the material duties of culture by improving the nation's livelihood and increasing the national wealth. . . .

"We Germans now claim our share in the dominion of this world, after we have for centuries been paramount only in the realm of the intellect."

Dogmatic assertions of this kind prompt one to inquire in what manner this intellectual leadership has manifested itself, and how it is that a people to whom the highest development of the human race is thus ascribed,

should in reality be so far behind the British in leaving their impress upon progress and civilization. If we look into social, national, and scientific history with these questions in mind, we shall, I think, be forced to the conclusion that the vast physical Empire which Britain has conquered for herself is but a counterpart of an equally vast intellectual Empire which she has made her own.

Let us concede, first of all, that Germany stands well to the fore, though not foremost, in evolving what Shakespeare calls "adversity's sweet milk," philosophy. Let us admit the genius of Goethe and the brilliancy of Lessing, Herder, and Heine. But strike out these names from the literature of modern Europe—strike out the name of every German author—and we have to admit that literature is, comparatively speaking, but little the poorer.

In the realm of music we will pay willing tribute to the towering genius of Handel, Beethoven, Wagner, Haydn, and Mozart.

But if we turn from music and metaphysics to the thoughts, the generalizations, the discoveries which have altered our vision of the world, if we mark off the epochs in civilization and progress in the light of great intellectual triumphs, we shall see that not the Germans, but the British, have been paramount in the realm of the intellect.

It has been the fashion of late years to talk about the wonders of German science, but as a matter of fact scien-

tific achievement in Germany has at no period been comparable to scientific achievement by the British. All the great physical hypotheses have been Anglo-Saxon in origin, and in physical science those achievements which have demanded the highest powers of the human mind—imagination, mathematical knowledge, and philosophical insight to plan crucial experiments—have been British for the most part.

Germany has nothing to show comparable to the epoch in the history of thought and of science established by Sir Isaac Newton, with his discovery of the law of gravitation. This was an instance of scientific generalization which showed the peculiar strength of the British mind. Another instance was Harvey's discovery of the circulation of the blood, which enabled medicine to be reconstructed on a physiological and scientific basis.

Think also of the incalculable effect upon the life of humanity of Dr. Jenner's inauguration of cowpox vaccination as a preventative of smallpox. In all the civilized world there is not a town or a village where this discovery has not saved human life. Possibly there is no single discovery in the history of medicine which has laid the world under such a debt of gratitude. This discovery also inaugurated a new era in treatment for the prevention of numerous diseases.

In the matter of locomotion, Britain led the way in preparing for modern traffic through the efforts of two men, Thomas Telford and John Loudan Macadam, who evolved a system of road-making that reformed the world. We can hardly appreciate the enormous benefits which macadamized roads bestowed upon mankind, but if we call to mind that Macadam put a new word into the languages of the world, and that the modern automobilist has just as good reason for blessing his name as had the drivers of stage coaches in the olden days, we shall realize what an impetus he gave to those means of transportation

which were destined ultimately to revolutionize the world.

Another great step forward in transportation was the British invention of the railway, which, it should be noted, came prior to the invention of the railway locomotive. In the coal-mining districts of England vehicles were run upon wooden rails, the wooden wheels being shaped on the principle of the wheels on modern railway rolling stock. Then the invention of iron rails and wheels was the work of William Jessop, and eventually these were improved by British enterprise into their present form.

An invention which revolutionized not only transportation, but all forms of industrial enterprise was that of the steam engine by James Watt. It is true that other Englishmen, notably Edward Somerset, Marquis of Worcester, and Thomas Savery, had anticipated him in the construction of what they called "fire engines," but Watt was the first to make the "fire engine" a commercial and practical essential to all commercial and industrial progress. He it was who not only made the steam engine practicable, but who evolved the "sun and planet" gear by which vertical motion was converted into rotary—almost as mighty an accomplishment as the harnessing of steam itself. It was Watt, too, who invented the fly-wheel, for steadying the impetus of the engine and carrying it over the dead centres.

Thus to Britain, and to Britain alone, is the world indebted for steam power applied to stationary machinery, for the locomotive, and for the steamship, since all these are but the outcome of Watt's inventions.

The first steam-propelled road carriage was constructed in England by Trevithick, and the first locomotives by George Stephenson. Who invented the steamship it is difficult to say, but certain it is that it was an Anglo-Saxon invention. It is true that the American Fulton was the first to

cause a steamship to go for a long distance (up the Hudson River and back), but his engine and much of his data came from England, and already he had seen a Scotch steamboat, the *Charlotte Dundas*, steaming along a British canal. And moreover the development of the steamship owes vastly more to Britain than to any other nation, for from the time of the advent of the steam-driven ship she has led the world in naval architecture. Who can measure the vast influence of these two inventions, the steamship and the locomotive, on the progress of civilization?

And while we are on the subject of steamships, it may be stated that that wonderful instrument of motive power, the propeller, was invented by an English farmer in the British colony of Nova Scotia, and developed in Britain, where it was gradually replaced the paddle-wheel. Thanks, also, to British genius, single propellers gave way to twin, triple, and quadruple screws, and, by the way, the propeller ultimately proved to be one of the great essentials for solving the problem of conquering the domain of the air. Also, it was British genius which was responsible for the wonderful turbine engine.

Another astonishing impetus was given to progress by the British invention of iron and steel ships. For ages wooden ships had been sailing the waters, but when Britain put iron ships upon the sea, she was doing something for which there was absolutely no precedent.

Turning for a moment to naval matters, England's supremacy in initiative and energy is acknowledged. Even before the coming of steamships she had outstripped all other nations in naval inventions, and that she is still keeping to the fore is shown by the events of the past few years. A new standard of battleship was created by the British *Dreadnought*, which at a stroke rendered half the existing navies obsolete. The battle-cruiser and the super-Dreadnought have re-

peated this triumph. It is true that Britain got her idea of the submarine from America, and of the torpedo-boat from France, but she has improved both far beyond any other nation, and, furthermore, the great weapon which these two vessels use, namely, the torpedo, is the invention of an Englishman named Whitehead.

Let us now look at the cycle industry, and see what the British have done for that. The French used to amuse themselves with the hobby-horse, which was propelled by the rider's feet touching the ground. After a time the invention was discarded as useless. But it gave an idea to a Dumfriesshire blacksmith named Kirkpatrick Macmillan, who invented a rear-driven treadle bicycle. The French came out next with a bicycle which had cranks fitted to the front wheel. That had a vogue for a time. Then an Englishman named Cooper invented a wire-spoked suspension wheel; another Englishman named H. J. Lawson invented a rear-driven geared bicycle; another Englishman named Starley invented the safety bicycle; and finally, Mr. J. B. Dunlop invented the pneumatic tire, now of supreme importance not only for bicycles, but for automobiles. Nobody need be told what the bicycle and the pneumatic tire have done for the emancipation of mankind.

Now the invention which made automobiles and aircraft possible was the internal combustion engine. That certainly can be called an epoch-making invention. The British did not invent it. Was it, then, the product of the "paramount" German intellect? No. That idea came from Britain's greatest rival in the realm of intellect—France. And France, Britain, and the great English-speaking nation on the American continent have contributed more than any other peoples to the evolution and perfection of automobiles and aircraft. Germany's sole contribution in regard to the conquest of the air has been the Zeppelin dirigible balloon,

made possible by the French invention of the internal combustion engine and the English invention of the propeller. Up to the time of writing, by the way, the Zeppelin is spurned by other nations, and looks like the plodding production of an inventor not gifted with enough insight to see that the cardinal principle in the mastery of the air is to use heavier-than-air machines.

Consider now the application of intellect to the problem of clothing mankind, and the manufacture of fabrics for all manner of uses. Which is the nation that must receive the thanks of the world for the greatest advance along these lines? The British. It began with the British invention of rotary steam power and was followed up by the British inventions of the spinning-jenny (by Hargreaves), the Arkwright frame, the Crompton mule, and the Cartwright power-loom. The whole textile trade of the world was revolutionized by these inventions.

The demand for iron and coal consequent upon the British invention of power-driven machinery gave an impetus to mining, and here again the British have been pre-eminently the pioneers. It was the British who led the way in all the essentials of mining engineering, from sinking a shaft to keeping it ventilated, and it was the British who invented that wonderful safeguard of human life, the miner's safety lamp.

The British also led the way in the evolution of the iron and steel industries, so much so that it has been said quite truly that if one were to subtract from the world's knowledge of iron and steel all that Britain has taught there would be very little information left that would be of any real value. It was Fairbairn who first showed the wonderful capabilities of iron, Nasmyth who invented the steam hammer, Neilson who applied the cold blast to the manufacture of iron, Bessemer who improved the methods of dealing with malleable

steel and iron; and it was British engineers who, working upon British methods and discoveries, showed the world how structures like the tubular bridges over the Menai Straits and the old Grand Trunk bridge over the St. Lawrence at Montreal, to say nothing of the Forth bridge and the Clifton Suspension bridge, were possible.

Look again at the immense power placed in the hands of mankind by the discovery of the hydraulic system for power purposes. That was an invention of Armstrong, of Newcastle.

Another of the greatest agents in the progress of civilization is the modern means of communication. William Watson first discovered how to send an electric shock across the River Thames, and Francis Ronalds, another Englishman, evolved the telegraph from this. William Fothergill Cooke and Professor Wheatstone made the telegraph applicable to railway work and subsequently to all the practical uses for which it has since been applied. The first newspaper report sent by telegraph was sent from Portsmouth to *The Morning Chronicle* in London, on May 8th, 1845. Submarine telegraphy was invented by the British, and the great cable concerns of the world were built up by them.

The telephone was invented by Dr. Alexander Graham Bell — another triumph for British brains, since Dr. Bell is a Canadian, and was born in Edinburgh. Wireless telegraphy was first introduced by Sir W. Preece, the engineer of the British Post Office, and about the same time by Marconi. The last-named has carried it to its present perfection. Even of Marconi it may be said that while his name is Italian, his mother was Irish, and all his experiments were carried out on British soil, with the help of British assistants.

The use of modern machinery and steam power for land cultivation was entirely due to British initiative. The threshing machine driven by steam, which succeeded the flail of our fore-

fathers, was invented by a Scotsman, and the reaping-machine and steam plough were both English inventions.

Britain and the United States are primarily responsible for the multifarious electric inventions of the present day, and it should never be forgotten that it was Faraday—a Briton—who made the discovery of induction, which led in its turn to the discovery of the dynamo and the motor and many another historic invention. Sir Humphry Davy was the first to discover and describe electric light, and Edison, who has carried electric lighting to its present perfection, to say nothing of canning the songs and music of the world, was born, not in Germany, but in the United States—of Nova Scotian parents.

As an aid to scientific investigation, the world is indebted to Britain for that most invaluable instrument, the microscope. Roger Bacon first conceived the idea of the telescope, and Sir Isaac Newton, Herschel, Faraday, and other British scientists perfected it. Each instrument gave the key to another world.

The barometer can be traced back to Galileo and Torcelli. But it was Boyle, in England, who completed the discovery, and Sir Henry Englefield who constructed a barometer expressly for the purpose, not of foretelling the weather, but of measuring the elevation of mountains. The latest use of this invention is to carry it on aeroplanes for indicating the height at which aircraft are moving. Likewise the evolution of the thermometer is due to an Irishman named Robert Boyle, a son of the Earl of Cork.

Turning for a moment to the realm of philosophy, long supposed to be Germany's own peculiar field, think what a revolution was caused by the investigations of the English naturalist, Charles Darwin. His "Origin of Species" marked not only an epoch in philosophy and literature, but in the whole history of human thought, regardless of nationality. He impart-

ed a new influence and impetus to history, ethics, economics, and psychology by his doctrine of evolution, and profoundly affected all studies of mankind, whether moral, physical, intellectual, or spiritual. From his doctrine sprang an altogether new science—that of Comparative Theology. Again, may we ask, where was the "paramount" intellect of Germany?

We have already seen that some of the giant basic contributions to the history of medicine and physiology were contributed by the British. Here are some others—the discovery of the antiseptic system of treatment in surgery by Lord Lister, a colossal boon to humanity, and the use of anæsthetics for alleviating pain, such as chloroform, the invention of which was due to Simpson, a Scotsman. What the British have done in the science of bacteriology is too great a subject to enter upon. But as one instance it may be said that it was the British which discovered that the African disease known as sleeping sickness was due to bacteria carried by the tsetse fly, and who in five years entirely stamped out the disease in a district where the toll of human life had been between 200,000 and 300,000 natives.

Regarding the great battle which science is now waging so successfully against microbes, let it never be forgotten that it was Sir Almroth Wright who originated the theory of vaccines, and who is still its chief exponent. Sir Almroth Wright is partly Irish and partly Danish, and began his active work in the British Military Hospital at Netley. He conceived the idea of smothering microbes with their own poisons. He cultivated disease microbes, killed them by boiling, and injected their dead bodies into a patient suffering from the disease they had caused. The results were miraculous. The living microbes were poisoned by the corpses of their comrades, and the patient recovered. Here was the key to the treatment of all bacterial dis-

eases. Here was discovered a new gospel—a gospel that has created a new school of scientific thought and practice. Its originator is destined to go down to posterity as one of the great benefactors of the human race.

One of the great triumphs of modern science has been the discovery of the important principle of the conservation of energy. This principle, which guides the theorist no less than the practical engineer, shows that heat and mechanical energy are mutually convertible. In boring a cannon, for instance, the amount of heat engendered exactly corresponds to the amount of energy exerted. This principle is applicable to all forms of energy, whether electricity, light, chemical action, or the powers of nerve or muscle. A given quantity of heat always corresponds to the same amount of energy. It was Joule, of Manchester, who first demonstrated this.

Another fundamental natural law was revealed by the discovery of hydrogen by Cavendish in England. The world thus got knowledge of those two all-important gases, hydrogen and oxygen. Priestly, an Englishman, was the first to prove the important fact that combustion is supported by oxygen, and another Britisher, John Dalton, announced the atomic theory, which enriched science by one of its grandest conceptions.

One of the greatest industries of which Germany boasts as a concrete instance of her scientific ability—that of the manufacture of dyes and scents from coal tar—were made possible by Sir William Perkins's discoveries in England of the method by which coal tar could be made to yield up aniline products.

Germany has done much in chemical science, but even in this she has nothing to show that will in any way bear comparison with Lord Raleigh's contribution of argon; Ramsay's discovery of neon, crypton, and other gases; or Ramsay's discovery of the change of radium into helium—a fact

which has profoundly modified scientific views with regard to the constitution of matter.

The work of English and French scientists, and not those of Germany, have also led to the great new science of radio-activity, which is based upon the electron. And the electron, the smallest particle known to science, was discovered and measured in England, those two great Britishers, Ramsay and Rutherford, leading in the work. Sir Ernest Rutherford was born in New Zealand of British parents, and laid the foundations of his great discoveries in the laboratories of McGill University, Montreal.

The discovery of the electron was in its turn due to the mathematical work of Stokes, in England, in regard to the internal friction of gases, or what is termed viscosity, and the importance of the discovery will be seen when it is realized how profoundly it affects our conception of matter. We have commonly supposed that inert matter is dead. According to this discovery nothing is dead. All matter is intensely alive, with a life whose meaning and potentialities we only dimly perceive. A rock is a solid mass of atoms. Each atom is a universe in itself—a universe of electrons forever revolving in planetary motion like the planets round the sun. Strike a piece of iron with a hammer and you engender heat. The heat is caused by the blow accelerating the planetary motion of the electrons. Put the iron in fire, and the heat will so increase the motion of the electrons that they will fly out of their orbits. That is what happens when iron melts and flows. All matter made up of innumerable planetary systems, and each planetary system contained in a particle so minute that it is forever invisible to the naked eye—that is the announcement of Britain's latest contribution to the domain of science, and well has it been described as the greatest exhibition of scientific imagination the world has ever seen.

Intimately connected with it is an-

other British wonder of science—Maxwell's electro-dynamic theory of light, which postulates that light and heat are electrical phenomena, and that electric waves differ from light waves only in length—a theory that makes electricity the most important physical agent in the world.

The foregoing is a record of the inventions and scientific achievements which have profoundly affected mankind by revolutionizing life and thought.

What Britain has done in the cause of liberty and social progress, in the cause of justice and good government, in voyages and explorations, in engineering work, in the improvement of agriculture and of the breeding of live stock, and in navigation would each make a formidable history, but these achievements are too numerous and far-reaching even to attempt to outline them.

Now all these achievements are not the result of fortunate accident. They are the result of training, of educa-

tion, of natural aptitude, and of the application of intellectual power. It would be ridiculous to claim that Britain has been pre-eminent in all lines of human endeavour. Certain races are peculiarly blessed with certain endowments and opportunities for special functions, and they perform these functions better than any other. History shows that to the Anglo-Saxon race has been allotted a position of profound responsibility in regard to the evolution of civilization, and history reveals that, despite all her faults and shortcomings, the Anglo-Saxon race has on the whole performed its task both nobly and for the general good of the universe. In other words, the British have won for themselves an intellectual empire commensurate with the vast breadth of their territorial domination. The British Empire is not a series of fortuitous accidents; this vast aggregation of self-governing communities is a symbol of the qualities of the mind as well as of the heart of the British race.

WHEN APRIL COMES

By R. C. READE

CLOUDS darken, soft rain falls
 In slow-dropping madrigals;
 Birds twitter, boughs awake,
 Hoarse brooks harsh murmur make;
 And Spring's palette paints the hills
 With the saffron daffodils,
 When April comes.

Earth quivers with the stir
 Of the seeds that grow in her;
 Flowers from drowsy winter beds,
 Lily and tulip, lift their heads,
 Banquet for brisk, small bee,
 Hyacinth, anemone,
 When April comes.

When April comes, when April comes,
 All things have voice, all things, in tune,
 Sing preludes unto unborn June,
 When April comes.

WHERE THE LINES MEET

BY FRANK X. FINNEGAN

THERE is a spot in the southwestern part of this country where a man may stand at one moment upon the soil of two States and two Territories; where, if he moves but a step in either direction, he may be entirely within the boundaries of one commonwealth, with another lying beneath his eyes and the two Territories so close that his shadow, cast by the noonday sun, may fall on both of them. In all the broad expanse of the United States, with its hundreds of State lines crossing one another, there is no other place where this is possible. It was toward this spot that a man on a jaded cow pony rode through a driving storm one April night. His broad-brimmed hat was pulled well down to protect his face from the beating rain and the reins hung loose upon the horse's drooping neck, for the cayuse knew the trail across the mesa better than its master in the blackness of the night.

To the rider's left the San Juan River, swollen to twice its normal width by the spring rains, roared and tumbled between its banks, and at times the horse splashed through a pool where the river had overflowed the trail, but the man paid little heed to the floundering footsteps of his horse and only pulled the collar of his rough coat more closely about his throat as he bowed before the increasing gale. At length the cayuse quickened its steps and raised its head as a twinkling light glimmered through the blackness far ahead. The man

roused himself in sympathy with the livelier motion of his horse, the light caught his eye and with an oath he brought his rawhide quirt down on the horse's flank as he stared through the darkness.

The surprised cayuse bounded forward with renewed energy and in a few minutes stopped before a rough shack, through the window of which the light was gleaming. The man threw himself from the horse, bounded to the door and flung it open. In the single room of the cabin he saw a heavily-built, forbidding-looking man seated near a table, smoking and vainly trying by the light of the smoky lamp to read a soiled fragment of a month-old newspaper. He looked up when the door was burst open and surveyed the intruder calmly.

"Hello, Bill," he said after a moment, during which the two men had stared at each other; "I was waitin' for you."

"I see you was," said the man at the door, "an' you seem to be makin' yourself at home while you're waitin'." In his astonishment he had forgotten his horse and he took a step inside the shack as if to escape the drenching rain and the wind which was roaring up from the southwest. Then he remembered that he had not yet given the animal shelter and he paused.

"Wait till I put the horse up," he said. "I'll be back."

"Oh, I know you will, Bill," said the man at the table lightly, "I ain't afraid you're goin' to run away."

The rain-soaked man at the door hesitated as though to speak again, started out, turned again toward the man at the table, who smilingly surveyed his every move, and at last stepped outside, closed the door and led his tired horse to the lean-to behind the shack, where he tethered it for the night. By the time he had again reached the door of the cabin his features had undergone a decided change and the surly look of defiance with which he had first met the smiling face of the other man had given place to an expression almost equally cheerful. He closed the door of the shack carefully, that the howling wind might not burst it open, crossed the room and seated himself on the edge of a tumbled bed near the western wall of the cabin. Watching the man near the table with a furtive smile he fished a blackened pipe from his pocket, rapped it on the edge of the bed, blew into it, and said:

"If you don't mind bein' obligin', I'd just as soon have a pipeful of that tobacco you're smokin'."

"Sure," said the man at the table, drawing out a greasy pouch. "Come an' take all you want."

The man on the bed eyed him narrowly a moment, knocked his pipe against his horny palm once or twice, and said:

"I'd rather you'd toss it over."

"What's the odds?" asked the man at the table, lightly, but he tossed the pouch over and his companion filled and lighted his pipe. When the blue clouds were adding their mite to the closeness of the atmosphere, the man at the table turned sharply to the man on the bed.

"Bill," he said, "I don't s'pose it'll take much talk from me to explain what I'm here for. I been lookin' for you for a month all over Montezuma County, an' I said to the boys I wouldn't come back without you. I sort of lost track of you for a spell until a cow-puncher up near M'Elmo told me you had built this shack down here near the San Juan

an' I come right on here to get you. Not findin' you at home, I made myself comfortable, knowin' you'd come sooner or later. Do you want me to tell you what I come for?"

"Sure," said Bill. "I know I never sent for you. Tom M'Kinney, an' I'd get along here powerful comfortable for a long time if you didn't make it no point to drop in on me."

"Well, maybe so," admitted M'Kinney slowly; "but you see, Bill, my comin' ain't what the folks back in the States refer to as a social call. It's more connected with business, you know, Bill, seein' as how I've got in my pocket a warrant for the arrest of one Bill Gordon for the crime of horse stealin', contrary to the peace an' order of Montezuma county, Colorado. I reckon you won't deny that you're Bill Gordon, leastways not to me, that has knowed you for twelve years, an' I don't expect you're goin' to cut up rough about it, because you've knowed me the same length of time."

Bill Gordon smoked thoughtfully a few moments, with the shadow of a smile on his features.

"No. Tom," he said at length, "I ain't goin' to deny that I'm Bill Gordon, but I'm sorry that you've come all this way in such bad weather just to tell me that, because you'll have to leave your warrant in your pocket an' go back without me."

The smile vanished from M'Kinney's face, giving way to a fierce glare which no whit dismayed the complacent Bill Gordon.

"I'll have to go back without you?" repeated M'Kinney. "Don't you reco'nize me as the sheriff of Montezuma County, State of Colorado?"

"Surely," said Gordon calmly, blowing a big cloud of smoke into the air.

"Then I place you under arrest," thundered M'Kinney, rising with a hand upon the butt of his revolver as though in expectation of resistance.

Bill Gordon still continued to sit

on the edge of the bed and smoke and he even smiled at the warlike move of the sheriff.

"No, you don't place me under no arrest, neither," he finally declared, looking fearlessly into the sheriff's eyes.

"Why don't I?" asked the surprised M'Kinney. Resistance he was ready for, but this calm and unmoved refusal of Bill Gordon to be arrested staggered him.

"Because," answered Gordon, with a final smile of triumph, "I ain't in Colorado!"

"You ain't *what*?" thundered the sheriff.

"I ain't in Colorado," repeated Gordon, with the same calm smile of assurance. "You are," he went on hastily, seeing that M'Kinney evidently thought he was insane, "but I ain't. You see, the line runs right through my shack. Bed's in Utah, chair is in Colorado. That nail keg over there is in Arizony, and that old saddle in the other corner's in New Mexico. I'm on the bed, so I'm in Utah, an' you can't serve no warrant in Utah, Tom. You'll admit that?"

"Sure, I admit that," said Sheriff M'Kinney in a dazed and uncertain way.

"Well, then," continued the imperturbable Gordon, "your warrant ain't no good. All I've got to do is to stay over here in Utah an' you can't touch me."

"But—but how'd you know where the line was?" demanded the sheriff suspiciously. He had recovered from the first shock of surprise and was preparing for fight again. "How do I know this ain't a game you're puttin' up on me? I'd make a fine figure goin' back to M'Elmo with a yarn like that, wouldn't I? I'd be run out of town before I could resign."

"Lemme tell you about it," said Gordon, stretching himself comfortably on the bed. He was no longer in fear of the sheriff's warrant and was eager to expatiate upon his great scheme. "I seen it all set out in a

newspaper about a month ago about this here place. I was up to Monticello, up here on the Utah side, you know, an' I found a newspaper kickin' around there what had all this in it. It told how the State lines of Colorado an' Utah an' Arizony an' New Mexico all come together in a bunch an' how four cowboys could sit on their horses an' hold hands an' all be in different States. An' it went on about how the cowboys had built up a pile of stones to mark the spot where all the four lines come together an' it had a picture of the pile of stones an' four men on horses all holdin' hands."

Bill paused to refill his pipe from the pouch which still lay beside him and as he did so he was reminded of the incident of the evening.

"That's why I wanted you to toss me your tobacco," he said with a smile. "I didn't want to take a chance in Colorado for a minute."

"I wish I had knowed it then," grunted the sheriff. "I mightn't have been so obligin'."

"Well, I got to thinkin' about that thing," went on Gordon when the pipe was well alight, "an' I got to wonderin' if that wouldn't be a handy place to live. You know, lots of fellows build their shacks on the line between two States because they may not want to stay in one State all the time. There is occasions when many a man wants to move along a little an' he can do it by movin' across the room it saves lots of travelin'. But, thinks I, s'posin' a fellow has two visitors at once that wants to have a little chat with him, one from each State? Then what? thinks I. An' it struck me that if a fellow could live in about four States—not more than four—it might often come handy."

"There ain't no manner of doubt," interrupted Sheriff M'Kinney, "that it would for you, Bill."

"I thought about that things so much," went on Gordon, "that I came down here lookin' for that there pile of stones. An' I found 'em an' this

here is the place. I built this shack around that pile of stones just as square as them fellows that lays out the railroad lines could make it. I took down the pile of stones because they was in the way, but this is the place, Tom, an' you can take my word for it. The bed's in Utah, the chair's in Colorado, the keg's in Arizony, an' the saddle over there's in New Mexico. When I want to leave Colorado for a spell I mosey over an' sit on the nail keg in Arizony and I go to bed in Utah every night I'm at home. You can see for yourself, Tom," concluded Gordon with the utmost good-nature, "that the scheme ain't a bad one; for example, right at present."

"No, it ain't a bad one," assented the sheriff, "only there's this about it, Bill, you can't stay over there in Utah forever, you know. S'posin' I was to hang around here until you got hungry an' wanted to get up a snack o' somethin' to eat for yourself, you'd have to come over into Colorado to eat it an' then I'd nab you. You can't live on the bed, you know. Did you think of that?"

"Sure," said Gordon, with a quiet smile. "You see this window? It's on the Utah side of the house. I can go out this window an' go around to the corral an' get my horse without ever leavin' Utah, an' I can ride from there up into Utah or down into Arizony or around the front of the house into New Mexico an' you can't lay a hand on me, Tom. I can keep in one o' them places, you know, until you get tired an' go home. Oh, I've got it all thought out."

The Colorado sheriff was silent for a few minutes, wrapped in deep thought on the perplexing problem with which he was face to face. The storm still raged with unabated fury, the rain beat upon the flimsy roof of the cabin and the wind roared around the door and windows. Bill Gordon smoked steadily and regarded the sheriff with satisfied amusement until both men were startled by a hail from without.

"Hello, the house!" called a stentorian voice above the storm. Bill Gordon looked uneasily at the sheriff.

"'Pears like there's somebody out there in the rain," said M'Kinney.

"I ain't lookin' for no visitors," answered Gordon. "This ain't no hotel."

The calls from without were repeated and finally succeeded by a sturdy rapping on the door of the shack. Gordon arose reluctantly, being careful not to cross the line passing through the centre of the little cabin, and unfastened the door. In a gust of wind and rain two bedraggled men stepped inside. Coming out of the pitchy darkness of the stormy night, they were dazzled for a moment by the lamplight and peered around the shack with winking eyes. Gordon took advantage of the circumstances to slip over into the corner and seat himself on the nail keg.

"Hello, Tom," cried one of the newcomers in surprise as he made out the features of the Colorado sheriff in the lamplight; "what you doin' here? We expected to find Bill Gordon. You waitin' for him, too?"

"There's Bill, in the corner," replied Sheriff M'Kinney, and the two strangers turned in the direction indicated. Gordon was rocking himself lightly to and fro on the nail keg, still enjoying his smoke and with the same inscrutable smile on his features with which he had regaled the Colorado sheriff before acquainting him with his novel scheme for evading the law.

"Evenin', Jack," he said as the two turned toward him; "evenin', Buck. What brings you folks this way? Nothing' going wrong, is there?"

"Well, I'll put up our horses while Jack tells you about it," said the man addressed as Buck, and he disappeared into the rain again. Jack looked rather awkwardly from one to the other of the men as though he did not exactly relish the situation in which he found himself.

"Before I say anything more," he began, addressing himself to Sheriff

M'Kinney, "I want to know if Bill here is your prisoner. You got here first an', of course, if he's under arrest, he's yours, an' we ain't got anything more to say."

"Well, no," said Sheriff M'Kinney; "to tell the truth, he ain't my prisoner."

"Good," said the drenched newcomer; "then we ain't had our trip for nothin'."

At that moment the man who had gone out to care for the horses returned, and Jack greeted him gleefully.

"It's all right, Buck," he said. "Sheriff M'Kinney says he hasn't arrested Bill; so one of us is sure to get him. You can take him if you want, because I know I can get him when you're through with him. Bill," he continued, turning to Gordon, who was listening with the same bored smile on his face, "I've got a warrant for you for runnin' off Dad Walters's three colts, and Buck here has got another warrant for you for a case down in his county. Now, we both been lookin' for you for a long time an' when we heard you was located in a shack down here, we decided to come after you together. Here you are an' here we are, an' I don't s'pose you're goin' to make any fuss about it, are you, Bill?"

"No, I ain't goin' to make any fuss about it," said Gordon, with a sly wink at Sheriff M'Kinney; "only I ain't goin' with any of you."

"You ain't?" repeated Jack fiercely, laying his hand upon a ponderous revolver. "We'll see about that!"

"Wait a minute, Jack," said Gordon in a soothing tone; take it easy. You're sheriff of San Juan County, Utah, ain't you?"

"Certainly I am," replied Jack impatiently.

"An' Buck there is sheriff of San Juan County, New Mexico, ain't he?" went on Gordon.

"Oh, we all know that," said Buck, starting forward. "Let's stop this foolishness."

"Wait a minute, wait a minute,"

warned Gordon, while M'Kinney industriously cleaned his pipe. "Now, neither one of you two sheriffs ever thought he had any right to serve warrants in Arizony, did you?"

"Arizona!" exclaimed Jack "What are you talking about?"

"Only this," said Gordon, settling back against the wall, "that I'm in Arizony. Ask M'Kinney. He knows about it. Bed's in Utah, chair's in Colorado, keg's in Arizony, and saddle's in New Mexico."

"What's all this about?" demanded the Utah sheriff, turning to the Colorado sheriff.

"I guess Bill's right," said Sheriff M'Kinney, "if he's tellin' the truth, an' I ain't got much reason to doubt that. We all know the State lines all cross down here somewheres an' Bill allows this is the spot. He found the pile of stones the fellows put up to mark it an' he built his shack around 'em. I guess he's got the best of it while he stays on the nail keg."

The two outwitted sheriffs glared at Gordon, at M'Kinney, and at each other in turn, and in the silence the storm could be heard roaring with redoubled fury. At length the New Mexico sheriff started impatiently.

"This is all nonsense," he said sternly. "Here we are, three sheriffs, each with a warrant for this fellow. Any one of us can arrest him by main force. Are we all going to be bluffed by this yarn about the State lines?"

"You wouldn't want to do an illegal act like that, Buck," ventured Gordon winningly. "Not you, Buck, in front of two witnesses. You know if you dragged me out of Arizony, where I'm sittin' so comfortable, an' took me away off into New Mexico, I could summons these two reputable officers to testify about it, Buck, an' they'd have to tell the truth, you know, about how you served your warrant outside your own State. It wouldn't do, you know, Buck," concluded Gordon, with exasperating impudence. The three sheriffs looked at one another in silence once more.

"No, I guess he's got us stalled," said Buck, at last, and Jack and M'Kinney solemnly shook their heads.

"I suppose we could stay here an' starve him out," suggested Jack. "He'd have to come out of Arizona some time."

"I want to get back when court opens to-morrow," said M'Kinney. "I've fooled away three weeks on this thing now."

"We might—" began Buck, when something happened. The howling

blast struck the light shack with tremendous force, tore it from the earth and poised it on end for an instant, then hurled it to the north and east. The men fell in a heap with the table and the bed on top of them, but Sheriff M'Kinney had his eye on Gordon at the instant of the upheaval and had his hands on him as they all lay, half-stunned, in the wreckage.

"Bill," he breathed hoarsely into Gordon's ear, "we're in Colorado now. You're my prisoner!"

THE CABIN ON THE PLAIN

By CARROLL AIKINS

"THE Spring will come! And then, and then," they said.
Those blue lips babbling ever of the Spring.
But through the cabin door the windy sting
Of prairie winter swept the pillow'd head.

"The Spring will come!" Life's stealthy afterglow
Brightened the worn young face. "With flowers of May!"
But the encircling prairie crept away
In level wastes of shadowless white snow.

"And when it comes . . ." The hopeful, childish breath
Broke in a shallow whisper, hard and dry,
The stainless depths of the incurious sky
Were blue and vacant as the eyes of death.

The spring wind whispers in the fields of grain;
The birds sing, and the first faint flowers come out,
Grow bolder, brighter, garland it about . . .
The little empty cabin on the plain.



IDLERS

From the Drawing by Edward Jackson Dinsmore



MR. A. PHIMISTER PROCTOR, N. A.

A Canadian who has won a place of great distinction
among contemporary American sculptors

PHIMISTER PROCTOR: CANADIAN SCULPTOR

BY W. H. DE B. NELSON

"**H**E is joined to his idols, let him alone." The prophet in uttering this dictum regarding Ephraim might have applied it with equal significance to Phimister Proctor, who at this moment is fore-gathering with redskins, stalking big game, and otherwise disporting himself far away from our machine-made civilization. Indians, savage beasts, fowls of the air, fishes of the stream are verily his idols, and his ambition is to study them and be left alone with them. The Emperor Diocletian loved at times to withdraw to the country and grow cabbages in soli-

tude and calmness; the early Chinese, those who possessed real souls, were wont to retire from cities and seek the dread silence of primæval forests for purpose of prayer and meditation; Proctor feels the same necessity, though in his special case prayer and meditation are largely superseded by the attraction of gun and rod.

"Let us probe the silent places, let us see
what luck betide us.

Let us journey to a lonely land I know;
There's a whisper on the night wind,
there's a star agleam to call us,
And the wild is calling—let us go."

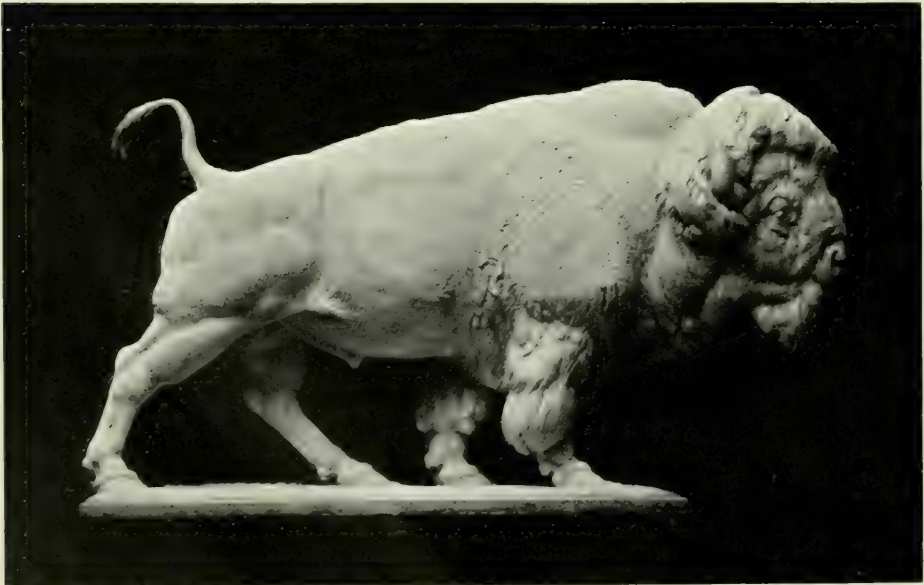
This call of the wild is the keynote

to a proper understanding of Phimister Proctor to-day. It was no less insistent some thirty years ago when a mere lad he accompanied his parents to Denver, whence he made frequent incursions into the Rockies, and when scarcely in his teens earned undying kudos and the surprise of the local sports by accounting for an elk and a grizzly during an afternoon's hunt, by himself, with no other assistance than a stout heart and a more or less trusty gun of antique pattern. No mean record this for a sapling! Such saplings grow into fine forest timber. With this experience he learned the habits of different animals, assimilated their very sap and essence. He observed them by day, and at night he dreamed of lions and Indians. All this time he was busy with his sketch-book and whittled all manner of forms out of chunks of wood.

Thus the still small voices of the art sirens whispered their alluring message, but in the eighties there was little to inspire an ambitious youth

in any city of the West, unless forsooth the painted wooden effigy of an Indian chief at the portals of a tobacco store. So it chanced that the family moved to a wider field of encouragement, to New York, and here the lad put in the hardest work at his chosen profession, visiting the National Academy of Design during the winter months, but with the summer solstice the call of the Rockies would each year make its irresistible appeal, and once more "Old Roary," his pet gun, or probably a more reliable successor, would make the welkin ring to the accustomed melody. There was method, however, in his slaughter, he was not merely "out for the bag"; each specimen obtained was sketched, dissected, and sketched again; his spoils yielded the structural knowledge he craved, and every thew, sinew, and muscle was felt and prodded until he knew its exact shape and function.

It was this splendid ground-work that stood him in such good stead in after years, and which has contri-



BISON FOR Q STREET BRIDGE AT WASHINGTON, D. C.

From the model by A. Phimister Proctor, N. A.



ONE OF THE TIGERS AT THE ENTRANCE TO PRINCETON UNIVERSITY

From the original model by A. Phimister Proctor, N. A.

buted so largely in helping him to a very high and unique position among American sculptors to-day and among animal sculptors the world over. It stands to reason that the animalier (oh, hateful word!) who sits tamely on his little folding chair, patented in Paris, before the bars of some denizen of the zoological gardens, cannot get at the spirit of the beast (if, indeed, any be left!), in the same measure and degree as the man who has observed his beast in the open and maybe tracked it to its lair. Far be it from the writer to decry the very excellent habit of repairing to the nearest menagerie or circus to record impressions; such notes prove of immense service, though they can never supply all that is requisite in the make-up of an animal painter or sculptor. Proctor, too, has haunted cages on wheels and stately lion houses, but what he has effected there has only supplemented the real knowledge acquired in the wild places which swallow him up during the frequent periods of his wanderlust.

No lover of cities, he regards them more in the light of a workshop and convenient meeting-place for friends and patrons, a necessity, in fact, of his calling. Stiff hats, boiled shirts and collars, in a word, the investiture of conventional life, seem less essen-

tial in his equipment than breeches and leggings, lariat and revolver, Winchester and fishing-tackle, which are as much his emblems as mountains and forests are his favourite habitat. A charming episode of early days in Chicago reveals that latent wildness which permeates his being. It was evening in the city, and the lights were lit. Proctor fidgeted a while and then suggested that the lights be lowered or at least the shutters be drawn; his roving eye and knowledge of savage warfare quickly perceived the immense advantage that an enemy would derive from seeing the forms of himself and family so temptingly silhouetted. The fault was at once remedied. This latent wildness lends additional charm to a man gifted with numerous fine qualities which have no place in this note.

Every successful artist looks back to some small beginning, some pivotal event from which the approval of the public has resulted. A timid, ungainly fawn, balancing itself with the poise of an inebriate upon unsteady props, evinced such excellent modelling when seen accidentally in a New York studio by critical eyes that the subject of this sketch was invited to model some animals for the World's Fair. Here was his opportunity and here he won his spurs. Chicago



MOOSE IN BRONZE, FOURTEEN INCHES HIGH

Bronze cast from the model by A. Phimister Proctor, N. A.

brought him recognition and a bride all in one fell swoop, and here it would not be out of place to record that Mrs. Proctor, Marguerite Gerou that was, has been the greatest unlifting force conceivable. Herself devoted to art, she has given every thought and action to his artistic welfare, and the writer feels that no essay on Phimister Proctor could carry weight or distinction which did not pay tribute to the splendid influence which she brings to bear upon every piece of work that centres in his brain or issues from his workshop. So many artists married are artists marred, that where the benefit is so pronounced, the fact demands recording.

Nothing is more wearisome than plodding through chronological exploits and plethoric lists of awards,

prizes, medals, and all the little and large distinctions which adhere like sticking-plaster to the man of mark. With Proctor such stepping-stones to greatness count for very little, much less than his skill with revolver and lasso, not to mention his friendship for Irontail, a Sioux chieftain who won Proctor's perpetual friendship by handing over to him the scalp of a Crow Indian, with the simple understanding that when labelled in the Proctor collection, he, Irontail, and no one else, should be credited with the killing. Simple savage, brave and untutored, there was something in Proctor that went out to him by wireless and proved this white man deserving of his gift. Other things beyond his awards and prizes are his splendid mountain sheep and bear trophies.



SKETCH OF GENERAL CUSTER

From the original model by A. Phinister Proctor, N. A.

not to mention his entry into that famous coterie of big game shooters, the Boone and Crockett Club, which includes Mr. Roosevelt in its very limited membership.

To take Proctor's work at random, that which makes its urgent appeal is the man's wonderful knowledge of

the animal portrayed, not merely surface detail, but the spirit and mood, the elemental which that eminent English painter Arnesby Brown shows in his inimitable cattle. Both men are the antithesis of Landseer, they allow no human element to enter into their beasts. A Franch savant.

on seeing one of Proctor's buffaloes, made the following remark: "If America should at any time rue the loss of its last specimen, it would matter but little, for Proctor has given us a perfect type." High praise this, and from a high quarter. Another feeling assails one on viewing, say, his pumas which guard the entrance to Prospect Park, Brooklyn; it is his monumental sense which has come with the years, for it did not stamp his early achievements. Others have fashioned wild beasts with sincerity and with a knowledge born of hard scientific investigation, but it would be difficult to name any one who has out-Proctored Proctor in that rare sense which has won its place in nomenclature as monumental and which is so noticeable in the Princeton tigers; the Washington buffaloes upon the Q Street bridge; his heroic sleeping lions at the four corners of the base of the McKinley Monument, four times life size; as also the two bronze lions faithfully guarding the approach to the Frick Building, in Pittsburg.

There is nothing dramatic in his work, whether it be a mounted cowboy or an Indian in his warpaint; Proctor never wanders out of his way to compose some striking effect calculated to cause a sensation by making appeal to those who judge good art by its daring departure from accepted canons of sculptural taste. I can only recall one bronze of the many he has executed which is perhaps a trifle theatrical and which is also reminiscent of that wonderful Frenchman, Barye, who attained success when too old to appreciate it. I allude to the "Dog Devouring a Bone," an excellent study in canine anatomy, but revealing less individuality than his other works. Perhaps his most popular bronze, and deservedly so, is his stalking panther with a magnificent sweeping line from muzzle to tail-tip, stealthily creeping onward like inexorable Fate, and presaging a terrible end for the object of its solic-

tude. Another beautiful design is his "Leaping Tarpon," wrought in silver. Tarpons do not pause midway in their leap in amiable concession to an artist's necessity, but must be caught and transfixed in the brain like Rodin's *instantinées*.

It would be an injustice to this versatile sculptor only to expatiate upon his skill in rendering animal life. His Indian studies, at present only in plaster, betray great powers of characterization, while a recent study of Master Martin Biddle shows him to be a portraitist of high order. Young Biddle is astride a very serviceable-looking cob and has a good cross-country seat, which is the particular message which Proctor wished to deliver. To model a boy upon a horse in such a way as to show exactly the degree of horsemanship possessed by that boy is an accomplishment.

Furthermore, if the *media* of the sculptor were unobtainable, Proctor could rely upon his brush work for a living, his water-colour paintings of the fauna along the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway in Alberta and British Columbia show him to be full of sentiment and imagination and fully possessed of the painter's vision. It would be easy to name a dozen other callings which he could follow up successfully, but as long as bronze and marble are available there is little reason to doubt but that he will continue to follow the career he has so deliberately chosen.

There are occasions, when in his anxiety to be absolutely true to the intimate modellings, he somewhat neglects the larger planes and loses bigness. One can be over-conscientious. It is also true that some of his models lack originality in pose and appear in consequence a trifle too conventional. The qualities, however, which have gained him fame throughout the United States and Canada are his intimate knowledge of animal life, his monumental sense and that feeling of intense life which character-

izes all his output. Other qualities could be enumerated, but these three alone distinguish him as a sculptor of unusual talents.

His art is beyond conscious ability, its vitalizing force is as intangible as a perfume. Prehistoric cavemen, the Egyptians, and Assyrians, displayed great skill in animal draughtsmanship. At Gwalior Hindu carvers made ingenious use of elephants' heads in treating corbels for balcony supports. Sarnath in India teems with examples of the decorative treatment of animals; the Japanese, too, have excelled in showing how fidelity to nature may be joined with decorative effect. Heir to these and twentieth-century traditions, Phimister Proctor is demonstrating to-day how beasts that are essentially American like the buffalo and the mountain

lion can become national totems in bronze and marble, commanding more interest in our parks and buildings than devitalized goddesses and symbolic figures which are in so many instances but a reflected and meaningless art wasted upon an unappreciative public.

It will be recorded that in 1899 Augustus St. Gaudens had the place of honour in the Paris Salon with his statue of General Sherman. Accompanied by the journalist Henry Russell Wray in a tour of the exhibition, the eminent sculptor stopped in front of the statue of an American soldier by Phimister Proctor. He looked it over with considerable interest and said: "That is very virile. You have just come over from America; follow that artist closely; he is the coming man."



FAMOUS CANADIAN TRIALS

IV.—RIEL BEFORE THE JURY

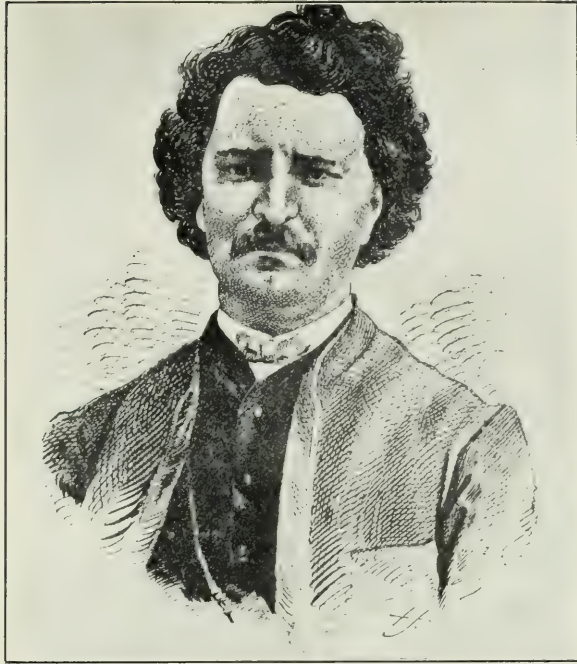
BY BRITTON B. COOKE

TO anyone looking into the records of Louis Riel's life, his deeds—misdeeds some would insist—his two rebellions, his surrender, his trial, and his punishment, it is difficult to know just how, in fairness, to regard the man. It is simple enough to accept the prejudices of that day, one way or another, and with those prejudices to take a fixed point of view toward the unhappy creature who went praying to the scaffold in the shabby yard of the Mounted Police at Regina. But that is scarcely wise. They still point out, when you visit the police headquarters in Regina, the window whence he stepped to his death. It looks like one of those doors through which hay is unloaded from a hay-loft. There Riel ended his tempestuous existence—I cannot say as a hero, yet neither should one say as a thorough knave. If one leave aside the horror which man felt at the story of Scott's execution at the hands of Lepine, Riel's tool, if one withdraw from the contemplation of the lost lives and the threatened Indian uprising which was laid at Riel's door, and if one have any sympathy for the frailties of human nature, then Riel is merely a pitiful figure. The wrongs which first stirred him to action have long since been righted, and that with no acknowledgments to him. That there were these wrongs and that they were too long ignored—not necessarily because a certain political party was in

power, but because all governments have to learn the art of handling colonies—must be admitted. But I think our attitude toward Riel should be a little kindly.

Six English jurymen and a local police magistrate sent to the scaffold the man who had twice led, or rather, roused to violence, the Metis and the Indians against the authority of the Canadian Government. On the twelfth of May, 1885, Batoche had been stormed; on the fifteenth Riel had surrendered, and on the sixteenth of November he was hanged. His trial was held in July. Unlike the trial of Lepine, the judge in this case was not of the High Court—he was a Colonel Richardson—and, on the other hand, the lawyers included the greatest in the land. The famous B. B. Osler was the chief representative of the Crown. The defence was led by Mr. E. B. Greenshields, a Montreal lawyer, who has since won other distinction, and the man who is now Chief Justice Fitzpatrick, of Ottawa, and who when the Governor-General is away from Canada exercises his functions. In the dock was a man who had exorcised the minds of governments and placed in jeopardy the integrity of a nation.

The trial, eleven years earlier, of Lepine, Riel's lieutenant and the nearest approach to a fighting leader ever known by the cause of the Metis, in those days, had not been dramatic. This of Riel was intensely so.



LOUIS RIEL

Behind the great lawyers, on the one side, was all the enmity and hate of a large section of the Canadian community—Orange Ontario. It had not forgotten the picture of Scott kneeling in the snow to be shot, or of the sons who had fallen at Batoche. Behind the defence was the mass of French-Canadian opinion, sympathetic with Riel and the cause he had led. On the one hand was militant Anglo-Saxon Orangism, and on the other hand French-Canadian Catholicism. Between them, statesmen trembled for the safety of their parties.

To Riel, standing there in the focus of their hate the affair was not national, but pitifully personal. Whether he was insane or not, at least he was a great egoist and believed that he had a mission to fulfil. He had seen great visions of the glory he was to earn. He was to have been a great man. People were to have hailed him as saviour. All these dear baubles were gone, and with them

those other things, obviously quite as dear to his sometimes simple heart, his wife, his children, his pious Catholic mother. One by one his great dreams had been cast by the board—his hope of success, of power, of fame. He was reduced now to a matter of life or death.

In the unpretentious Regina courthouse on July 20th, 1885, the clerk read the long indictment of Louis David Riel for high treason. There was no pleading. Riel's counsel took exception to the jurisdiction of the court, claiming that the presiding stipendiary magistrate was incompetent to try a case involving the death penalty. He urged that a trial be granted either in Ontario or in British Columbia. Mr. Christopher Robinson, Q.C., assisting Mr. Osler, replied with a request for eight days' adjournment in which the Crown would prepare its reply.

On July 28th the court again convened. Six jurymen were sworn in

—half the proper number. Riel, according to the reports of the *Toronto Mail* of that day, keenly watched every jurymen as he took the oath. B. B. Osler, who is already entered in Canadian history as the great and incomparable criminal prosecutor, rose in dignity to open the case. He re-read the indictment. He explained the nature of the charge. He recited the various successive steps of rebellion. He indicated the weight and the character of the evidence which would be brought before the court. There had been, he said, objections to the competence of the court: this was quite in harmony with Dominion laws. There had been another objection to the effect that no Grand Jury had been consulted: it was impossible, owing to the state of the country at that time, he explained, to obtain such a body of men. It had been said that six men were not enough for the jury. This, too, he explained.

One by one, he read the documentary evidence against the prisoner. Here was Riel's letter to Major Crozier, of the Northwest Mounted Police, in which he threatened a war of extermination against the whites. Was this, cried Osler, constructive treason? Was it not, rather, a treasonable plot to shed the blood of brave men? A scheme in which Riel was not led by a desire to help his friends in lawful agitation for the redress of their grievances, but by inordinate vanity and the desire for power and wealth? Here was another letter of Riel's, this time to General Middleton. Here was a letter which purported to set the terms on which he (Riel) would accept the surrender of Fort Carlton by Major Crozier.

"Will you not call this treason?" thundered the lawyer. "Is this not the same man who sends out a request that the half-breeds meet him, *armed*, at Batoche, on March 3rd, and there incited them to deeds of violence? Is this not the same man that on the eighteenth of that month sent armed men to make prisoner the In-

dian agent at Laurent, loot the stores and rob the freighters? Is this not the man who, ten days before the fall of Batoche, declared he would rule or perish?"

It had been said, the lawyer went on, that when actual armed conflict seemed imminent Riel appeared to be anxious to withdraw. It had been said that he had "meant well," and was to a large extent a victim of circumstances. Did it look like that when, at Duck Lake, Riel had ordered his men to fire upon the police, when at Fish Creek his men had used further violence, when he himself went to Batoche to direct the digging of the rifle-pits? Here was the letter to General Middleton threatening to shoot the prisoners if the women and children of the half-breeds were molested in any way! Here was a letter found in the tent of Chief Poundmaker, showing Riel's intention to cause an Indian war!

This, then, was the nature of the case which the Crown proposed to lay before the jury. This was the record of Louis Riel, renegade, murderer.

The court-room rang with its own tense stillness after the prosecuting lawyer had finished. He resumed his seat. Spectators felt that nothing more need be said. Riel was already condemned, condemned by the masterful arraignment and the marshalling of facts by Osler.

But there was yet much to be done. Dr. Willoughby, of Saskatoon, was the first witness for the Crown. He had had conversations with Riel in which Riel had made alarming statements. The old Fort Garry trouble was nothing to what it was going to be, Riel had said. The Indians were "only waiting." The United States would help. Riel had appeared very excited. Said he would issue a proclamation calling on the Indians to assert themselves and dividing the whole country into seven parts. One part was to be New Ireland. The rebellion of fifteen years before would not be "a patch on this one."

Thomas MacKay, a loyal half-breed, followed the Saskatoon doctor. He was a member of the volunteers from Prince Albert who were in Fort Carlton under Major Crozier after the last outbreak by the prisoner and his following. At a meeting with Riel in Batoche Riel had accused him of being indifferent to his own people, and of neglecting them. He wanted him, the witness, to turn rebel. The witness then went on to describe the actions of Riel during the encounter at Duck Lake. Riel appeared to be in active command. It was he who directed the firing of the guns against the Queen's men. Mr. Christopher Robinson, who was conducting his examination, laid stress on this point, and the defence, in cross-examination, accordingly made every effort to shake MacKay's testimony. Was he certain it was Riel he had seen? How did he know? Might he not have been mistaken? Was it possible at such a distance to tell Riel from any other, and if so, how could he tell that Riel was giving commands? Was not he, the witness, exercising his imagination too freely?

MacKay was obdurate.

As if that were not enough, a surveyor named John Astley, who had been a prisoner under Riel at Batoche, swore that Riel had acknowledged that he gave the orders to fire at Duck Lake. This ended the first day's proceedings.

It is recorded that on the second day of the trial the prisoner took more interest in the procedure than on the previous day. He sat, leaning forward in the dock, his hand passing to his face, nervously, every now and then. His keen dark eyes, as the newspapers of the time described them, roved from face to face, scrutinizing even the audience, and the faces of the women in the audience, for signs of hope. Near him sat a number of medical men from Eastern Canada, who were to give evidence as to his sanity.

The Crown brought forward still

other damning evidence. George Kerr, of Kerr Brothers, store-keepers at Batoche, swore that on the eighteenth of March Riel, in command of fifty men, sacked his store. Harry Walters, a store-keeper, testified that Riel had sacked his store also. The defence made some slight headway with this witness in securing a description of Riel's programme for dividing up the country, as he had mentioned it to the witness. Riel had said the land was to be divided into seven parts: one-seventh to the Indians, one-seventh to the half-breeds, one-seventh for churches and schools, and the rest to be Crown lands. This was believed to show insanity.

Thomas E. Jackson, a Prince Albert druggist, told how Riel had asked him to write of his movement favourably to Eastern papers. Riel, to him, had claimed that the Government of Canada owed him an indemnity of \$35,000. Riel had suddenly turned against him violently, accusing him of advising an English half-breed to desert. He, the witness, while a prisoner, had been appointed to carry a message to General Middleton, through Riel's lines, warning Middleton not to harm the women and children of the rebels, on threat of executing the prisoners.

"Is that the letter?" asked Mr. Osler, at this point.

"It is."

"You identify Riel's signature?"

"I do."

The witness then identified other pieces of Riel's hand-writing: his summons to Crozier to surrender, a letter asking Crozier to come for his dead after the battle at Duck Lake, a letter to his "dear relatives" at Fort Qu'Appelle, a letter to the Indians and half-breeds at Battleford, and a letter to Chief Poundmaker.

"But," objected the defence, taking up the examination, "these letters are signed 'Exovide.' How do you account for that?"

"That was Riel's signature."

"I see. Now tell me"—this by Mr.

Charles Fitzpatrick, now Chief Justice of Canada, "is it not true that Riel declared, and that you heard him declare, that he would gain the reforms which were needed, by constitutional agitation, whether it took five years or ten years to carry his point?"

"That is true."

"And there was nothing treasonable about that?"

"No. But Riel soon changed. He wanted more than that. He was going to be the Pope of Canada, the head of a sort of Liberal-Roman Catholic religion."

Next came General Middleton, Captain George H. Young, of the Winnipeg Field Battery; Major Jarvis, Commander of that battery, and Major Crozier, of the R.N.W.M.P. They told of their operations in the field against Riel. Then came Charles Nolin, an Irishman, who had to be examined in French by Mr. Casgrain. He was harried by the defence mercilessly.

"You are Charles Nolin?"

"Yes."

"You were one of the rebels?"

"I—well—I—"

"Answer!"

"I—"

"Is it not true that you started an agitation to bring Riel back to Canada after he had been living quietly in Montana, and that after you brought him back you abandoned him?"

"No, that is not true."

"What did Riel tell you about the way he was going to divide up the country?"

"He said, one day, that he had a book, written in buffalo blood. He had written it. He thought he was inspired. He was going to take England and Canada. He was going to give Quebec to the Prussians, Ontario to the Irish, and the Northwest to the Jews, Hungarians, Bavarians, and others."

About at this stage of the examination Riel rose in the dock protesting

that his lawyers were trying to make out that he was a lunatic.

"I am not a lunatic!" he declared. "I am not a lunatic!"

Efforts to quiet him were of no avail. Minutes passed, and still he held the floor, storming and pleading with the witnesses. Finally the court adjourned in the midst of the disorder.

Next day, the opening of the case for the defence was marked by an able address from Mr. Greenshields, counsel for Riel. He referred to the history of the Northwest, the troubles of the Indians, half-breeds, and settlers, and the delays in correcting what undoubtedly had been wrongs. The defence would plead, he said, that the prisoner was of unsound mind and not therefore responsible for his actions. He was suffering, the lawyers hoped to show, from a form of mania known as megalomania, in which inordinate ambition was the chief characteristic.

The defence then called as its first witness the head of the Oblate Fathers in the district of Carlton, Father André. The gentle old priest said that for a long time Riel had seemed a sane and normal man in every respect, but when he began to talk religion "he frightened me." Many of the things Riel had said about the church and its doctrines had so disturbed the priests that they had discussed his sanity at a certain meeting and had agreed that the man was insane. Father Fourmand, a priest, of St. Laurent, confirmed this. Riel did not believe in the Holy Trinity. He believed there was only one God. The man had seemed sane enough at one time, but he had gradually changed.

"Did you ever see his book written in buffalo blood?"

"No. But I heard of it."

"Was he ever abusive?"

"Not to me"—with a smile—"the most he ever said to me was, 'You little tiger!' at a time when I had annoyed him."

The last stage in the defence was the offering of medical testimony as to the prisoner's sanity. Dr. Roy, of Beauport Asylum, Quebec, swore that the prisoner had been an inmate of his institution for nine months ending January, 1878. He was afflicted with what might be termed "ambitious mania." He was insane. Following Dr. Roy, Dr. C. K. Clarke, of Toronto, then head of the Queen Street Asylum, now head of the Toronto General Hospital, said there was no doubt in his mind, after examining Riel, that he was insane.

Mr. Osler: "It is not, really, doctor, impossible to say that a person like Riel, who is sharp and well-educated, is either insane or sane?"

"It is quite possible," retorted the expert.

In rebuttal the Crown called Dr. Wallace, of the Asylum at Hamilton, and Dr. Jukes, of the R.N.W.M.P., who contradicted the other witnesses.

"Riel knew the difference between right and wrong?" demanded Osler.

"He did," answered Dr. Wallace, "so far as I can judge."

Riel's address to the jury the next day was a strange affair. Nothing could be gained by reproducing it. It was hysterical and confused, yet lighted up now and then by startling pieces of clever argument. He made constant reference to the Diety and to the items of his faith. He wept. He stormed. He proclaimed his sanity. He prayed aloud for a blessing upon the court, upon the judge, jury, lawyers, audience, and reporters. The Northwest had been his mother, he said. Surely his mother would be indulgent and forget what he had done amiss. The Northwest was suffering. He had received a mission to fulfil

toward it, and now, only his spirit could fulfil that mission. Ladies wept. Men wriggled in their seats. The court looked impatient.

The impression created by this outbreak was quickly dispelled when Mr. Christopher Robinson rose to close the case for the Crown. Riel, he said, was neither patriot nor lunatic, but an ambitious man with a particularly sound mind. The court adjourned for the day, the last day of July, while Mr. Justice Richardson was still reading over the evidence to the jury. He finished the reading the next day and charged the jury. The jury retired at 3.15 in the afternoon, and in one hour brought in its verdict.

The clerk asked the usual question of the foreman, followed by the usual second question. The reply of the foreman was: "Guilty, with a recommendation to mercy."

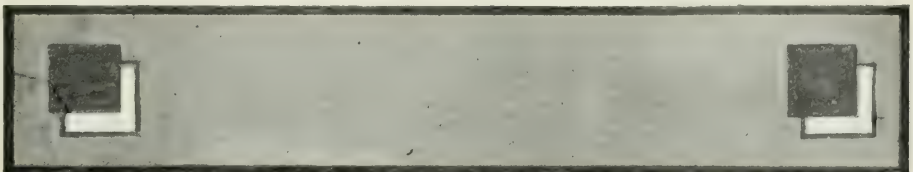
As he spoke, Riel was on his knees in the dock, praying. In a moment he stood up and smiled what is said to have been a curiously abstract sort of smile, as though the pronouncement had not affected him in the slightest. He bowed to the jury.

The last formalities of the court were then finished. Sentence was passed, to the effect that the prisoner should be hanged on September the eighteenth.

"Is that—your honour—is that on a Friday?" asked the prisoner, now very pale.

What answer he received is not known.

A new trial was applied for and refused. Several reprieves were granted, but on November 16th, at 8.23 in the morning, Louis David Riel was hanged, with the words of the Lord's prayer still on his lips.



THE TOWER OF TRAGEDY

BY HAROLD SANDS

FEW Canadians who visit London fail to make a pious pilgrimage to the great Tower which "on London town and all its hoard keeps its solemn watch and ward." As palace and prison this sentinel unliving and undying, as Sir William Gilbert described it, has been closely knit in the woof and web of Great Britain's national life. Once the dwelling-place of kings, and their stronghold when danger threatened, the Tower was later the prison and the tomb of many gallant hearts who performed the fateful journey from the dungeon to the block, from the scaffold to the grave. Many who met death with a smile were unjustly condemned, but the last prisoner executed there, a German spy, richly merited his fate.

In the garden of the Tower, a bit of green in a forest of gray stone, a block of granite records the last execution on that blood-stained spot. This was in 1747, when Lord Lovat, a Tory, was executed. That record has not lost its significance even though, in October, 1914, Carl Hans Lody, German spy, met his end within the Tower's walls. Lody was shot. Lovat laid his head on the block and was the last man upon whom the axe was used. Of that last execution Arthur Poyser, a Tower historian, writes:

"Lord Lovat, whom Hogarth had seen, and painted, in the White Hart Inn at St. Albans as the prisoner was being brought to London, was led to the block on Tower Hill on Thursday, April 9, 1747, and his was the last blood that was shed there. Just before his execution, a scaffolding, which had been erected at the

eastern end of Barking Alley, fell and brought to the ground a thousand spectators who had secured places upon it to view the execution. Twelve were killed outright and scores of others injured. 'Lovat,' as the account puts it, 'in spite of his awful situation, seemed to enjoy the downfall of so many Whigs.' Lord Lovat's head was, at one blow, severed from his body and Tower Hill's record of bloodshed was at an end."

Of the buildings which compose the Tower of London, the oldest, and perhaps the most interesting, is the White Tower, which dates back to the time of William the Conqueror. It is the very heart of the Tower buildings and in one of its apartments are preserved the block and axe used at the execution of Lovat. Here history records that Richard II. resigned his crown and vanished into the dark shadow that shrouds his end. Here also the two little princes were buried after being smothered to death at the instigation of that other Richard, he of the humpback. Henry VIII. had a fondness for confining in the White Tower those who displeased him, and the banqueting hall of the Keep was the scene of the trial of one of his ill-fated queens, Anne Boleyn. Sir Walter Raleigh, in 1601, watched the execution of the Earl of Essex from one of its western windows, and in its most gloomy dungeon Guy Fawkes was imprisoned after the Gunpowder Plot. He was confined in a small cell, called Little Ease, so constructed that he could neither lie down nor stand up with any comfort, but was compelled to adopt a cramp-

ed and stooping posture. With no fresh air to breathe and no glimmer of light to cheer him, Guy Fawkes passed his last days in this awful cell.

In the White Tower, also, there is a place of horror which has been spoken of as rivalling the Black Hole of Calcutta. It is a vault, with a single window high up on one side, in which hundreds of Jews were shut up in the reign of King John, falsely charged with "clipping" the coin of the realm. In those days no light of any kind entered this fearful hole. The earthen floor was carefully kept damp, so as to inconvenience the unhappy prisoners the more, and rats infested the dungeon. Borrowing a Meredithian expression, Mr. Poyser says that in this cell men were "chilled in subterranean sunlessness."

Except for a few rather unhappy attempts at modernization, the great White Tower stands to-day much as it stood in Norman times. It contains in the Chapel of St. John what has been claimed to be the finest Norman chapel in England. And yet, in mid-Victorian days, it actually was proposed to turn that wonderful chapel into a military tailors' workshop! The Tower authorities wanted it "put to some practical use." Only the timely intervention of the Prince Consort prevented the desecration of the beautiful chapel in which thousands who aspired to knighthood had watched their arms at the altar, passing the night in vigil before the day when their sovereign should elect them to the noble order.

The famous Traitor's Gate dates back to the days of Henry III., who many a time had to take refuge within the Tower from rebellious subjects who howled at him from the slopes of Tower Hill. It was the only direct way of entering the Tower from the River Thames. Before the draining of the moat the gate was always partly covered by water and boats could go right up to the steps in front of the Bloody Tower. To these steps came Anne Boleyn, Lady Jane Grey, Sir

Thomas More, the Earl of Essex, the Duke of Monmouth, and other victims of royal displeasure who died on Tower Hill.

The Bloody Tower, so named because Percy, the eighth Earl of Northumberland, committed suicide therein, has a notable history and one that fully justifies the name bestowed on it. The young princes who, as previously mentioned, were buried in the White Tower, were actually done to death in the Bloody Tower. Another black crime committed in this tower was the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury because he had condemned the marriage of the Earl of Somerset and Lady Frances Howard. The Earl and his Countess hired a woman to pretend to nurse Sir Thomas, but really to put poison in his food. This poison acted so slowly that a pair of professional killers were hired to get Overbury out of the way. The two ruffians, imitating the feat of their predecessors who slew Edward V. and his young brother, smothered Sir Thomas with the pillows of his bed. So great was the public outcry that the lieutenant of the Tower, the woman who administered the poison, and the two men who suffocated the knight, were all put to death, and Somerset and his countess suffered a short term of imprisonment in the same room where Overbury was killed.

As the home of the Crown jewels, the Wakefield Tower attracts much attention. These jewels used to be kept in the Martin Tower, and Mr. Poyser gives a spirited account of the unsuccessful attempt of that audacious rascal, Colonel Blood, to carry away the regalia. This was in May, 1671. Sir Gilbert Talbot was Keeper of the Jewels at that time, but one of his old servants, a man named Edwards, was in immediate charge of the room in which the gems lay. Disguised as a parson, Blood visited the Tower on several occasions and so ingratiated himself with Edwards that he was invited to dine with the fam-

ily, which was composed of Edwards, his wife, and daughter.

"You have," said the cassocked colonel to Edwards, "a pretty young gentlewoman for your daughter, and I have a young nephew who has two or three hundred a year in land and is at my disposal. If your daughter be free, and you approve it, I'll bring my nephew here to see her."

The day that he chose to introduce his nephew was the day on which the colonel planned to steal more than a maiden's heart. At the time appointed Parson Blood arrived at the Tower with three companions, all well armed. Edwards was in the jewel room. Blood introduced one of the men as his nephew, but while he was doing this the other two slipped behind Edwards and gagged him. The pretended nephew was placed at the door as sentinel, while the other ruffians despoiled the jewel case of its more precious contents. Blood, as the chief conspirator, secured the crown and hid it under his cloak. Another villain secreted the orb, and the third man proceeded to file the scepter in order to get it into a small bag.

At this moment a dramatic event upset their calculations. A son of Edwards returned unexpectedly from Flanders. The sentinel tried to prevent him from entering. The noise alarmed Blood and his co-conspirators, who made off quickly with all the jewels they could secrete about them. Old Edwards managed to work the gag out of his mouth before his son found him, and lustily shouted, "Treason! Murder!" Young Edwards, assisted by warders, gave chase to the rapidly-retreating regalia. Blood and his three companions were captured and taken before Sir Gilbert Talbot, who swore a round oath or two and ordered them to be placed in a dungeon, while he hurried to King Charles II. and gave him an account of the escapade. The Merry Monarch ordered the prisoners to be brought before him at Whitehall and laughed so heartily over their story

that he endowed Blood with a pension of £500 per annum.

Few, however, are these lighter incidents connected with the Tower. For the most part its history was one of tragedy, especially in the days of the Tudors, when it was described as like some mighty monster whose craving for blood was hard to satisfy. A fantastic story is told of the execution of the aged Countess of Salisbury in the sixteenth century. She and two of her sons were accused of treason and taken to the Tower. The authorities did not want to behead her, but hoped she would die a "natural death," so they subjected her to unnecessarily harsh treatment. The old lady declined to second their efforts by dying in her bed. Finally, on May 28th, 1541, "the old lady was brought to the scaffold set up in the Tower, and was commanded to lay her head on the block." But she refused, saying, "I am no traitor"; neither would it serve that the executioner told her it was the fashion. So turning her gray head every way, she bade him, if he would have her head, to get it off as best he could; so that he had to get it off slovenly.

Ralph Flambard, Bishop of Durham, was immured for illegally raising funds for the upkeep of the Tower. This was during the reign of Henry I., previous to which time the Tower had been a royal residence and not a prison. The Bishop had friends on the outside who were allowed to supply him with luxuries. They sent him a cask of wine in which a rope was concealed. With the wine he "fuddled" his keepers; with the rope he lowered himself down the outer wall of the White Tower, and, not at all alarmed at finding the rope too short and his arrival on the ground somewhat sudden, he was able to mount on horseback, ride to a sea-port, and embark for Normandy." Subsequently he returned to Durham, where he completed the cathedral and built Norman Castle, in which Scott lays the opening scene of *Marmion*.



THE BASIN, QUEBEC

From the Photograph by M. O. Hammond

A PASTORAL LETTER

BY CARDINAL MERCIER

CARDINAL MERCIER, whose pastoral letter to the people of Belgium has made him famous the world over, was born in a little village near the battlefield of Waterloo sixty-three years ago. He was educated at Louvain, and for some time after his graduation he lectured there in philosophy, theology, and literature. It was during this period that the attention of Pope Leo XIII. was first drawn towards him, with the result that he was entrusted with the task of reviving interest in the Thomistic or non-scholastic philosophy. In 1906 he succeeded to the Archbishopric of Mechlin, and a year later he became a Cardinal. He is a great churchman, in sympathy with all classes of the people, and an advocate of all good reform. Before the outbreak of the war his ministrations affected about 2,500,000 Roman Catholics. It was to those of that great number who remained that he addressed the letter. But he was arrested by Germans and the letter suppressed. The result, however, has been that the letter has been printed in several languages and made public in many countries. The text follows:

My Very Dear Brethren,—I cannot tell you how instant and how present the thought of you has been to me throughout the months of suffering and of mourning which we have passed through. I had to leave you abruptly on the 20th of August in order to fulfil my last duty towards the beloved and venerated Pope whom

we have lost, and in order to discharge an obligation of the conscience from which I could not dispense myself in the election of the successor of Pius the Tenth, the Pontiff who now directs the Church under the title, full of promise and of hope, of Benedict the Fifteenth.

It was in Rome itself that I received the tidings—stroke after stroke—of the partial destruction of the Cathedral church of Louvain, next of the burning of the Library and of the scientific installations of our great University and of the devastation of the city, and next of the wholesale shooting of citizens, and tortures inflicted upon women and children, and upon unarmed and undefended men. And while I was still under the shock of these calamities the telegraph brought us news of the bombardment of our beautiful metropolitan church, of the Church of Notre Dame au delà la Dyle, of the episcopal palace, and of a great part of our dear city of Malines.

Afar from my diocese, without means of communication with you, I was compelled to lock my grief within my own afflicted heart, and to carry it, with the thought of you, which never left me, to the foot of the crucifix.

I craved courage and light, and sought them in such thoughts as these: A disaster has visited the world, and our beloved little Belgium, a nation so faithful in the great mass of her population to God, so upright in her patriotism, so noble in her King and

Government, is the first sufferer. She bleeds; her sons are stricken down, within her fortresses and upon her fields, in defence of her rights and of her territory. Soon there will not be one Belgian family not in mourning. Why all this sorrow, my God? Lord, Lord, hast Thou forgotten us? Then I looked upon the crucifix. I looked upon Jesus, most gentle and humble Lamb of God, crushed, clothed in His blood as in a garment, and I thought I heard from His own mouth the words which the Psalmist uttered in His name: "O God, my God, look upon me; why hast Thou forsaken me? O my God, I shall cry, and Thou wilt not hear." And forthwith the murmur died upon my lips; and I remembered what our Divine Saviour said in His gospel: "The disciple is not above the master, nor the servant above his lord." The Christian is the servant of a God who became man in order to suffer and to die. To rebel against pain, to revolt against Providence, because it permits grief and bereavement, is to forget whence we came, the school in which we have been taught, the example that each of us carries graven in the name of a Christian, which each of us honours at his hearth, contemplates at the altar of his prayers, and of which he desires that his tomb, the place of his last sleep, shall bear the sign.

My dearest brethren, we shall return by and by to the providential law of suffering, but you will agree that since it has pleased a God-made-man who was holy, innocent, without stain, to suffer and to die for us who are sinners, who are guilty, who are perhaps criminals, it ill becomes us to complain whatever we may be called upon to endure. The truth is that no disaster on earth, striking creatures only, is comparable with that which our sins provoked, and whereof God Himself chose to be the blameless victim.

Having called to mind this fundamental truth, I find it easier to summon you to face what has befallen

us, and to speak to you simply and directly of what is your duty, and of what may be your hope. That duty I shall express in two words: Patriotism and Endurance.

My dearest brethren, I desire to utter, in your name and my own, the gratitude of those whose age, vocation, and social conditions cause them to benefit by the heroism of others, without bearing in it any active part.

When, immediately on my return from Rome, I went to Havre to greet our Belgian, French, and English wounded; when, later, at Malines, at Louvain, at Antwerp, it was given to me to take the hands of those brave men who carried a bullet in their flesh, a wound on their forehead, because they had marched to the attack of the enemy, or borne the shock of his onslaught, it was a word of gratitude to them that rose to my lips. "O valiant friends," I said, "it was for us, it was for each one of us, it was for me, that you risked your lives and are now in pain. I am moved to tell you of my respect, of my thankfulness, to assure you that the whole nation knows how much she is in debt to you."

For in truth our soldiers are our saviours.

A first time, at Liège, they saved France; a second time, in Flanders, they arrested the advance of the enemy upon Calais. France and England know it; and Belgium stands before them both, and before the entire world, as a nation of heroes. Never before in my whole life did I feel so proud to be a Belgian as when, on the platforms of French stations, and halting a while in Paris, and visiting London, I was witness of the enthusiastic admiration our Allies feel for the heroism of our army. Our King is, in the esteem of all, at the very summit of the moral scale; he is doubtless the only man who does not recognize that fact, as, simple as the simplest of his soldiers, he stands in the trenches and puts new courage, by the serenity of his face, into the

hearts of those of whom he requires that they shall not doubt of their country. The foremost duty of every Belgian citizen at this hour is gratitude to the army.

If any man had rescued you from shipwreck or from a fire, you would assuredly hold yourselves bound to him by a debt everlasting thankfulness. But it is not one man, it is two hundred and fifty thousand men who fought, who suffered, who fell for you so that you might be free, so that Belgium might keep her independence, her dynasty, her patriotic unity; so that after the vicissitudes of battle she might rise nobler, purer, more erect, and more glorious than before.

Pray daily, my brethren, for these two hundred and fifty thousand, and for their leaders to victory; pray for our brethren in arms; pray for the fallen; pray for those who are still engaged; pray for the recruits who are making ready for the fight to come.

In your name I send them the greeting of our fraternal sympathy and our assurance that not only do we pray for the success of their arms and for the eternal welfare of their souls, but that we also accept for their sake all the distress, whether physical or moral, that falls to our own share in the oppression that hourly besets us, and all that the future may have in store for us, in humiliation for a time, in anxiety, and in sorrow. In the day of final victory we shall all be in honour; it is just that to-day we shall all be in grief.

To judge by certain rumours that have reached me, I gather that from districts that have had least to suffer some bitter words have arisen towards our God, words which, if spoken with cold calculation, would be not far from blasphemous.

Oh, all too easily do I understand how natural instinct rebels against the evils that have fallen upon Catholic Belgium; the spontaneous thought of mankind is ever that virtue should have its instantaneous crown, and in-

justice its immediate retribution. But the ways of God are not our ways, the Scripture tells us. Providence gives free way, for a time measured by Divine wisdom, to human passions and the conflict of desires. God, being eternal, is patient. The last word is the word of mercy, and it belongs to those who believe in love. "Why art thou sad, O my soul? and why dost thou disquiet me? *Quare tristis es anima, et quare conturbas me?*" "Hope in God. Bless Him always; is He not thy Saviour and thy God? *Spera in Deo quoniam adhuc confitebor illi, salutare vultus mei et Deus meus.*"

When holy Job, whom God presented as an example of constancy to the generations to come, had been stricken, blow upon blow, by Satan, with the loss of his children, of his goods, of his health, his enemies approached him with incitations to rebellion; his wife urged upon him a blasphemy and a curse. "Dost thou still continue in thy simplicity? Curse God, and die." But the man of God was unshaken in his confidence. "And he said to her: Thou hast spoken like one of the foolish women: if we have received good things at the hand of God, why should we not receive evil? *Dominus dedit, Dominus abstulit; sicut Domino placuit ita factum est. Sit nomen Domini benedictum.*" And experience proved that saintly one to be right. It pleased the Lord to recompense, even here below, His faithful servant. "The Lord gave Job twice as much as he had before. And for his sake God pardoned his friends."

Better than any other man, perhaps, do I know what our unhappy country has undergone. Nor will any Belgian, I trust, doubt of what I suffer in my soul, as a citizen and as a Bishop, in sympathy with all this sorrow. These four last months have seemed to me age-long. By thousands have our brave ones been mown down; wives, mothers, are weeping for those they shall never see again; hearths are desolate; dire poverty

spreads, anguish increases. At Malines, at Antwerp, the people of two great cities have been given over, the one for six hours, the other for thirty-four hours, of a continuous bombardment, to the throes of death. I have traversed the greater part of the districts most terribly devastated in my diocese; and the ruins I beheld, and the ashes were more dreadful than I, prepared by the saddest of forebodings, could have imagined. Other parts of my diocese, which I have not yet had time to visit, have in like manner been laid waste. Churches, schools, asylums, hospitals, convents in great numbers, are in ruins. Entire villages have all but disappeared. At Werchter-Wackerzeel, for instance, out of three hundred and eighty homes, a hundred and thirty remain; at Tremeloo two-thirds of the village is overthrown; at Bueken, out of a hundred houses, twenty are standing; at Schaffen one hundred and eighty-nine houses out of two hundred are destroyed—eleven still stand. At Louvain the third part of the buildings are down; one thousand and seventy-four dwellings have disappeared; on the town land and in the suburbs, one thousand eight hundred and twenty-three houses have been burned.

In this dear city of Louvain, perpetually in my thoughts, the magnificent church of St. Peter will never recover its former splendour. The ancient college of St. Ives, the art schools, the consular and commercial schools of the University, the old markets, our rich library with its collections, its unique and unpublished manuscripts, its archives, its gallery of great portraits of illustrious rectors, chancellors, professors, dating from the time of its foundation, which preserved for masters and students alike a noble tradition and were an incident in their studies—all this accumulation of intellectual, of historic, and of artistic riches, the fruit of the labours of five centuries—all is in the dust.

Many a parish has lost its pastor.

There is sounding in my ears the sorrowful voice of an old man of whom I asked whether he had had Mass on Sunday in his battered church. "It is two months," he said, "since we had a church." The parish priest and the curate had been interned in a concentration camp.

Thousands of Belgian citizens have in like manner been deported to the prisons of Germany, to Munsterlagen, to Celle, to Madgeburg. At Munsterlagen alone three thousand one hundred civil prisoners were numbered. History will tell you of the physical and moral torments of their long martyrdom. Hundreds of innocent men were shot. I possess no complete necrology; but I know that there were ninety-one shot at Aerschot, and that there, under pain of death, their fellow citizens were compelled to dig their graves. In the Louvain group of communes one hundred and seventy-six persons, men and women, old men and sucklings, rich and poor, in health and sickness, were shot or burned.

In my diocese alone I know that thirteen priests or religious were put to death. One of these, the parish priest of Gelrode, suffered, I believe, a veritable martyrdom. I made a pilgrimage to his grave, and, mid the little flock which so lately he had been feeding with the zeal of an apostle, there did I pray to him that from the height of Heaven he would guard his parish, his diocese, his country.

We can neither number our dead nor complete the measure of our ruins. And what would it be if we turned our sad steps towards Liège, Namur, Audenne, Dinant, Tamines, Charleroi, and elsewhere?

And there where lives were not taken, and there where the stones of buildings were not thrown down, what anguish unrevealed! Families, hitherto living at ease, now in bitter want; all commerce at an end, all careers ruined; industry at a standstill; thousands upon thousands of working men without employment; working women,

shop girls, humble servant girls without the means of earning their bread; and poor souls forlorn on the bed of sickness and fever, crying, "O Lord, how long, how long?"

There is nothing to reply. The reply remains the secret of God.

Yes, dearest brethren, it is the secret of God. He is the master of events and the sovereign director of the human multitude. *Domini est terra et plenitudo ejus; orbis terrarum et universi qui habitant in eo.* The first relation between the creature and his Creator is that of absolute dependence. The very being of the creature is dependent; dependent are his nature, his faculties, his acts, his works. At every passing moment that dependence is renewed, is incessantly re-asserted, inasmuch as, without the will of the Almighty, existence of the first single instant would vanish before the next. Adoration, which is the recognition of the sovereignty of God, is not, therefore, a fugitive act; it is the permanent state of a being conscious of his own origin. On every page of the Scriptures Jehovah affirms His sovereign dominion. The whole economy of the Old Law, the whole history of the Chosen People, have the same end—to maintain Jehovah upon His throne and to cast idols down. "I am the first and the last. I am the Lord, and there is none else; there is no God beside me. I form the light and create darkness, I make peace and create evil. Woe to him that gainsayeth his Maker, a sherd of the earthen pots. Shall the clay say to him that fashioneth it, What art thou making, and thy work is without hands? Tell ye, and come, and consult together. A just God and a Saviour; there is none beside me."

Ah, did the proud reason of mankind dream that it could dismiss our God? Did it smile in irony when, through Christ and through His Church, He pronounced the solemn words of expiation and of repentance? Vain of fugitive successes, O

light-minded man, full of pleasure and of wealth, hast thou imagined that thou couldst suffice even to thyself? Then was God set aside in oblivion, then was He misunderstood, then was He blasphemed, with acclamation, and by those whose authority, whose influence, whose power had charged them with the duty of causing His great laws and His great order to be revered and obeyed. Anarchy then spread among the lower ranks of mankind, and many sincere consciences were troubled by the evil example. How long, O Lord, they wondered, how long wilt Thou suffer the pride of this iniquity? Or wilt Thou finally justify the impious opinion that Thou carest no more for the work of Thy hands? A shock from a thunderbolt, and, behold, all human foresight is set at nought. Europe trembles upon the brink of destruction.

The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.

Many are the thoughts that throng the breast of man to-day, and the chief of them all is this: God reveals Himself as the Master. The nations that made the attack, and the nations that are warring in self-defence, alike confess themselves to be in the hand of Him without whom nothing is made, nothing is done. Men long unaccustomed to prayer are turning again to God. Within the army, within the civil world, in public, and within the individual conscience, there is prayer. Nor is that prayer to-day a word learned by rote, uttered lightly by the lip; it surges from the troubled heart, it takes the form, at the feet of God, of the very sacrifice of life. The being of man is a whole offering to God. This is worship, this is the fulfilment of the primal moral and religious law: the Lord thy God shalt thou adore, and Him only shalt thou serve. And even those who murmur, and whose courage is not sufficient for submission to the hand that smites us and saves us, even these implicitly acknowledge God to be the

Master, for if they blaspheme Him, they blaspheme Him for His delay in closing with their desires.

But as for us, my brethren, we will adore Him in the integrity of our souls. Not yet do we see, in all its magnificence, the revelation of His wisdom, but our faith trusts Him with it all. Before His justice we are humble, and in His mercy hopeful. With holy Tobias we know that because we have sinned He has chastised us, but because He is merciful He will save us.

It would, perhaps, be cruel to dwell upon our guilt now, when we are paying so well and so nobly what we owe. But shall we not confess that we have indeed something to expiate? He who has received much, from him shall much be required. Now, dare we say that the moral and religious standard of our people has risen as its economic prosperity has risen? The observance of Sunday rest, the Sunday Mass, the reverence for marriage, the restraints of modesty—what had you made of these? What, even within Christian families, had become of the simplicity practised by our fathers, what of the spirit of penance, what of respect for authority? And we, too, we priests, we religious, I, the Bishop, we whose great mission it is to present in our lives yet more than in our speech the Gospel of Christ, have we earned the right to speak to our people the word spoken by the apostle to the nations: "Be ye followers of me, as I also am of Christ"? We labour indeed, we pray indeed, but it is all too little. We should be, by the very duty of our state, the public expiators for the sins of the world. But which was the thing dominant in our lives—expiation, or our comfort and well-being as citizens? Alas! we have all had times in which we, too, fell under God's reproach to His people after the escape from Egypt; "The beloved grew fat and kicked; they have provoked me with that which was no god, and I will provoke them with that which is no people." Nevertheless,

He will save us; for He wills not that our adversaries should boast that they, and not the Eternal, did these things. "See ye that I alone am, and there is no other God beside me. I will kill and I will make to live. I will strike and I will heal."

God will save Belgium, my brethren; you cannot doubt it.

Nay, rather, He is saving her.

Across the smoke of conflagration, across the stream of blood, have you not glimpses, do you not perceive signs, of His love for us? Is there a patriot among us who does not know that Belgium has grown great? Nay, which of us would have the heart to cancel this last page in the national history? Which of us does not exult in the brightness of the glory of this shattered nation? When in her throes she brings forth heroes, our Mother Country gives her own energy to the blood of those sons of hers. Let us acknowledge that we needed a lesson in patriotism. There were Belgians, and many such, who wasted their time and their talents in futile quarrels of class with class, of race with race, of passion with personal passion.

Yet when, on the second of August, a mighty foreign power, confident in its own strength and defiant of the faith of treaties, dared to threaten us in our independence, then did all Belgians, without difference of party, or of condition, or of origin, rise up as one man, close-ranged about their own King and their own Government, and cried to the invader: "Thou shalt not go through!"

At once, instantly, we were conscious of our own patriotism. For down within us all is something deeper than personal interests, than personal kinships, than party feeling, this is the need and the will to devote ourselves to that more general interest which Rome termed the public thing, *Res publica*. And this profound will within us is patriotism.

Our country is not a mere concourse of persons or of families inhabiting

the same soil, having amongst themselves relations, more or less intimate, of business, of neighbourhood, of a community of memories, happy or unhappy. Not so; it is an association of living souls subject to a social organization to be defended and safeguarded at all costs, even the cost of blood, under the leadership of those presiding over its fortunes. And it is because of this general spirit that the people of a country live a common life in the present, through the past, through the aspirations, the hopes, the confidence in a life to come, which they share together. Patriotism, an internal principle of order and of unity, an organic bond of the members of a nation, was placed by the finest thinkers of Greece and Rome at the head of the natural virtues. Aristotle, the prince of the philosophers of antiquity, held disinterested service of the city—that is, the State—to be the very ideal of human duty. And the religion of Christ makes of patriotism a positive law; there is no perfect Christian who is not also a perfect patriot. For our religion exalts the antique ideal, showing it to be realizable only in the absolute. Whence, in truth, comes this universal, this irresistible impulse which carries at once the will of the whole nation in one single effort of cohesion and of insistence in face of the hostile menace against her unity and her freedom? Whence comes it that in an hour all interests were merged in the interest of all, and that all lives were together offered in willing immolation? Not that the State is worth more, essentially, than the individual or the family, seeing that the good of the family and of the individual is the cause and reason of the organization of the State. Not that our country is a Moloch on whose altar lives may lawfully be sacrificed. The rigidity of antique morals and the despotism of the Cæsars suggested the false principle—and modern militarism tends to revive it—that the State is omnipotent, and that the discretion-

ary power of the State is the rule of Right. Not so, replies Christian theology; Right is Peace—that is the interior order of a nation, founded upon Justice. And Justice itself is absolute only because it formulates the essential relation of man with God and of man with man. Moreover, war for the sake of war is a crime. War is justifiable only if it is the necessary means for securing peace. St. Augustine has said: "Peace must not be a preparation for war; and war is not to be made except for the attainment of peace." In the light of this teaching, which is repeated by St. Thomas Aquinas, Patriotism is seen in its religious character. Family interests, class interests, party interests, and the material good of the individual take their place, in the scale of values, below the ideal of Patriotism, for that ideal is Right, which is absolute. Furthermore, that ideal is the public recognition of Right in national matters, and of national honour. Now there is no Absolute except God. God alone, by His sanctity and His sovereignty, dominates all human interests and human wills. And to affirm the absolute necessity of the subordination of all things to Right, to Justice, and to Truth, is implicitly to affirm God.

When, therefore, humble soldiers whose heroism we praise answer us with characteristic simplicity, "We only did our duty," or "We were bound in honour," they express the religious character of their Patriotism. Which of us does not feel that Patriotism is a sacred thing, and that a violation of national dignity is in a manner a profanation and a sacrilege?

I was asked lately by a staff officer whether a soldier falling in a righteous cause—and our cause is such, to demonstration—is not veritably a martyr. Well, he is not a martyr in the rigorous theological meaning of the word, inasmuch as he dies in arms, whereas the martyr delivers himself, undefended and unarmed, into the

hands of the executioner. But if I am asked what I think of the eternal salvation of a brave man who has consciously given his life in defence of his country's honour, and in vindication of violated justice, I shall not hesitate to reply that without any doubt whatever Christ crowns his military valour, and that death, accepted in this Christian spirit, assures the safety of that man's soul. "Greater love than this no man hath," said our Saviour, "that a man lay down his life for his friends." And the soldier who dies to save his brothers, and to defend the hearths and altars of his country, reaches this highest of all degrees of charity. He may not have made a close analysis of the value of his sacrifice; but must we suppose that God requires of the plain soldier in the excitement of battle the methodical precision of the moralist or the theologian? Can we who revere his heroism doubt that his God welcomes him with love?

Christian mothers, be proud of your sons. Of all griefs, of all our human sorrows, yours is perhaps the most worthy of veneration. I think I behold you in your affliction, but erect, standing at the side of the Mother of Sorrows, at the foot of the Cross. Suffer us to offer you not only our condolence but our congratulation. Not all our heroes obtain military honours, but for all we expect the immortal crown of the elect. For this is the virtue of a single act of perfect charity: it cancels a whole lifetime of sins. It transforms a sinful man into a saint.

Assuredly a great and a Christian comfort is the thought that not only amongst our own men, but in any beligerent army whatsoever, all who in good faith submit to the discipline of their leaders in the service of a cause they believe to be righteous, are sharers in the eternal reward of the soldier's sacrifice. And how many may there not be among these young men of twenty who, had they survived, might possibly not have had the reso-

lution to live altogether well, and yet in the impulse of patriotism had the resolution to die so well?

Is it not true, my brethren, that God has the supreme art of mingling His mercy with His wisdom and His justice? And shall we not acknowledge that if war is a scourge for this earthly life of ours, a scourge whereof we cannot easily estimate the destructive force and the extent, it is also for multitudes of souls an expiation, a purification, a force to lift them to the pure love of their country and to perfect Christian unselfishness?

We may now say, my brethren, without unworthy pride, that our little Belgium has taken a foremost place in the esteem of nations. I am aware that certain onlookers, notably in Italy and in Holland, have asked how it could be necessary to expose this country to so immense a loss of wealth and life, and whether a verbal manifesto against hostile aggression, or a single cannon-shot on the frontier, would not have served the purpose of protest. But assuredly all men of good feeling will be with us in our rejection of these paltry counsels. Mere utilitarianism is no sufficient rule of Christian citizenship.

On the 19th of April, 1839, a treaty was signed in London by King Leopold, in the name of Belgium, on the one part, and by the Emperor of Austria, the King of France, the Queen of England, the King of Prussia, and the Emperor of Russia, on the other; and its seventh article decreed that Belgium should form a separate and perpetually neutral State, and should be held to the observance of this neutrality in regard to all other States. The co-signatories promised, for themselves and their successors, upon their oath, to fulfil and to observe that treaty in every point and every article without contravention, or tolerance of contravention. Belgium was thus bound in honour to defend her own independence. She kept her word. The other

Powers were bound to respect and to protect her neutrality. Germany violated her oath; England kept hers.

These are the facts.

The laws of conscience are sovereign laws. We should have acted unworthily had we evaded our obligation by a mere feint of resistance. And now we would not rescind our first resolution; we exult in it. Being called upon to write a most solemn page in the history of our country, we resolved that it should be also a sincere, also a glorious page. And as long as we are compelled to give proof of endurance, so long we shall endure.

All classes of our citizens have devoted their sons to the cause of their country; but the poorer part of the population have set the noblest example, for they have suffered also privation, cold, and famine. If I may judge of the general feeling from what I have witnessed in the humbler quarters of Malines, and in the most cruelly afflicted districts of my diocese, the people are energetic in their endurance. They look to be righted; they will not hear of surrender.

Affliction is, in the hand of Divine Omnipotence, a two-edged sword. It wounds the rebellious, it sanctifies him who is willing to endure.

God proveth us, as St. James has told us, but He "is not a tempter of evils." All that comes from Him is good, a ray of light, a pledge of love. "But every man is tempted by his own concupiscence. . . . Blessed is he that endureth temptation, for when he hath been proved he shall receive the crown of life, which God hath promised to them that love Him."

Truce, then, my brethren, to all murmurs of complaint. Remember St. Paul's words to the Hebrews, and through them to all of Christ's flock, when, referring to the bloody sacrifice of our Lord upon the cross he reminded them that they had not yet resisted unto blood. Not only to the

Redeemer's example shall you look, but also to that of the thirty thousand, perhaps forty thousand, men who have already shed their life-blood for their country. In comparison with them, what have you endured who are deprived of the daily comforts of your lives, your newspapers, your means of travel, communication with your families? Let the patriotism of our army, the heroism of our King, of our beloved Queen in her magnanimity, serve to stimulate us and support us. Let us bemoan ourselves no more. Let us deserve the coming deliverance. Let us hasten it by our virtue even more than by our prayers. Courage, brethren. Suffering passes away; the crown of life for our souls, the crown of glory for our nation, shall not pass.

I do not require of you to renounce any of your national desires. On the contrary, I hold it as part of the obligations of my episcopal office to instruct you as to your duty in face of the Power that has invaded our soil and now occupies the greater part of our country. The authority of that Power is no lawful authority. Therefore in the soul and conscience you owe it neither respect, nor attachment, nor obedience.

The sole lawful authority in Belgium is that of our King, of our Government, of the elected representatives of the nation. This authority alone has a right to our affection, our submission.

Thus, the invaders' acts of public administration have in themselves no authority, but legitimate authority has tacitly ratified such of those acts as affect the general interests, and this ratification, and this-only, gives them juridic value.

Occupied provinces are not conquered provinces. Belgium is no more a German province than Galicia is a Russian province. Nevertheless, the occupied portion of our country is in a position it is compelled to endure. The greater part of our towns, having surrendered to the enemy on con-

ditions, are bound to observe those conditions. From the outset of military operations the civil authorities of the country urged upon all private persons the necessity of abstention from hostile acts against the enemy's army. That instruction remains in force. It is our army, and our army solely, in league with the valiant troops of our Allies, that has the honour and the duty of national defence. Let us entrust the army with our final deliverance.

Towards the persons of those who are holding dominion among us by military force, and who assuredly cannot but be sensible of the chivalrous energy with which we have defended, and are still defending, our independence, let us conduct ourselves with all needful forbearance. Some among them have declared themselves willing to mitigate, as far as possible, the severity of our situation, and to help us to recover some minimum of regular civic life. Let us observe the rules they have laid down upon us so long as those rules do not violate our personal liberty, nor our consciences as Christians, nor our duty to our country. Let us not take bravado for courage, nor tumult for bravery.

You especially, by dearest brethren in the priesthood, be you at once the best examples of Patriotism and the best supporters of public order. On the field of battle you have been magnificent. The King and the army admire the intrepidity of our military chaplains in face of death, their charity at the work of the ambulance. Your Bishops are proud of you.

You have suffered greatly. You have endured much calumny. But be patient; history will do you justice. I to-day bear my witness for you.

Wherever it has been possible I have questioned our people, our clergy, and particularly a considerable number of priests who had been deported to German prisons, but whom a principle of humanity, to which I gladly render homage, has since set at liberty. Well, I affirm

upon my honour, and I am prepared to assert upon faith of my oath, that until now I have not met a single ecclesiastic, secular or regular, who had once incited civilians to bear arms against the enemy. All have loyally followed the instructions of their Bishops, given in the early days of August, to the effect that they were to use their moral influence over the civil population, so that order might be preserved and military regulations observed.

I exhort you to persevere in this ministry of peace, which is for you the sanest form of Patriotism; to accept with all your hearts the privations you have to endure; to simplify still further, if it is possible, your way of life. One of you who is reduced by robbery and pillage to a state bordering on total destitution, said to me lately: "I am living now as I wish I had lived always."

Multiply the efforts of your charity, corporal and spiritual. Like the great Apostle, do you endure daily the cares of your Church, so that no man shall suffer loss and you not suffer loss, and no man fall and you not burn with zeal for him. Make yourselves the champions of all those virtues enjoined upon you by civic honour as well as by the Gospel of Christ. "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever modest, whatsoever just, whatsoever holy, whatsoever lovely, whatsoever of good fame, if there be any virtue, if any praise of discipline, think on these things." So may the worthiness of our lives justify us, my most dear colleagues, in repeating the noble claim of St. Paul: "The things which ye have learned, and received, and heard, in me, these do ye, and the God of peace shall be with you."

Let us continue then, dearest brethren, to pray, to do penance, to attend Holy Mass, and to receive Holy Communion for the sacred intention of our dear country. . . . I recommend parish priests to hold a funeral service on behalf of our fallen soldiers on every Saturday.

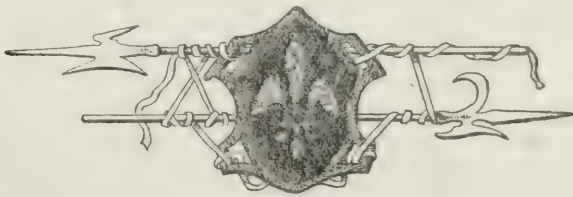
Money, I know well, is scarce with you all. Nevertheless, if you have little, give of that little, for the succour of those among your fellow countrymen who are without shelter, without fuel, without sufficient bread. I have directed my parish priests to form for this purpose, in every parish, a relief committee. Do you second them charitably and convey to my hands such alms as you can save from your superfluity, if not from your necessities, so that I may be the distributor to the needy who are known to me.

Our distress has moved the other nations. England, Ireland, and Scotland; France, Holland, the United States, Canada, have vied with each other in generosity for our relief. It is a spectacle at once most mournful and most noble. Here again is a revelation of the Providential Wisdom which draws good from evil. In your name, my brethren, and in my own, I offer to the Governments and the nations that have succoured us the assurance of our admiration and our gratitude.

With a touching godness our Holy Father Benedict the Fifteenth has been the first to incline his heart towards us. When, a few moments after his election, he deigned to take me in his arms, I was bold enough then to ask that the first Pontifical Benediction he spoke should be given to Belgium, already in deep distress through the war. He eagerly closed with my wish, which I knew would also be yours. To-day, with delicate kind-

ness, His Holiness has taken the step to renounce the annual offering of Peter's Pence from Belgium. In a letter dated on the beautiful festival of the Immaculate Virgin, December the eighth, he assures us of the part he bears in our sufferings, he prays for us, calls down upon our Belgium the protection of Heaven, and exhorts us to hail in the then approaching advent of the Prince of Peace the dawn of better days.

One last word, my dearest brethren. At the outset of these troubles I said to you that in the day of the liberation of our territory we should give to the Sacred Heart and to the Blessed Virgin a public testimony of our gratitude. Since that date I have been able to consult my colleagues in the Episcopate, and, in agreement with them, I now ask you to make, as soon as possible, a fresh effort to hasten the construction of the national basilica, promised by Belgium in honour of the Sacred Heart. As soon as the sun of peace shall shine upon our country, we shall redress our ruins, we shall restore shelter to those who have none, we shall rebuild our churches, we shall reconstitute our libraries, and we shall hope to crown this work of reconciliation by raising, upon the heights of the capital of Belgium, free and Catholic, that national basilica of the Sacred Heart. Furthermore, every year we shall make it our duty to celebrate solemnly, on the Friday following Corpus Christi, the festival of the Sacred Heart.



A SLIGHT ADVENTURE

BY WILFRED L. RANDELL

MR. Pep, Experimentalist, was what is known in provincial parlance as "a bit of a character." He had made so many attempts at earning a living (the astute reader will note that we do not say earning an honest living), that space would fail us to tell of his exploits, experiences, and experiments. Born in a quarter of a large city where a certain shrewdness of intellect common to the inhabitants was not unduly hampered by a too rigid application of the laws of morality, even his early years were characterised by a slight confusion as to the rights of personal property, so that on one occasion, which marked, as it were, his professional *début* on the stage of life, an unfortunate proximity to an innocent-looking individual who proved to be a plain-clothes policeman had resulted in a trifling misunderstanding. At that time ladies had pockets in their dresses, and did not carry the dainty, embroidered satchels which offer such tempting morsels for the Peps of the present day; the policeman, whose eyesight was objectionably keen, had discovered, despite the crowd, that a particular lady's pocket contained a purse, a handkerchief, and the digital portion of Master Pep's hand. Whereon a large and hairy fist had gripped the arm of the experimenter, and a voice, hoarse but imperative, had whispered into Pep's ear the formula with which he was destined in later days to be somewhat familiar: "Now then, young fellow—you just come along with me; and

it'll be better for you to come quietly."

The brief period of meditative seclusion which followed this episode had, we regret to record, no beneficial effect upon the outlook of our hero, though for a short time he engaged in more legitimate efforts to sustain himself than the direct appropriation of other people's possessions. He became, for instance, a baker's assistant; but the craving for jam, as we might put it, upon his bread, led him to seek a less limited sphere for his labours. He tried driving a wagon; but that also became too monotonous for his cosmopolitan mind. Trade did not appeal to him; finance might have shown a temporary glamour—but he had nothing to invest; music and high arts charmed him not at all. Then, one evening, chance of fate threw in his way a temptation which proved irresistible.

He was passing pensively along a suburban road, chewing the end of a cigarette, inspecting the houses with his critical little eyes, and wondering what his next move should be, when a neatly-aproned servant-maid bounced suddenly from a doorway and cannoned violently against him.

"Oh, I'm that sorry!" gasped the girl. "I tripped over the mat. Did I 'urt you?"

"Not at all," replied Mr. Pep courteously. "It's a pleasure to be knocked over by—by such a pair of bright eyes," he continued, his metaphor somewhat entangled. "And," he said, as he dusted his cap, "you

'ave knocked me over, no error.'

Beneath his ardent gaze the girl wriggled and blushed. It was an emotional moment, and whether the twilight, or Mr. Pep's gallant manner moved her to such communication, we know not; at any rate Mr. Pep during the next ten minutes gathered that the family was away *en vacances*, that the girl had permission to visit her home for a couple of days, and that at the very moment when she had upset him she was going in search of a cab for her trunk and herself. Mr. Pep, pressing his advantage, begged permission to see her off; she acceded to his request, and allowed him to arrange a meeting with her for three days ahead. That appointment, for reasons which the logical reader will be able to discover and appreciate, was doomed to be a disappointment for one of the parties concerned, since, curiously enough, most of the portable and valuable articles belonging to that holiday-making family vanished completely that very night, and have not been heard of since.

So does fate—or chance—use the most inconsequent means whereby to shape our destinies. From that twilight evening dates the absorption of Mr. Pep in the study of the laws which regulate the disposal of property in this country, and he became an undoubted expert in his special subject. Not always did he pursue his path unscathed, as the reader will see; but he found life quite worth living.

On the night of our story, Mr. James Pep, having with great care tied up in a sack the very choice assortment of silver-plate and bric-a-brac which, in obedience to his advanced system of economics, he deemed it necessary to remove surreptitiously from Bononza House and turn into current coin, poured himself some whiskey from a decanter on the sideboard, nodded a "good luck" to his dim reflection in the huge mirror, and glanced round to make sure that he had not overlooked anything valuable. Pensively

pocketing a chased cream-jug and a couple of tiny bronze ornaments—more for a desire to do his work thoroughly and in a professional manner than because they were particularly costly—he adjusted the slide of his lantern and proceeded to vacate the spacious room in the same manner as he had arrived—by the window.

Once safely in the garden with his burden, he took off his gloves. He always wore gloves when pursuing this branch of his system; which was exceedingly considerate of him, for everyone knows how very annoying it is to a tidy housewife to find dirty finger marks about. Then, shifting the sack to a more comfortable position on his shoulder, he struck across country for the railway sidings of Bilton, a mile away.

He was just descending cautiously an uneven grassy bank which led to the lines when a figure silhouetted vaguely against the starlight gave him pause. It was unpleasantly close, disagreeably burly, and even in the gloom it bore a remarkable resemblance to a policeman—the most utterly useless and superfluous member of society, according to Mr. Pep, that could be named. He softly unshipped his load, lowered it into a hollow, crawled down to the wire fence, and crept between the two bottom strands.

Unfortunately in accomplishing this manœuvre one of the buttons of his coat caught a wire and twanged it, and at the deep rumbling note, which shook and rattled sympathetically the contiguous wires for yards on either side, the shadowy figure moved. Mr. Pep, wishing fervently that he possessed a cat's cushioned feet, and recorded a mental memorandum to the effect that on his next excursion buttons should be eliminated, stooped under two pairs of buffers, placed a foot on the axle of a wheel, and insinuated himself with great dexterity beneath the tarpaulin of a ten-ton truck. As he squirmed across the coal to get a better view of the subsequent actions of the policeman, there came a brief

whistle, a distant, husky cough, and the goods train to which Mr. Pep's hiding-place appertained started, carrying Mr. Pep along with it.

For a minute he dared not jump, as the train moved in the direction of his enemy; and by the time that danger-point was passed the speed was too great for a leap in the dark. Straight into the busy Bilton goods-yard the clattering trucks progressed, and pulling up in a blaze of electric arcs, to be dissected and shunted. Evidently Mr. Pep's best tactics were to wait, for here and there, all about, men were dotted, wagging lamps, shouting, examining the traffic.

Fortune favoured him. In about five minutes a heavy engine, No 21, clanked solemnly backwards just alongside the car which held his watchful form, and stopped. The fireman climbed down, and, according to a brief dialogue Mr. Pep was able to overhear, went off across the tracks towards the station in search of his midnight package of sandwiches; the driver also descended, and walked to the front of the locomotive, carrying an oil flare.

The tarpaulin heaved like some slumberous monster, and disgorged Mr. Pep. He landed noiselessly in the black shadow cast by the engine, and in another moment stood on the empty footplate. He was by no means an expert at engineering, but he knew—as does every schoolboy—the regulator handle; and he also knew that if you let on full steam too suddenly the wheels spin round without taking a grip on the rails, and nothing happens. So he banged over the reversing-lever, and pushed the throttle open about an inch.

The great locomotive jumped forward as if a spring had been released, giving a mighty thick exhaust, almost like a gasp of surprise. The driver, startled out of his wits, had just time to leap clear, for he had been standing in the front of the bogie, with one foot on the track; he yelled, and grabbed at the handrail

as it passed him—but the toe of Mr. Pep's boot shot out and made him drop like a stone, with his yell changed to a howl of pain, and his knuckles bleeding. In another half-minute his dim figure might have been seen sprinting over the rails towards the Bilton No. 3 junction signals, holding one hand bundled up in a spotted handkerchief, while Mr. Pep, his grasp well on the lever of the widely-opened steam-valve, was rumbling along on No. 21 through the echoing suburbs, smiling grimly.

By the greatest of good luck the track immediately in front of the engine happened to be free from traffic. After that first mile the amateur driver was well aware that every signalman on the main line would take very good care to give him a clear road. The thirteen-bell call (i.e. "Runaway on Wrong Line") would be flashed right along for as many miles as he was likely to go, and it gave him quite a delightful thrill to think that the mail from Exover, a swagger train, would have to shut down her glorious run and scurry out of the way into some country siding until he had roared past. What they might do to stop him—derail him, or switch him into a dead-end, or what not—he neither knew nor cared; for one crowded hour he had charge of the up main of the Great Southern Joint Railway, and he intended to give them a run for the money before he had finished. He might have stopped in the open country, and crept back to Bilton; once, as sad memories of the forsaken haul flittered across his mind, he thought he would return. Then it occurred to him that of course by this time the objectionable policeman, assisted probably by several enthusiastic friends, had discovered the sack and its contents, and was saving it up as evidence; also he remembered that quite a few unpaid accounts, so to speak, were "out" against him. It was wiser, he decided, to sprint away from Bilton—and how better could it be accomplished than on this providential-

ly provided engine? Besides, it was a new experience, and he began to enjoy it. What mattered a few months seclusion at his country's expense to Mr James Pep. Was he not inured to such things? In fact, on the whole, did he not almost count on these interludes, allow for them in his calculations, regard them, in short, as not unpleasant rests in a somewhat strenuous existence? So, pretty certain of capture sooner or later whatever he did, he drove on, and smiled. A true philosopher indeed was Mr. James Pep.

He found that in ten minutes No. 21 was rocking along at a tremendous rate, and he remembered that eleven miles out of Bilton a branch took off leading to Warleigh. To fly off the rails at those switches—supposing they were set for him—would be highly ignominious, to say nothing of the risk to his life, so he shut off steam. His ideas as to the steam-brake were somewhat chaotic; he tried turning one or two of the handles and only succeeded in squirting hot water all over himself and producing sundry rather awful noises. So he screwed down the tender brake, and managed to slow a bit; then when the jolting and gleam of a signal box assured him that he was well beyond the branch, he tore ahead again. They had *not* switched him to Warleigh, and Mr. Pep was having the time of his life.

The red signal eyes scowling at him every now and then made him laugh. What did he care for danger-signals? Perfectly well he knew that the line was safe for him as far as Exover. Once he lessened his speed in sheer delight, as he approached a wayside station, to glimpse the scared faces of the staff as they peered and roared at him from the platform; signalmen, too, were leaning from their cabins to see him go by. He kicked back the firebox doors, and clumsily flung on a few lots of coal.

For a truly charming twenty minutes he spun along comfortably, ad-

miring his own cleverness, wondering occasionally whether after all that policeman had discovered the "swag." Then, chancing to look back along the line he had traversed, he saw a speck of light—a speck that grew larger and larger. So! They were chasing him, were they? Again he thought they should have a run for their money. Just to see what would happen, he opened up the throttle wide, and "let her rip."

In two minutes the clamour of the huge machine, the thunder of her flight, scared him and at the same time fascinated him; the beat of the pistons and pounding rods became merged into one continuous, monotonous undertone, above which prevailed the loud, shuddering blast of the exhaust. He had to cling firmly to the rail to avoid being flung from side to side. It seemed to him that No. 21 must be hurling herself through space at one hundred miles an hour; but he did not understand that she had been built for hauling enormous loads, not for brilliant record breaking, and that her small driving wheels kept her down to about fifty or fifty-five. Nor did he know that behind him was racing the shapely "Vanessa," one of the new passenger fliers, the pride of the company—accustomed to slam across the country at spurts of seventy-five and eighty miles an hour with a train of shining, spick-an-span coaches—driven by Cotton and fired by Burke, two of the cutest men in the G.S.J.R. sheds. Against her seven-foot wheels and 225 lb. pressure, No. 21, bulky and strong though she might be, had no chance, in spite of the fact that her water was getting low, and her steam was blowing off furiously. The Vanessa flew up the track, overhauling Mr. Pep, and screaming, as if with delight, from her open whistle.

It was some time before she caught up; but when she began to draw near she bore down on him, towering trim and speedy, like a fiend, her exhaust one slumberous rush of sound, her cab

windows glinting like two immense, wicked eyes. And then, by the exquisite driving of Cotton, she touched buffers with No. 21—he felt the slight shock—and began pushing him on. Mr. Pep thought his end was come, so fiercely were they all whizzing through the cavern of the night. He wondered what would happen to him now.

He had not to wonder long, for a shout made him look round. Over a heap of coal shone the keen eyes of Burke, beneath his peaked cap, and the muzzle of a short, nasty-looking revolver glistened in a glaring ray from the fire.

"Shut down, you infernal fool!" yelled Burke, "or I'll shoot!"

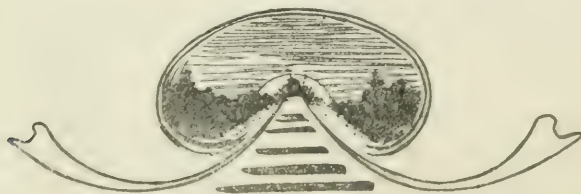
Mr. Pep realized that his number was up. He had enjoyed the little diversion, and there was no need to spoil it by sheer pig-headedness. He nodded calmly and shut off steam, then went to the hand-brake and screwed it tight, watching interestedly while Burke clambered down and swung over the little upright handle of the steam-brake. Cotton also slowed the Vanessa proportionately; and as Mr. Pep glanced round, he found that it was just as well that circumstances had conspired to stop him, for they were sliding through Ex-over main station. If No. 21 had tried to negotiate that maze of switches and facing-points at anything more than twenty miles an hour she would have pretty well stood on her funnel with surprise.

The last signalman they had passed had realized that the danger was practically over, and set the line so that

the two locomotives took the side track leading to the sheds. He had better have allowed them to come to rest harmlessly on the main, for Burke could not quite pull up the ponderous goods-engine in time—the speed and weight were too great. The Vanessa, being more manageable and sensitive, stopped dutifully outside the station, but No. 21 ran slowly into the gloomy cave of Exover sheds, tripped over a small yard-engine that stuck in her path, swerved, went over the stop-wedges with a bump that nearly shook the pattern off the foreman's tie, barged into a brick wall, and brought up with a cough and a growl half in the open air, half under the roof.

"A very enjoyable little run," observed Mr. Pep pleasantly, as Burke screwed the mortar out of his eyes. The men on the night duty gathered round, gaping, and Cotton came running up, prepared to hold Mr. Pep down while the others bound him with wire cables. But he simply stopped and gaped, too. For Mr. Pep, smiling in the most genial fashion, was blandly offering him a cigarette from the very chaste and fragrant case which he had picked up at Bonanza House, an hour or so ago.

Mr. Pep's return to Bilton, accompanied by two gentlemen who had been detailed to escort him, was quite ordinary—in a third-class compartment, in fact. He is now, for a time, debarred from the active exposition of his economic theories; but he often smiles, as he tramps round the exercise yard, to think of the way he held up the line on the night he ransacked Bonanza House.





A FISHERMAN'S HOME

From the painting by
Eugene Le Sidaner in the
National Art Gallery
of Canada

THROUGH BRITTANY IN WAR TIME

BY PAUL A. W. WALLACE

"*Il est anglais, monsieur*," shrieked the old Breton peasant, pointing a big hand in my direction. "He is English, sir."

The man on the bicycle cast a curious glance in my direction as he pedalled past. Then the old peasant sat down again on the grass beside me and feasted his eyes upon my form. Such a light illuminated his huge, round, wrinkled face as I have often seen among children at the zoo. It was a day of his life-time. To have discovered a foreigner, and an *anglais* at that, sitting eating its lunch on the grass by the road—to have discovered one and actually to sit down and talk to it—by all the saints of Brittany, it was almost too good to be true! The conversation was, it must be admitted, severely limited. He spoke with a thick, guttural, Breton accent, and I spoke with an accent entirely my own. I could not understand a word the old fellow said, short of three repetitions; and as for making myself intelligible, my use of the French language was so elementary that a mere child could not have understood it. Nevertheless, we conversed with some success. My friend shouted at the top of his voice in order to make his meaning as clear as possible. Then he paused to see what effect the outburst had upon me and, finding my face a blank, bawled his remarks again, louder, if possible, than before; after which I said, "*oui*,

oui," with a hopeful smile. If he repeated his words, I changed my words to "*ah, non*," with an exaggerated effort to look knowing. And if that did not fetch him, I interjected a remark or two of my own to turn the tables by rendering my friend speechless with bewilderment.

But there was another side to our dialogue that was extremely significant. When he roared, "*Anglais . . . frères . . . comme ça*," and swept his arms together through the air and clasped them to his blue cotton shirt in an imaginary embrace, it took little wit on my part to understand what he meant. "The English are our brothers!" I soon became very familiar with that sentiment—too familiar, perhaps, for all Bretons did not satisfy their feelings with an *imaginary* embrace. The old Breton peasant was merely expressing the sentiments held by the whole French nation on the first of August, 1914.

The newspapers were a little cautious before August 5th, when Britain's participation in the war was officially announced. "*L'Angleterre, marchera-t-elle?*" was a typical headline during the days of tension. But the people were never in doubt for a moment. It was surprising to see, long before the British declaration of war, the confidence and the enthusiasm which the people of Brittany expressed for England. The Entente is

much more than a diplomatic artifice or a mere emergency friendship. It is as sincere and almost as deep a union of nations as the British Empire itself. It is based on sincere regard and confidence and it lives in the hearts of the people.

On August 5th, when news came that Britain had declared war, the people were not surprised. They laughed knowingly. "Ah, those stupid Germans," said the fat grocer of St. Gildas, when I called for my one-page war issue of the newspaper, "they will see, they will see. France and England can stand against the world." The newspaper that day, under the headline "*L'Angleterre marche*," reminded its readers that they were now fighting side by side with an empire against which no tyranny had ever struggled in the past without suffering catastrophe. In other words, England was not only a brother, but also a mascot. An empire which had beaten Napoleon, the great Frenchman, could beat anything. *Vive l'Angleterre!*

It was the same in town as it was in the country. I visited Vannes on the 3rd of August in the forlorn hope of cashing some money orders. The moment I opened my mouth to speak French, the shopkeepers said, "Ah, you English are our brothers." I had occasion to have my bicycle attended to, and after the work was done the proprietor of the business showed me a box of English tobacco and asked me what the trade-mark was in French. It was an ingeniously polite way of saying that he knew where *my* accent came from. Then he shook hands and bade me *au revoir*, and two strangers standing by also shook me warmly by the hand and said "*au revoir*," and the shop-boy lifted his cap, and they all showered renewed *au revoir* and *bon voyage* upon me as I mounted the bicycle and rode away.

Nearly everybody was drunk in town. Reports from other parts of France emphasize the sobriety of the

people. In this part of the country it was entirely lacking. The station was full of soldiers and the approaches were barred against civilians. Nothing passed the iron gates but liquor; it passed very freely. All the soldiers were reeling, singing, shaking hands, laughing, and generally having a pretty good time on the basis of "drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die." There was not a sad face in the whole town. It was like a great fair. Old and young were out on the streets saying farewell, cracking jokes, and all enjoying themselves to the nines. Evidently Breton cider does not tend to melancholy. The only unhappy beings in town that day were two camels, property of a long-advertised Australian Circus, which had just come in. These dour-looking beasts were contesting with the gentleman who accompanied them a choice of thoroughfares on the way up town. He wanted to turn one corner and they, though not altogether decided between themselves, rather thought the other turning was open to fewer objections. Poor beasts! I felt a deep sympathy with them. They were fellow Britishers and not less anxious to get out of the place than I was. And yet we were all of us doomed to remain in Vannes indefinitely, for the train service was devoted to mobilization. Even after the first pressure of mobilization was relieved, no baggage was allowed on the railway except what one could carry with one in a compartment, and civilian travelling was restricted to a few rickety old compartment cars. Imagine a misanthropic camel travelling in a French railway compartment!

Travelling in Brittany during war time is intensely amusing for those who are not camels. Camels lack faith, hope, and charity, which are all essential on Breton trains. There are a good many discouragements to travel. You cannot move a foot without written permission from several officials, stamped and signed and *viséd*

and authorized *ad infinitum*. The first time I tried to get travelling papers for our party, I followed the advice of the President of the Republic, as contained in printed posters and corroborated by the Secretary of the Adjutant Mayor of the commune of St. Gildas de Rhuy. Whether the President was simply having a little joke at my expense, or whether my faulty linguistics read strange things into the text of the official notices, I am unable to say. At any rate, the President's posters were misleading. According to instructions, I rushed for the Capital of the Department, the ancient city of Vannes, and presented myself, with an interpreter, at the Prefect's office. The Prefect appeared in a gorgeous uniform and politely but summarily directed us to the *Commissaire de Police*. *M. le Commissaire de Police* directed us to the Mayor's Secretary, and the Mayor's Secretary was at lunch. It was an hour and a half before he was through his lunch, which I feared had choked him; and when he did at last appear I was sorry it hadn't, for he referred us all the way back to the Mayor of St. Gildas. This was too much, and I struck. I impressively informed him that I was *canadien anglais*. He could not understand anything I said except the word *anglais*. This, however, was sufficient. It was an Open Sesame that never failed, and it pulled me through this time. The Secretary, recognizing at once that I was his brother, kindly concocted a document with the aid of the *Commissaire de Police*—no official in France ever does anything by himself—and together they presented it to me with their fraternal blessing. When I got home, I discovered that the document was nothing but a *permis de séjour*, or, in plain English, a permit to stay right where you are and not move a foot in any direction—consequently quite useless for travelling purposes, as it didn't even allow one to visit the nearest village.

Later, I tried again, but I knew

something by this time. I could understand French at the rate of six words a minute and I had learned to talk with my arms. All Frenchmen understand English if you speak it with your arms. I went to the *Mairie* in St. Gildas and interviewed the white-haired Secretary to the Adjutant Mayor, who took half a sheet of exercise paper and made out a *laissez-passer*, or passport, valid as far as Vannes. This paper was presented for signature to the fat and middle-aged Adjutant Mayor, who spent his time sitting on his doorstep frowning in the sun. The Adjutant borrowed my fountain pen and nearly dislocated the nib in executing a complicated governmental flourish about his signature. We were not referred to the Mayor himself, because he was in the fields getting in his crops. I was sorry for that, as I should like to have seen the official who requires two deputies in a village of two or three hundred inhabitants.

In Vannes we tackled the *Commissaire de Police* again, who, with the assistance of a few secretaries and adjutants, made out another *laissez-passer* valid as far as St. Malo, and this in turn had to be taken to the Military Commandant to be examined before we could receive actual authority to make any use of it. The Adjutant-secretarial Assistant to the Military Commandant, or some such official, in handing me my final *autorisation*, remarked that we were brothers, and added something with a very engaging smile, which, of course, I could not understand because he only repeated it twice. So I said "*oui, oui*," and put on a smile as much like his own as I could manufacture at a moment's notice. Afterwards I ran over his remark in my head for a long time, and after a while I got it pieced out. It was not quite what one might have expected. "I hope," he had said, "*monsieur* has not yet been shot by mistake as a German spy?" Alas! why had I not been content to smile and hold my tongue?

Having secured permission to leave France, we were still far from leaving it. The train service was in its dotage. Nobody knew when a train would arrive or depart, or where it would go to, if anywhere, after its departure. The station agent could do nothing but fall upon my neck, to my extreme embarrassment, blubber out something sentimental about "brothers in arms," and retire for another drink. A soldier on duty advised me to come to the station early in the morning and sit down there until something turned up. He said some train usually came around in the morning.

So on August 13th, after three hours' sleep, we got the 5 a.m. local train once more for Vannes. The local train runs at ten miles an hour and nearly leaves the track at all curves. It is a sociable train because it throws people together so persistently. It threw us together with a drunken Breton sailor who taught us something of the psychology of his race. He was singing songs by himself when we ran into him, and after a while he tried to draw us into the festivities. We ignored him, partly because our grasp of the French language was unequal to a Breton accent swimming in liquor, partly because we did not want his company. But he was too happy to be anything but sociable and generous. He pulled a dirty piece of hard bread from his pocket and offered to share it with us. We frigidly declined. Then he produced a large, uncorked bottle of cider for our refreshment. We turned our backs. Undaunted, he rose, leaned over my shoulder, and jammed the bottle under my arm. I returned it. Then it dawned on him what was the matter. He had forgotten the Golden Rule: ladies first. His drunken old soul wanted to do the right thing, so he staggered forward, sprinkled the cider with a shaking hand over the ladies' dresses, and with a perfect bonfire of chivalry blazing in his face, offered his be-

loved cider with the words: "*Il n'y a pas de verre, mesdemoiselles, mais ça ne fait rien*—There's no glass, ladies, but, of course, you won't mind." There is something very likeable about these Bretons, in whom intoxication begets nothing worse than kindness and generosity.

We reached Vannes at 6.30 a.m. and presented ourselves (again playing into the hands of the humorous President of the French Republic whose instructions we innocently followed) before the *Chef Commandant de la Gare* for authority to board a train. The *Chef Commandant* burst upon us in scintillating uniform and informed us, with the utmost urbanity, that the customary procedure for persons proposing to travel by railway is to buy a ticket and take a seat. Somewhat discomfited, but on the whole much relieved at having escaped being referred to the Mayor's Secretary or the *Commissaire de Police*, or *M. le Préfet du Département de Morbihan*, for a few more documents, we took our places on the station platform and awaited the train.

At last it came. We heard it creaking and rattling at the far end of the little station, and in a few minutes it had crawled up to where we stood. We could tell when it had quite stopped by the squeal given by all its parts simultaneously at complete relaxation. We entered a kind of pigsty and waited. After a while the train started. We could tell when it was in motion by the shrieking of the axles. When it was stationary only the springs creaked. The train proceeded with caution. Little red and blue soldiers guarded the track at short intervals, but we were taking no chances, and proceeded just fast enough to prevent anything lying on the track behind from bumping into us, without running the risk of ourselves bumping into anything in front. Every few minutes we stopped for a drink. That is to say, the train being largely filled with soldiers, all sociably drunk, and all companion-

ably thirsty, soon ran out of cider—the chief of Breton victuals. When the train stopped, the soldiers handed out empty bottles to the conductor, who took and filled them at the nearest inn. As soon as the conductor returned and handed back the bottles through the windows, the engine emitted a gentle sigh, the brakes rattled and the axles squealed, the soldiers yelled “*Vive la France! Vive la France!*” and away we panted down the track with a puppy dog or two snarling and snapping at the engine wheels.

At Redon we changed for Rennes and saw the last of the little old troop train crawling away on its two-day pilgrimage for Paris. As it slowly drew past us, we watched the crowds of jolly, drinking, shouting, and gesticulating Bretons crowding off to the front. The exterior of the train was a mass of chalk inscriptions, such as “*Train de plaisir pour Berlin,*” and vigorous sketches of what the enemy would suffer on the morrow. At the windows were masses of blue coats and red faces. The good humour and courage of the little soldiers was splendid, and one readily forgave their intoxication. The Breton may get jolly drunk, but he does not get beastly drunk. So I burst out with as hoarse a “*Vive la France!*” as I could master, hoping for once to conceal my Canadian accent with a lot of noise. But in vain! With a roar of enthusiasm, back came the refrain: “*Vive l’Angleterre! Vive l’Angleterre! Vive la France! A Berlin!*” And the little train passed with magnificent clamour and a frantic waving of arms and caps and bottles on its wild career down the track for Paris and the battle-line.

We reached Redon at noon and left it by the first train—at 8.40 in the evening. We spent the interval in the cathedral—not, it must be confessed, from motives of piety, but simply to keep cool. It was a sizzling hot day, and the cathedral was the only comfortable spot in town. We

shall never again hear unmoved the Canadian complaint that French cathedrals are too chilly. Without some such refrigerator, we must have perished. We sat there undisturbed for hours. A very fat woman in black with a yard of white bread tucked under her arm, twice made the rounds of the aisles. I feared lest she observe that the volumes we were studying so intently were none other than *Les Trois Mousquetaires* and *Tartarin de Tarascon*. But she departed without even suspecting it.

When evening arrived, we made our way to the station and found our train. The engine, quite a respectable one in green paint, came solemnly up the track with the letters R E N N E S scrawled in chalk on the front of it—presumably for the benefit of the engineer, who, if he happened to forget where he was bound for, had only to hop out on to the fender and refresh his memory.

Nobody asked for tickets on that train. I suppose they had run short of conductors. The journey was a quiet one, all I remember of it being an occasional flash from a dim station lamp, a clatter of voices in a language that sounded like Chinese or Choctaw, and then the drowsy roar of the wheels for ten or fifteen minutes before the brakes shrieked again at the next stop.

We reached Rennes at 11.30 p.m. Then followed an interesting night in the station. The St. Malo train did not leave till 4.30 a.m. The intervening time was spent on the station platform beside the tracks, because hotels were out of the question and the waiting-rooms were in use as military hospitals. So the hand-baggage was spread out in the form of a couch and time was divided between dozing thereon and tramping the platform. It was a strange scene that the uncanny glare of the station lights illuminated that night—men, women, and children, boxes, valises, and bags all scattered and heaped in confusion. At either end, soldiers stood on guard.

Here and there lay a group of conscripts. Beside a heap of bundles, crouched a French family, with a couple of children playing about just as if they had not been awake for the last twenty hours. Here were a couple of ragged men, like professional tramps, sleeping at full length beside the water-tap. Near them, propped against a basket, lay an Englishwoman, with a refined and sensitive face; and next to her, a tall Englishman of sporting appearance, with a bottle-nose, was sitting looking up blankly at the lights. To one side a dapper official in the traditional blue jacket stood leaning against the wall eating a pear and discussing the war with a Canadian traveller. Three English girls marched briskly up and down vastly enjoying the unusual experience; and a few Frenchmen sauntered by and then hunched themselves up in a corner to look sleepy at least if they could not actually go to sleep. It was not cold, but concrete is a hard mattress for the night.

The hand of the station clock crept

round with surprising speed, and by and by a bit of gray dawn appeared at the end of the station. Then we found our train, bestowed some charity on an obliging station official, and with faith and hope steadily in the ascendant, settled down for the final run to St. Malo.

At St. Malo we seemed almost at home, for up on the city wall, looking out to sea, stood the statue of Jacques Cartier, the discoverer of Canada. We were thinking, when we remembered the many thousand soldiers that Canada was then sending to the war in Europe, that it was a pretty good day for France as well as for Canada,

“When the Commodore Jacques Cartier to the westward sailed away.”

That was a voyage that bore fruit. The fleet that sailed from St. Malo for Canada was a small fleet and it sailed long ago. But the fleet that recently returned from Canada for France bore the greatest army that ever crossed the Atlantic Ocean.



THE MEASURE OF COMPANY G.

BY WOLCOTT LECLEAR BEARD

“ORDERLY,” called Captain Radley mildly. There was no answer, so he repeated the call, still mildly, though a little louder.

The man appeared and stood slouching at his tent door.

“Well?” he asked. The tone amounted to an overt sneer.

Radley winced as though it had been an insult—which, indeed, it was.

“My compliments to Lieutenant Barham,” he said. “Ask him to come here.”

The orderly turned and shambled away. So marked was the lack of anything like military precision in his bearing and gait that it seemed, and very likely may have been, a matter of design.

Captain Radley heard the man’s shuffling footsteps until they stopped at the lieutenant’s tent, only a few feet distant; also heard him speak in the same tone he had used before.

“Say, lieutenant, the captain wants yuh.”

“Standattention!”

It was only one word as Lieutenant Barham rasped it out, and in it there was an element of harsh command, certain of itself, that from the bottom of his sore heart poor Radley envied.

He knew, as well as though he could see through the canvas walls, that the orderly’s slovenly attitude had given way to another, probably still slovenly, yet roughly approximating that which the regulations require.

There was a slight pause to allow

this change to take place; then he heard Barham’s voice again.

“Haven’t you been taught to salute an officer when you speak to him? There—that’s better!

“Now, what do you wish to say?”

“The captain wants yuh,” was the sullen reply.

“Are those the words he used?” rejoined Barham, more sharply still.

“He sent his compliments.”

“Very good. The next time, deliver a message as you get it. Otherwise you’ll be apt to find yourself in the guard-house, looking forward to a G. C. M.

“Do you know what a G. C. M. is? No? The letters signify ‘general court-martial.’ Commonly the abbreviation is used only by soldiers, so it’s natural that you wouldn’t know.

“Hereafter, though, you’d better bear in mind what I’ve said. That’s all for the present.

“Halt, there! Salute again, man! Good. You may go.”

Captain Radley heard the man return, breathing hard from futile rage. Radley would not have dared do what his lieutenant had done; yet he did not believe himself to be a coward, in the ordinary sense of the word.

He didn’t believe himself to be, but he wasn’t sure. He dreaded many things of late, it is true, but so far as he knew, physical danger was not among them.

On the other hand this meeting with his one lieutenant was among them, but he had made up his mind to go through with it, notwithstanding.

ing. Lieutenant Barham had been taken from the regular army, raised one grade, and assigned to Captain Radley's company just as it was ordered to the forsaken little Philippine town of Palongán, only a few days before.

Radley felt sure that his lieutenant looked down upon him—and he was right.

As a matter of fact, from the uttermost depths of his soul Lieutenant Barham loathed and despised Company G and everything connected with it.

He despised even the bars on his shoulder-straps because, while they denoted his present rank of first-lieutenant, they also implied that he should wear the letter "V" after the "U.S." that adorned his collar, thus marking him as a volunteer, not a regular.

Or, as he put it, an amateur; not a professional.

Moreover, "G" was infantry. Lieutenant Barham cherished an abysmal contempt for that arm of the service. He was an artilleryman.

He did not in the least wish to see Captain Radley. There was no help for it, however.

With a sigh he buttoned his blouse and presented himself at the tent of his superior.

"You sent for me, I think, captain," he said with cold, official courtesy.

"Yes; I wanted to speak with you for a little," Radley replied. "Come in and sit down. But first tell the orderly that he may go and then drop the flap, won't you, please, lieutenant?"

Barham's tone and movement were both impatient as he complied with the requests.

In the army it was not customary to use the title of "lieutenant" when officially addressing an equal or subordinate. The proper form is "Mister." To Barham it seemed as though even a rank amateur ought to know that much.

Seating himself, he waited for Captain Radley to speak, but the latter, elbows on knees, his chin resting on his palms, seemed for a while unable to find words.

Barham glanced around the tent.

Had any evidence been needed, that interior would have stamped poor Radley as the amateur that he was.

It was not that the embroidered trifles hanging on the canvas walls and pretending to serve as pockets and the like plainly were the work of feminine hands; it was not even that portraits of an attractive young woman, in many different poses and costumes, met the eyes of a beholder on all sides.

It was the bulk of the former articles and the weight of the massive silver frames in which the latter were enshrined that told the tale.

Such bulk and weight could ill be spared for sentimental purposes from the meager baggage allowance of an officer of Radley's rank when in the field.

Also, the lieutenant noted, there stood on a folding-table several bottles and some glasses, the first full, the latter unused.

He wondered rather at their presence there; he had not thought that the captain was a drinking man.

Glancing up, Radley saw Barham's eyes resting upon them, and this seemed to give him the cue that he sought.

"Barham," he said, "I didn't call you in here officially. I want to ask you some questions, and also I want you—I ask it as a favour—to answer them frankly."

Barham's square-jawed face, topped by red, close-cropped curls, softened a little.

He was not nearly so hard-hearted as he liked to regard himself as being, and Radley was in distress; that fact shone forth plainly enough.

He was saved the necessity of replying, however. Radley went quickly on, as though determined to free his mind and have done with it.

"You knew that to-day's my birthday; I said so in the note I sent you asking you to a little celebration in honour of the event. You declined to come. I know you had a right to decline; I'm not questioning that. But—as a favour, I say—I wish to know exactly why."

Barham frowned, and for a moment stared hard at the ground. He did not wish to answer this question; still less did he wish to refuse.

Once more, however, he was spared the necessity of putting his reply into words. The tent-flap was unceremoniously thrust aside, revealing the first sergeant, who addressed the captain.

"Say, Jimmy, are we going to have tattoo roll-call?" he demanded. "The boys think we might as well pass it up, seeing how festive the occasion is."

Barham's face hardened. Radley looked at him questioningly, as though seeking advice.

He got none. The sergeant spoke again.

"Well—how about it?" he asked. "Shall we pass it up?"

Crimson with mortification, Radley nodded. Turning on his heel, the sergeant dropped the tent flap behind him and went away whistling.

Radley turned again to his lieutenant.

"Will you please answer my question, Barham?" he begged. "I really wish to know. I need to. You'll understand why, afterward."

"That was the answer," replied the lieutenant shortly, with a wag of his head toward the tent flap.

"You mean because Billy Ronan—Sergeant Ronan, that is—would have been here as a guest?" asked Radley.

"Wouldn't he?" asked Barham, in return.

"Yes," admitted Radley bitterly. "He'd have been here, and so would all the other sergeants. I've known them all since we were boys."

"And then, you're new here, and I thought it would be a good way to

let you get acquainted. I know that such a thing wouldn't be done in the regular army—but we're different, you see."

"Very different," agreed Barham, with pointed meaning.

Radley coloured again.

"I don't believe you quite understand," he said quickly. "In our town we were the principal social organization there. We won no end of drill competitions, too. You know we put up a good drill."

"In parade formations you drill well," readily granted the lieutenant. "Your extended order drill leaves something to be desired, however."

"The extended order drill was difficult to give; there wasn't room for it on the floor of our armory," apologized the captain of G. Company.

"But, as I was saying, when we were off duty, we all were alike, socially. I wasn't the captain, then. I wasn't even an officer. When we were called into the service, the officers couldn't go, so we had to elect new ones. Ronan expected to be elected captain, but he wasn't. He has resented that fact ever since, and so have some of the others."

"The first and second lieutenant were among them. They resigned. Then you were appointed; I don't know why. But I'm glad you were, now."

Lieutenant Barham could have told him why. It was through an uncle of Radley's.

This uncle was a Congressman, and an influential one. So many years had he been in the House that it was he who had secured for Barham the latter's appointment to the United States Military Academy, more generally known to the laity by the name of its habitat, West Point.

Congressman Radley had served in the Civil War. Also, he was acquainted with Company G. Therefore he knew many things.

He had kept his eye on the competent Barham. He could think of no one better suited for the thankless

task of acting as a strong lieutenant under a weak captain.

Hence the appointment. Barham said nothing of this, however, and Radley went on.

"Ronan is trying to work up sentiment against me—he has been at it ever since. Company politics. You must know what they are."

"I'm afraid I don't," replied the lieutenant grimly. "You see, we don't have any such thing in the army—anyway, so far as the officers are concerned. Still, I can imagine. What happened?"

"Things reached the limit to-day," Radley went on slowly. "Or at least, I think so. I suppose I ought to be ashamed to show you. I would be, only I'm past caring, now. You may laugh, if you like. I shan't mind."

Reaching under the blankets that were spread on his cot he brought in to view an object which at first Barham was at a loss to identify.

It looked something like a sword, yet it evidently was not a sword.

Its hilt was made of pale, pink ribbons, tied in elaborate bows; its scabbard of pea-green satin.

Taking it from Radley's hand, Barham drew it forth. The blade was a yard-stick.

The lieutenant looked up, frowning angrily.

"My people are in the dry goods business, back at home," explained Radley simply. "They own the biggest store in town. That's why Ronan and the others sent me that thing. Of course, it was intended as a joke—ostensibly. I told you that you could laugh, if you wanted to."

"I don't want to laugh," replied Barham, as he laid the thing back upon the cot. His face left no doubt in Radley's mind as to the truth of his words.

Somewhat to his own astonishment, Barham found himself liking Radley.

Radley was not a soldier, it was true. Outside the drill regulations which, after all, contain but a very small part of a soldier's trade, he was

almost as ignorant of his present avocation as when first he came into the world.

But then, he made no pretensions. He was honest. Honest himself almost to a fault, Barham valued that quality in others.

Moreover, no matter who held it, a commission, in his eyes, was a sacred thing. He was all on Radley's side.

"What are you going to do?" he asked quietly.

Radley was about to answer when someone scratched at the tent flap. It is the recognized method of requesting admittance; to knock is an obvious impossibility.

Radley flung open the flap. The *presidente*—that is, the mayor—of the town of Palongán stood in the doorway, bowing low.

He was an elderly native with beady eyes and expressionless face, clothed in spotless white. He kissed Radley's hand, to Radley's great embarrassment, and laying at his feet a gift of wine and choice fruits, made a speech.

Radley was innocent of the slightest knowledge of Spanish. Though he had studied that language during his Academy days, Barham was not much better off when it came to hearing it rapidly and colloquially spoken.

Still, he — Barham — caught the words "*cumpleaños*" and "*amistad*," together with the name of the town, and a wave of the speaker's hand toward the convent, which loomed dominating the squat houses of cane, only a few yards away.

When the speech was concluded, and Radley looked at him helplessly, Barham was able to make a fairly accurate guess as to the meaning.

"He's wishing you many happy returns of your birthday, begging you graciously to accept those offerings, and assuring you of his friendship, and that of the town of Palongán," he said.

Radley looked at his lieutenant with increased respect and admiration. He always had admired Barham.

"Will you please thank him for me?" he requested.

Barham frowned more deeply than ever, thought hard for a moment; then spoke:

"*'Mil gracias,' dice el senor capitán,*" he said.

"I told him that you thanked him a thousand times, Radley. It wasn't much of a speech, but it's the best I could do at such short notice."

The speech seemed to answer every purpose, however.

Gushing forth a stream of florid compliments, the *presidente* seemed propelled by their recoil as he backed himself out of the tent. Barham's eyes followed him resentfully.

"I wonder how in blazes that old goat got by the guards," he said, half to himself. "I gave orders that no native should be admitted to the camp without first having been reported to me, and receiving permission. And I don't trust that one. He's as slimy as an eel, and treacherous as a snake, if I mistake not."

"Oh, he's all right; I think it was rather nice of him to remember my birthday," replied the captain.

"You see, Barham, perhaps I was wrong, but I tacitly consented to a relaxation of discipline for to-day. We're only a one-company post, it's true, but there seems to be no foundation whatever for the reports of *insurrectos* in the vicinity that got to headquarters.

"So in a time of profound peace I couldn't see that there was any occasion for all this strictness, except for discipline's sake—for practice, you know. I intended to make sort of a gala day—until this happened."

With a gesture of disgust he laid his hand as he spoke on the pink-and-green object lying on the cot.

"But when this came, I reconsidered my intention of asking the others in," he ended. "I can't take that as a joke."

"I should think not," agreed Barham drily.

"You asked me what I was going

to do. I reply that I don't know what to do. I want your advice."

"Do? Good heavens! Can there be any doubt? How many of the non-commissioned officers were concerned in the scheme to send you this thing?"

"All of them. A card came with it which said so. Ronan brought it."

"Then order 'em into close arrest, in one tent. I'll pick out the sentries to put around that tent. Charge 'em with conspiracy. Also with violation of the Sixty-Second Article of War," snapped the lieutenant, without hesitation.

"If the first charge won't stick, the second will. 'Conduct prejudicial to good order and military discipline,' you know, bringing with it 'such punishment as a court-martial may direct.'

"The other officers at headquarters may chaff you a bit, Radley, about 'the measure of Company G,' or some rot, but there's no doubt about what those jokers will get."

"Barham, the fact is that I hardly dare do that," replied Radley slowly, his face more troubled than ever. "I'm afraid of the consequences."

"Consequences!" returned the lieutenant scornfully. "The consequences will be that you'll get rid of these non-coms of yours, who have made the company a thing to laugh at.

"There are old soldiers among us—re-enlisted men who have joined since you left home. We'll give them the warrants.

"Then, with the others knowing that their former ringleaders are either doing time in a Federal prison or with nothing to look forward to but dishonourable discharges and everlasting disgrace—"

"That's just it," the captain interrupted. "I know, Barham, that I took an oath, when I accepted my commission, to uphold the Government, and the regulations, and all that. And I'll do it, as well as lies in me. I'll do even as you suggest, if there's no other way out.

"But I don't want to. I have a strong reason for that. Almost the strongest that a man can have."

"I don't understand," said Barham, puzzled.

Radley allowed his eyes to pass from one to another of the portraits that adorned the walls of his tent, until they had rested on all.

"I'm not engaged to her exactly," he said, colouring once more. "There's an understanding, but it hasn't been announced, so Billy Ronan hasn't by any means given up hope. That's the principal reason for his antagonism to me.

"Don't you see how things are? If I take no notice of this 'joke' of his, he'll write home a ridiculous version of the affair, implying that the army measured me by that yard-stick, and all that sort of thing. He can do it, and do it well—and he would."

"Not if he's in jail," observed Barham.

"No. Then it would be worse yet. He and the others would be martyrs. Their families are all influential.

"I'd be flayed alive for eternally disgracing friends with whom I'd been brought up since babyhood, when they were guilty of nothing but an innocent joke. I doubt if even my own family would stand by me.

"Can't you see what that would mean?"

Barham nodded. Then followed a pause, which at last he ended.

"I see," he said slowly. "Radley, I think that for a little you'd better be sick, and apply for leave. You'll get it, and be sent to headquarters for treatment. Then I'll be in command, and—"

There was a crack, like that of a rifle, muffled and faint in the distance.

Barham sprang to his feet, listening intently.

In a moment other reports could be heard, nearer and coming irregularly, as fire-crackers sound when let off by the pack.

Darting from the tent, Barham returned in an instant, buckling on his

belt with its sword and six-shooter. Radley smiled.

"Somebody's burning bamboo," he said.

Now, it is true that bamboo, when flames heat the air within its compartments sufficiently for the woody shells of those compartments to explode, will make a sound so like to that of distant rifle-fire that even experienced ears cannot always tell the difference.

Barham's ears were not experienced; there had not been time for them to become so. Yet there was no doubt in his mind.

"That's not bamboo—can't you tell?" he snapped. "It's too sharp, too close, and then—Hear that?"

As he spoke the convent bell boomed sullenly. A second later it boomed again, and, almost instantly, a third time. Bullets were striking it; nothing else could make those sounds in that way.

Radley rose to his feet with deliberation. His face was pale, and he struggled visibly with himself for calmness.

"Is it a fight, do you think?" he asked, with an attempt at a smile. "Have they attacked the outpost?"

"Not yet, but they will in a minute," was the quick reply, made in a hissing whisper so that none other could hear save him for whom it was intended.

"Quick, man! For the sake of your own credit, yell at that damned first sergeant! Order 'To arms!' sounded!"

"There goes the outpost; there's little time now. Quick, I say!"

The outpost, stationed at the end of a bridge by which alone the camp could be reached, was composed almost entirely of old soldiers; Barham had seen to that.

Now its rifles added their venomous snapping voices to the rattling chorus.

Something with the note of an angry hornet whined along the company street and ripped through the cap-

tain's tent a few inches from its proprietor's head.

Throughout the camp there was a confused murmur.

One of the men came running from his tent, rifle in hand and fully accoutered.

There was the vicious little "spat" which a bullet makes when it strikes flesh, and with a clatter of metal the man fell sprawling, never to rise again.

Still struggling hard to maintain the standard of conduct which he evidently had set for himself, Radley stooped and picked up—not his sword, which was hanging on a tent-pole, but the beriddled yard-stick, never knowing the difference, so set was his mind on its one task of self-control.

Then, with exaggerated calmness, he addressed Barham.

"See that the company falls in at once," he said.

Like a flash Barham flung out of the tent, a command rasping from his lips even as he did so.

It was addressed to the first sergeant; but the words fell upon unhearing ears.

Sergeant Ronan's hands were clenched, his face ghastly.

His eyes were fixed, as though held there by some hypnotic fascination, upon the form of the man lying prone on the turf of the company's street, with a tiny, bluish hole in his temple, from which a few crimson drops had trickled.

With a curse, Barham passed him by.

"To arms! Sound to arms!" he shouted; and a badly rattled bugler, catching with delight at anything which laid out a definite line of conduct for him, obeyed.

In an instant the bugle was shrieking madly, so that the hot, moist air was vibrant with frantic entreaty and command.

"To arms! To arms! To arms! Come quickly! Come quickly; Oh, come quickly!"

That bugle seemed even to yell the words which sometimes are set to the call.

There is something wonderfully compelling about those notes. They seem to contain an occult quality which makes a man's body spring to its post before his brain is aware of having given the impulse.

So, thanks to the drill which for so long had been the pride of Company G, it was in this case.

Still, it was a very shaky company that stood there.

Not that the men were a set of cowards. They were not.

For the most part they were of the material from which the best possible soldiers could be made; but they were not soldiers yet; they had only played at being.

Moreover, surprise will shake the nerve of men whose experience has extended through many battles.

Yet these militiamen fell into their accustomed places, and Sergeant Ronan tremblingly fumbled at the roster, which from force of habit he had tucked into his belt.

Lieutenant Barham smiled as he ordered the roll-call omitted.

Captain Radley stepped stiffly to his post.

Before he had reached it the second sergeant leaped high in the air and lay writhing at the right of the line on the ground, where his feet had been but a second before.

The line wavered. Radley turned whiter even than he had been before—but stood more stiffly.

Some one caught sight of the object that he bore in his hand, and snickered hysterically. The snicker passed down the line. That saved them.

For the moment it saved Ronan, who took heart of grace and hissed, but only to fall silent and trembling again at the sound of Barham's savage imprecation and the fervently severe threat that accompanied it.

It stiffened the men, and, most of all, it brought Radley to himself.

His face flushed for an instant; then paled once more.

With a faint smile he snatched off the green satin scabbard, cast it to one side, and brought the yard-stick to a "carry."

He barked forth his orders, and in his voice there was the rasp of command that he so had envied in Barham.

He found that it came naturally and easily, so that note became more assured with each order that he gave.

Instinctively the men knew it, too, and obeyed him.

Breech-blocks rattled as the rifles were loaded; bayonets flashed like the shimmer of summer heat-lightning, and were snapped into place.

The company swung into a column of squads and, breaking into double time, left its street.

Ronan hesitated. Without speaking, Barham drew back his sword and dropped its point to the horizontal.

With a groan the first sergeant ran stumblingly on with the others.

A natural hedge of bamboo screened the bridge, together with the deep but sluggish stream that it spanned, and the village behind it from the view of the camp.

Now, though the air was still, those bamboos whispered as though a gentle breeze were passing through them.

No gentle breeze, however, could cause the slender leaves to flutter down in a green shower, mostly from high overhead.

Nor could such a breeze make a sound that formed a sort of whimpering treble to the roar of the rifles, which now had become continuous.

Once more Radley barked forth commands. The company swung left front into line, and as it reached the bamboos its bayonets flashed down to a level.

It was not the thing to do. It was a crazy thing to do. Radley should have deployed it.

From his place in the file-closers

Barham raced around the line to tell him so. It seemed hours before he could overtake the captain.

It seemed weeks, he reflected as he ran, since the first shots had been heard; yet he knew that not two minutes could have elapsed.

And when he did arrive within speaking distance of Radley he was too late.

Twelve of the sixteen members of the outpost still lay in their rifle-pit, a hundred feet from the end of the bridge.

The fire of the enemy, vile as the shooting of Filipinos always is, had not been able to dislodge them.

Now, probably driven to desperation by the sound of that call to arms, which told them that their chance of surprise was going, if not already gone, the brown men had betaken themselves to the cold steel.

They are believers in cold steel—when applied to others. Now they were to meet what they brought.

Radley with his yard-stick pointed to the enemy. "Charge!" he shouted.

And Company G charged. Barham never did remember collectedly what happened after that; it was only certain scenes that stood forth in his mind.

He knew that there was a yell of dismay as the company appeared and that the crowd of natives turned and would have retreated, but could not at once.

The crowd had spread out fanwise after it crossed the bridge, and in attempting to re-enter its narrow gorge they jammed it.

Therefore the hindmost faced about and fought as cornered rats will fight.

And foremost among them was the *presidente*.

Barham remembered making a *dé-tour* in order to avoid the rifle-pit and also seeing its living occupants scramble out with shouts of joy and join their fellows, fixing their bayonets as they came.

He remembered vaguely firing his pistol full into evil, brown faces, and

of seeing that the men, now filled with the lust of slaughter to the exclusion of all other thought, were using their steel savagely.

With astonishment he saw that his own sword was reddened, but could not in the least recall how it became so. Then followed the scene that stood out beyond all else.

The *presidente*, rushing desperately forward upon Radley, raised his bolo. Barham levelled his pistol and pulled the trigger—and felt his heart sicken as the hammer fell on an empty shell.

He saw the captain instinctively raise the yard-stick to guard. It was shorn through, allowing the weapon to fall heavily on Radley's head so that he dropped limply and lay still.

Then a rage that he himself wondered at took possession of the lieutenant.

A native stood between him and the *presidente*.

He flung his pistol in the face of that native, and passed his sword through the body of another.

He saw the *presidente* turn to face him, his bolo once more raised.

Barham made no attempt to parry it. He struck instead, and saw the halves of his opponent's head lop sidewise; yet he never could recall feeling any resistance to the blow.

He remembered shouting to the men, and that his voice sounded like the voice of somebody else, a long way off.

He knew that the men answered him with a yell.

The next thing that he knew he had crossed the bridge, and they were close behind him.

The rest was a confused medley of running fugitives, of snapping shots that brought them down like rabbits, and of crackling flames that merged into a roaring, fiery sea as Palongán was forever wiped from the insular map.

Then Barham collected the shattered company and led it back to the peaceful camp that it had left an hour before.

Its peacefulness somehow jarred upon him; it seemed profane that which just had passed.

This was the bleeding of Company G—the birth of soldiers into the world. Therefore to Barham it was a sacred thing.

Then there was work to do—hard and prosaic work which, above all else, will serve as a medicine that restores men to their normal minds.

"Taps" did not sound until late that night on this account. It was nearly finished, however, and Barham was getting on with his report.

He grinned delightedly as he turned from readjusting the bandages on Radley's head to continue penning certain words.

The charge was a complete success. The enemy was utterly routed and his village destroyed. I regret to state, however, that Captain Radley, while leading his men with desperate bravery, was badly wounded by a native, who directly afterward lost his own life.

Together with the other prisoners I forward Private (formerly first sergeant) William Brayley Ronan. He was found skulking in his tent after having showed marked cowardice—

There was a scratching at the tent flap. Barham drew it aside. One of the sergeants stood at rigid attention, saluting.

"I beg the lieutenant's pardon," he said. "Some of the men asked me to come and ask how Jimmy—how Captain Radley—was getting on."

"He'll recover, tell the men, sergeant," replied Barham kindly. "Superficially there's only a bad scalp wound; whether or not there's danger of concussion I can't say until a doctor has seen him; but I don't think there is. That yard-stick partially turned the bolo, you see."

"Thank you, sir," replied the sergeant, then hesitated. With some confusion he went on:

"That's another thing I wanted to see you about, sir."

"See about what—the yard-stick?" demanded Barham frowning.

"Yes, sir—the yard-stick, or what's

left of it," replied the sergeant doggedly. "One of the boys picked it up, and he thought—we all think—that we'd like to keep it. Keep it as a company mascot, sir. Do you understand me?"

"I think I do. I can't promise it, you know; it isn't mine. But I'll put your request before the captain when he's well enough," said the lieutenant heartily. "In the meantime I leave it in the charge of you men. Is that all?"

"Yes, sir. Thank you," answered the sergeant as he withdrew.

For a moment Barham stood looking after him, then he turned and filled one of those unused glasses which still stood on the table.

Smiling, he raised it to the portraits, one after the other.

"My dear Whatever-Your-Name-Is, I congratulate you!" he said aloud. "I congratulate you from the bottom of my heart!"

He drank and then, setting down the glass, returned once more to his report as the sweet notes of taps announced that the soldier's day's work was done.

KNITTING

By LOUISE C. GLASGOW

"THE troop train leaves at ten o'clock to-morrow, mother dear.
And is the box of comforts finished quite?"

"Wind another ball of yarn, Anne; put it beside me here,
For I must finish this last sock to-night.

"The Balaklava cap is here, the wristlets, and the belt;
The muffler—set the candle nearer, so.
Where is the darning-needle? Knots are certain to be felt,
And no one knows the road that these will go.

"Across and back, and half again, and five to turn the heel:
A dozen socks, and one more pair to go.
Extras? He'll want to answer to some needy lad's appeal,
So lay them in while I bind off the toe.

"At ten o'clock!—put on the kettle, daughter dear, for tea.
The box is packed, and soon we'll hear his knock.
You wound the last wool, did you say? Then get some more for me
To-morrow morning, child, at ten o'clock."



Photograph by H. Otto Frind, F.R.G.S.

AN ALPINE SUNSET

Showing the Great Tasman Glacier in the New Zealand Alps

THE FOREST FIRE

A NATIONAL DANGER AND ITS REMEDY

BY H. R. MACMILLAN

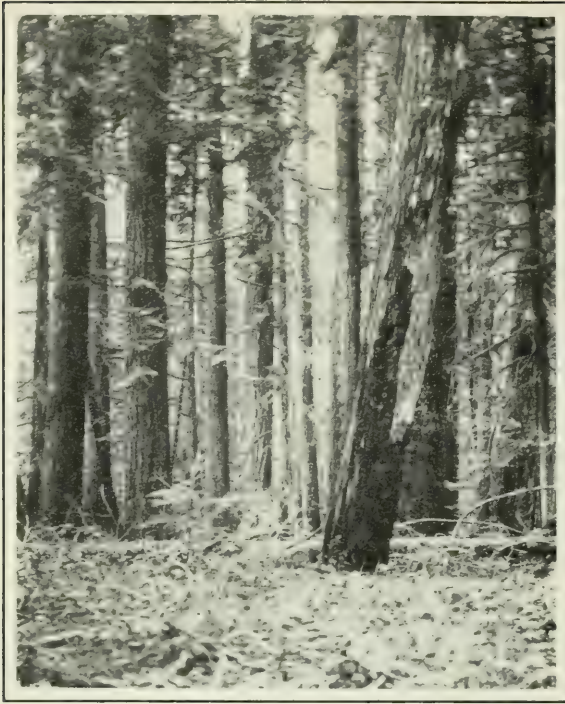
THE time will soon be at hand when Canada loses yearly thousands of dollars owing to the thoughtlessness and contempt of the many who traverse the great forest stretches or settle upon the outskirts. Woodsmen know that forest fires are not incendiary fires. They are due to carelessness and ignorance; the carelessness of the settler or railway contractor clearing land; the ignorance of the camper, prospector, or fisherman who indifferently neglects to deaden the camp-fire he ignorantly built on duff or against log or stump; the failure on the part of the railroad official or logger to insulate spark-casting locomotive or donkey.

The chief work of fire protection therefore is not a police work. In British Columbia effective police work would be impossible. There is a population of 450,000 far scattered over 200,000,000 acres of timber, exploring, surveying, land-looking, timber-eruing, prospecting, building roads and trails, running pack-trains, working on railroad grades, clearing land, developing mines, running logging operations, all of them engaged in occupations which keep them in the timber and require the constant use of fire. In no other Province of Canada is such a proportion of the population yearly under canvas in the timber. These men light fires every day in the timber; even when the duff is dry as tinder and the mossy evergreens are ready to spring into blaze

they light three fires daily, for men must eat. You cannot effectively police these men. The most direct method of ensuring their co-operation is by appealing to their pride of citizenship.

The uninitiated may harbour a belief that men as wise to the woods as are the woodsmen of British Columbia do not set fires. The face of the Province is proof to the contrary. Forest fires began with the heroes of the Northwestern and the Hudson's Bay Company, who burned their way through Tete Jaune, down the Canoe, the Columbia, the Thompson, and through Cassiar, Cariboo, and Atlin; again in 1860 the forests blazed, lighting the way of the placer miners up the Fraser, the Kootenay, and a hundred other streams. The prospectors who uncovered the mines of the Boundary District wrecked the forests of the region. During the first sixty years every valley has felt the effects of fire; in this period the Province of British Columbia has lost by fire about seven hundred billion feet of merchantable timber, more than now exists in the whole of Canada, enough to supply the whole Canadian domestic and export demand for over one hundred years. There is no record in history of such a loss as the fire loss of British Columbia during the past two generations.

When tremendous loss hits the pocket of the citizen he will be careful with fire. No opportunity is lost to



AN ACRE OF TIMBERLAND LIKE THIS WILL FETCH
\$200 TO THE PROVINCIAL TREASURY AND
\$1,500 TO THE COMMUNITY

show the residents of the Province that they are now suffering from the forest fires of the past, that they will suffer further with each new fire. The roads and trails are lined with mile-posts bearing such legends as the following:

Every Forest Fire endangers somebody's Home or Property.

Did you leave your camp fire burning?
Smokers! Be sure to stamp out cigarette and cigar butts and pipe ashes.

The Forest Industry distributes \$30,000,000 in B. C. each year. You share it.

Campers and Travellers set 250 fires last year. None of them intended to.

Small fires cost nothing to put out. Big fires cost money—your money.

Keep fire out of our Timber Farm and it will support 1,000,000 people.

It takes 100 years to grow a crop of timber; an hour for fire to destroy one.

One tree makes thousands of matches—one match will burn thousands of trees. Watch the match.

The Forests paid \$7.00 of your Taxes

last year. Protect them and they will pay more.

Our forest industry, though only thirty years old, supports 150,000 people.

Put out your Camp Fire. It only takes a minute.

No man can get into the woods without reading these signs. When a man realizes that one-third of his taxes are paid by forest revenue, when he realizes that every third dollar coming into the Province is brought by timber, that his roads, his schools, his wharves, his bridges are made possible by the sale of public timber, when it strikes him forcibly that he owns a part of this forest, he will be careful with fire.

The school children are being reached. Every school is receiving a package of forest pictures strikingly illustrating a camper carefully extinguishing a fire. The moving pic-

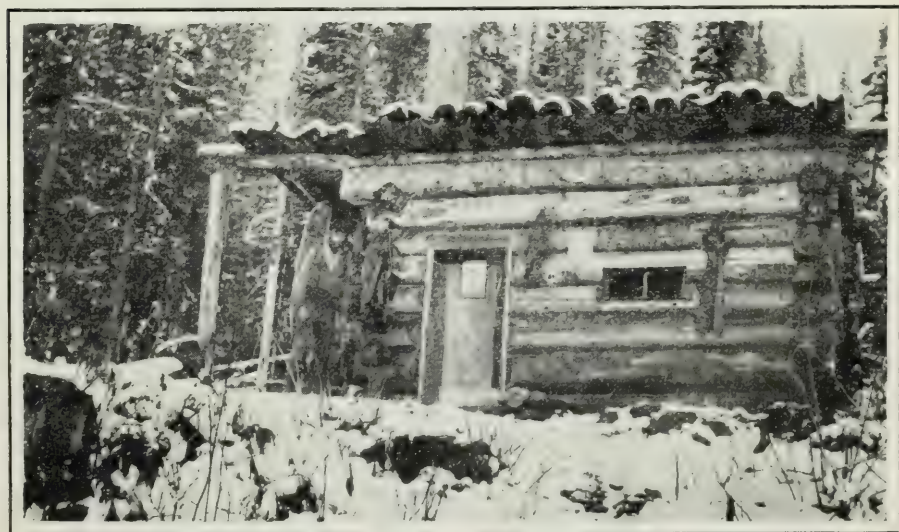


A FOREST GUARD IN BRITISH COLUMBIA

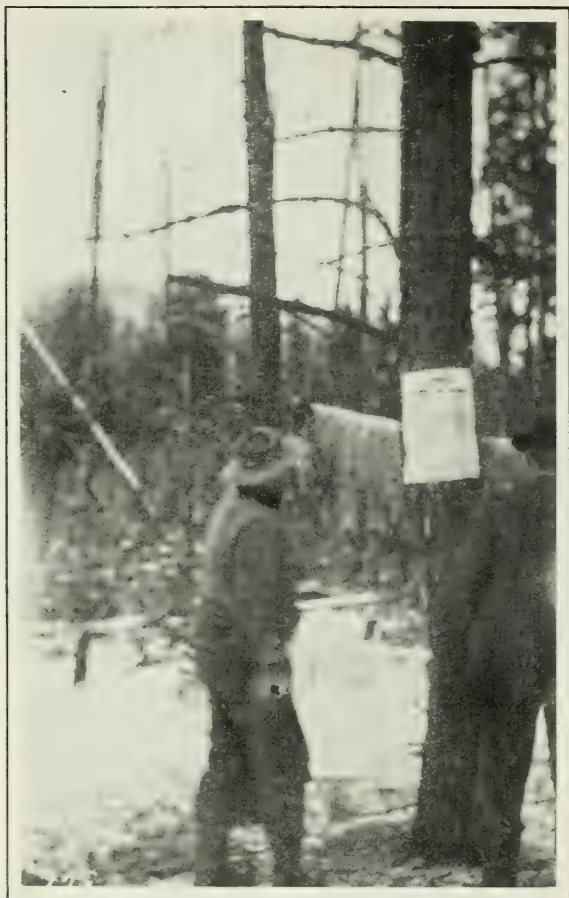
ture houses throughout the Province are being supplied with slides showing the value of the forest as a public asset, playing up the terrible destruction due to fire and calling for

the support of the public in the protection of their great asset.

Logging operators are dependent for their livelihood on the protection of timber from fire. Yet many of



TRAPPER'S SHACK IN BRITISH COLUMBIA, WITH A FIRE WARNING ON THE DOOR



WOODMEN READING A FIRE NOTICE IN
BRITISH COLUMBIA

them are responsible for fires, chiefly through oversights. Letters are therefore sent them each season making suggestions for removal of any existing fire hazards. All logging camps, 800 in number, are visited periodically by forest guards, whose duty it is to assist the logger in avoiding fires. Camps are liberally supplied with fire warnings; the loggers themselves are supplied with whetstones bearing the legend, "When you are in the woods keep your axe and knife sharp and be careful not to start forest fires." These same whetstones are supplied by thousands to campers, travellers, and patrons of sporting

goods stores. It is felt that the user of the woods has only to understand the situation and he will co-operate with the Government in protecting his own timber.

Protecting timber in British Columbia is ninety-nine per cent. preventing fires from starting. But some fires are sure to start. Therefore a skeleton organization is maintained whose chief duty, after preventing the starting of fires, is the stopping of small fires. The small fire is the important fire. One man can put out five small fires more easily than five men can put out one big fire. The man has not yet been discovered

who can tell unerringly whether the small fire will stay small or not.

The skeleton organization consisted in 1913, in addition to superior officers, of about 400 forest guards, covering on an average 750,000 acres each, equal in area to a block thirty-one miles by thirty-seven, and every mile a mountainous forest.

When fires start time is precious. A difference of a day in getting fire-fighters to a fire may make a difference of hundreds of thousands of dollars in the value of the timber destroyed. The timber areas are therefore being made accessible by the Forest Branch. About thirty gasoline boats were used to maintain communication in 1913. Over twelve hundred miles of trail were built, several mountain lookouts established and

nearly five hundred miles of permanent telephone constructed. The telephone line is a record-breaker; it is the highest and the lowest in Canada. one line reaching a mountain elevation of 7,200 feet, another dropping between two islands to a depth of 1,200 feet beneath sea level.

The fire protection force in British Columbia has the support of the best fire law in the Dominion. But the most important support is the support of the citizen. The citizen supports fire protection, not only because of his dollar, but because, living constantly in a forest country, he knows the forest clothing the mountains, makes the land liveable, it beautifies the country, mothers the streams, and is an essential element in all life and activity.

PRIVATE NORTH

BY THEODORE GOODRIDGE ROBERTS

(LIEUTENANT, 12TH BATTALION, CANADA)

HUNCHED in his greatcoat, there he stands,
Sullen of face and rough of hands,
Ready to fight, unready to drill,
Willing to suffer and ready to kill.

He isn't our best; he isn't our worst;
He won't be the last, and he wasn't the first.

What does he offer to you, O King?
Himself—an humble and uncouth thing.
What does he offer you fit to take?
A life to spend, a body to break.

His brow is sullen, his ways are rough;
But his heart, I'll warrant, is true enough.

I've seen his shack, low-set and gray,
In the black woods thousands of miles away,
Where he lived, from the mad, loud world removed,
Masterless, eager, and greatly loved.

Hunched in his greatcoat, there he stands,
Offering all with his heart and hands.

He offers his life to your needs, O King!—
A sullen, humble, and untrained thing—
And with it, for chance to spare or take,
A woman's spirit to wring and break.

CURRENT EVENTS

BY LINDSAY CRAWFORD

WITH less than a third of their effective strengths in the field the Allies, after eight months, are now bracing themselves for the general advance in irresistible numbers for which Britain especially has been preparing since the outbreak of the war. Napoleon prayed not more fervently for the hardening of the rain-soaked field of Waterloo than Kitchener for the coming of spring's warm sunshine. In Napoleon's case the delay in commencing the attack until the ground was firm enough to admit of artillery and cavalry operations proved fatal. Had there been no rain on the eve of battle in all human probability Waterloo would have proved another Quatre Bras for the Allies. With the coming of spring indications already point to a concerted forward movement by all the Allies. Kitchener's army, which has been in training for seven months in the British Isles, is now in France awaiting the moment when the cry "To Berlin!" will pass from trench to trench.

It is estimated that Russia's great victories over Austria and Germany on a front extending from the Baltic to the Roumanian frontier have been achieved by a fighting force of only three million men. This inferiority in numbers, coupled with a defective railway system, has handicapped the Russian commander so far, but he is steadily adjusting the balance in his favour, and it is safe to conjecture that when the great advance comes the Grand Duke Nicholas will have at

least eight million men at his disposal. Once again Russia has proved her military superiority over the combined forces of the enemy. By a masterly retreat in East Prussia and Bukowina the Grand Duke drew the Austro-Germanic forces from their bases and strategic railways, and then fell upon them with a concentrated fury that turned Hindenburg's much-vaunted victorious advance into a costly and disorderly retreat. The losses of the enemy have been enormous. The German concentration in Northern Poland did not save the Austrians from a crushing defeat in the Carpathians and Bukowina. Fighting in mountain passes several thousand feet above the sea level, the sufferings of the troops operating in the Carpathians have been intense. Hundreds lay down in the snow never to rise again, frost-bitten and exhausted by privations terrible beyond human endurance. The smiling valleys, spangled with wild hyacinths, deep ravines and wild moorland covered with heather, and virgin forests with tangled bracken and wood anemones will soon awaken to the delights of spring where now under a shroud of snow sleep thousands of brave men, the fathers, and husbands, and brothers, and sons that will never again return.

Hindenburg's advance from the Mazurian lakes region in East Prussia right up to the guns of Grodno fortress in Russian Poland was over ground familiar to the German commander. East Prussia has been Hin-

denburg's special study, and over and over again, at military manœuvres in days of peace he had defended this region with conspicuous success against all comers. But he has a tougher nut to crack in the Russian commander, the uncle of the Czar. German plans have again miscarried on the eastern front. The object of the new German offensive was to secure such favourable positions on the enemy's soil in Northern Poland, on the Warsaw front, the line of the Vistula, and the Carpathians, as would enable the Kaiser to prosecute a vigorous spring campaign in the western theatre of operations, and to hold Serbia and threatening neutrals in check. The failure of the winter campaign in Poland and Galicia has added immeasurably to the anxieties of the German general staff in the western zone, as they can no longer expect to draw troops from east to west. Terribly concerned about the future, thousands of German soldiers have been wantonly sacrificed during the past two months in an effort to snatch victory from defeat. General von Hindenburg at time of writing is retiring along the whole front, the Russians once again sweeping westward.

A Yankee who visited the headquarters of the German army in the east returned to Amsterdam with the following amusing picture of the terrible von Hindenburg:

"Hindenburg has two passions—dogs and tobacco. He smokes incessantly, especially when he is sleepless. He then smokes out his plans, and when he has beaten the Russians in thought he dozes off. Only the other day a convoy of choice dogs left the front for Hanover, where Hindenburg lives, under escort of an orderly, with a special passport, signed by the Field Marshal himself. If he has two loves Hindenburg has also two pet aversions—Austrian generals and Prussian Ministers. As to German bureaucrats, he hates to have any of them near his headquarters. Lately

two under secretaries arrived from Berlin, but after giving them an icy reception Hindenburg thought of a grim joke at their expense. He invited them for a drive in his motor car, and drove them right into the line of the Russian fire, until they begged to return. Three days afterwards he received a proposal to decorate the two secretaries with the Iron Cross of the first class for conspicuous gallantry under fire, with a request for his approval, which he refused. Nevertheless, the two gentlemen received their Cross from the Kaiser."

The fighting in the western theatre is of greater interest to Canadians, for here Dominion troops have had their baptism of blood in the Great War. The casualty lists bring home to Canadians a keener realization of the grimness of the conflict, in which every unit of the Empire is so deeply concerned. The new taxes also help to remind the man in the street that he, too, must make sacrifices on behalf of liberty. Steady progress has been made in the west, and French troops already are training their guns on the Rhine defences.

The blockade of the British coast by German submarines has proved a complete fiasco. Seven small vessels were sunk by the submarines, but the loss to the Germans has been at least seven submarines up to date of writing. Germany has been surprisingly unlucky in every undertaking designed to stagger humanity. The Zeppelins and submarines have failed to live up to the expectations held out. Judged by every known test the failure of Germany in every field of military activity has been complete and irrevocable. The spirit of the British people rises higher as days lengthen into months, and the enemy is everywhere on the defensive. The throttling activities of the British navy are reflected in the siege rations now doled out in Austria-Hungary and Germany. The starving out of the enemy is a less costly undertaking than a vigorous advance in which the attack-

ing forces must be constantly exposed to the deadly fire of a concealed enemy. Two factors will, however, determine the Allies to advance in force against the enemy, braving all risks. The enemy must be beaten, if possible, before another harvest comes to relieve his necessity. Another pressing reason for an early advance is the danger to the Allied troops from the putrefying bodies of men and beasts that lie unburied. The enemy at present refuses to allow the dead in front of the trenches to be buried, and with returning warmth the danger of a plague is very real. The general advance, therefore, may come any day.

The German challenge in Turkey and Egypt has been effectively answered by the bombardment of the Dardanelles by an Allied fleet. Already several of the forts have crumpled up under the terrific fire of the British thirteen and fifteen-inch guns. With the advance of the Allies from both sides the Sultan has made hurried preparations for departure, and the greatest excitement prevails in Constantinople, now within sound of the heavy guns. It is generally conceded that Russia's ambition for a southern port will be satisfied by the Allies, and that Constantinople will likely pass under Russian sway, subject to some plan of internationalization of the Dardanelles. With the fall of Turkey imminent, the Balkan States are scrambling for the spoils. The Greek Government and King Constantine are at loggerheads over the neutrality of Greece, the Cabinet and the country demanding war. With Greece in the field, Italy and Roumania, now neutral, may be forced to enter the conflict in order to qualify for a share when the partition of the Ottoman Empire takes place. The forcing of the Dardanelles and the fall of Constantinople will have a tremendous moral effect throughout the Near East. The strategic advantages in the final dash for Vienna and Berlin are also very great and will

hasten materially the close of the war.

Most important of all is the release of grain and other supplies bottled up in Russian ports. The release of the grain will have a modifying effect upon prices. Chicago May wheat, which went up to \$1.64 $\frac{5}{8}$, is already tumbling with every crash of the Allied guns on the forts of the Dardanelles. Speculators have been badly hit, as they looked for two-dollar wheat, but no one will have tears to spare for those whose chief interest in the war lies in the artificial exploiting of food supplies. In the United Kingdom a serious strike has been averted by the strong action of Mr. Asquith. At first sight the demands of labour looked like blackmail, but a closer scrutiny of the conspiring causes of the agitation for higher wages revealed the fact that the demand is not wholly unreasonable. The manufacture of the munitions of war is bringing much grist to the employers, but there does not appear to be any corresponding advantage for the worker beyond the certainty of steady employment while the war lasts. One of the necessities of life in regard to which the poor have no compensating advantage over the wealthy is in the provision of food. Eggs, milk, and other necessities of life often cost the poor more than the rich, as the latter can buy in quantities and their credit is always good. The worker earning two pounds a week pays as much, if not more, for food as his employer, who is buying his way into the peerage. The war was bound to have a hardening effect upon prices, and prices have gone up to a level that makes a serious drain upon the slender incomes of the working classes. A comparison between prices this February and last shows the following increases: The price of wheat has increased by seventy-two per cent. over last February, and by sixty-six per cent. over the average. Flour has advanced by seventy-five and sixty-six per cent.; sugar by seventy-two and fifty-three per cent.;

and coal by fifteen and fourteen per cent. Meat shows the smallest rise—six and twelve per cent. in the case of British, and twelve and nineteen per cent. in the case of the foreign article. These figures are formidable, and are largely due to the enormous increases in freights owing to the shortage of available tonnage. The wiping out of the German mercantile fleet, for instance, removes from the high seas fourteen per cent. of the total tonnage. In addition the British Admiralty have commandeered at least ten per cent. of the total mercantile tonnage for military purposes. The opening up of the Dardanelles will cause a decline in prices and ease the labour situation in Britain. The demand for more wages by the shipwrights of the Clyde and Mersey will, it is hoped, be met in a spirit of sweet reasonableness, for the working classes of the United Kingdom have not shirked the sacrifices which war demands.

What of the future of Germany? There are some absurd people who imagine a nation of sixty million people can be trampled out of existence. It is more likely that Germany will find salvation from within, and that when the truth is fully known popular government will come on the wings of revolution. Nor will it do the world any good to destroy Germany com-

mercially and industrially. Germany has a future, and the more progressive and prosperous she proves to be the better for Europe. Prussian domination, however, is apparently doomed. According to a story that has appeared in European newspapers the German Emperor recently had a violent quarrel with the King of Saxony and, in his excitement, broke a mirror, an unlucky omen, say the superstitious. Saxony and Bavaria both sided with Austria against Prussia in the war of 1866, and up to the last moment it was doubtful whether Bavaria would fight France in 1870. The "particularist" sentiments of the minor German kindoms have not wholly died out. In spite of the splendid sacrifices of Bavaria, Saxony, and Wurtemberg, the Prussian war-lords have failed to achieve victory. If Prussian military prestige goes, what cement will hold the fragments of Empire together?

Until German territory is definitely occupied by the Allies it were vain to build too confident hopes on the speedy downfall of the German Empire. Sooner or later enlightenment as to the failure of Prussia must come to the people, and with it, perhaps, a sudden and dramatic disintegration of the fabric which was consolidated in the Hall of Mirrors, Versailles, on January 18th, 1871.



The Library Table

THE PRUSSIAN OFFICER

By D. H. LAWRENCE. London: Duckworth and Company.

THIS is a volume of short stories by a man who has attracted a great deal of attention by the grim forcefulness of his writings. Some of his stories might be regarded as brutal, and indeed no one can deny the brutal aspects of the story that gives title to the book. "The Prussian Officer," we suspect, was written before the outbreak of the present war: but, even so, it fits in well with the present British opinion of the average Prussian officer. It is a study, actually, in hate. A certain Prussian officer conceives as a matter of course a violent dislike to the man under him, the man who blacks his boots and brings his coffee in the morning. There appears to be no good reason for the dislike, except perhaps that the man is of humble birth, yet of fine physique and bearing—a splendid type of manhood. Because of some trivial offence, the officer kicks the man down the stairway, an act which inspires a counter hate in the breast of the servant. The servant's hatred increases until the desire to crush the officer becomes a veritable passion. And the opportunity comes when one day during manœuvres in the forest the two are left alone. The man, simply by exerting his strength, breaks the officer's neck. It is a brutal story, yet it fascinates one, because one feels that the end is inevitable. The description certainly is impressive:

The spur of the officer caught in a tree-root, he went down backwards with a

crash, the middle of his back thudding sickingly against a sharp-edged tree-base, the pot flying away. And in a second the orderly, with serious, earnest young face, and underlip between his teeth, had got his knee in the officer's chest and was pressing the chin backwards over the further edge of the tree-stump, pressing with all his heart behind in a passion of relief, the tension of his wrists exquisite with relief. And with the base of his palms he shoved at the chin, with all his might. And it was pleasant, too, to have that chin, that hard jaw already slightly rough with beard, in his hands. He did not relax one hair's-breadth, but, all the force of all his blood exulting in his thrust, he shoved back the head of the other man, till there was a little "cluck" and a crunching sensation.

*

YOUNG EARNEST

By GILBERT CANNAN. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

THE second recent novel by this author, we can readily pronounce it an advance on the other. But that need not mean that it would be enjoyed by most readers. It ought to be enjoyed for the author's manner of writing, but there is very little that is admirable or likeable about the man Young Earnest. He is the kind of egoist who adds colossal selfishness to his egoism. A woman admires him because she thinks he has eyes like Schiller's. He forthwith marries her, and then presently, when he discovers that she is not just what he thought she might be, he goes away and leaves her. He has a magnificent idea of the importance of his own freedom. He soon falls in love with number two, but as he cannot marry her, he throws her over callously and

proceeds on his merry way. The way leads him to number three, and this third union, because it is irregular, becomes sacred in his eyes. The lady is confident of her power to hold him, and although it is not vouchsafed to the reader to know whether or not these two fare well together, there is a feeling that the lady is booked for disappointment because of the ingrained, even if refined, brutality of the man to whom she has joined herself.

*

ESSAYS

By ALICE MEYNELL. Toronto: J. M. Dent and Sons.

THIS volume is the work of a remarkable woman. Not only is Mrs. Meynell a poet, as she is known by her volume of "Poems" to be; she is a philosopher as well. In this volume of miscellaneous essays one discovers refreshing ways of looking at many of the common experiences of mankind, and one realizes that one is in company with an extraordinary mind, a mind capable of subtracting itself from its own activities and considering them and its own poise as a physician might consider his patient. She has discovered that much of what we regard as the effect of things and events on us is in reality our effect on them. It is, for instance, a fine day only in so far as we permit it to be fine. In "The Rhythm of Life" she observes that "life looks impossible to the young unfortunate, unaware of the inevitable and unfailing refreshment. It would be for their peace to learn that there is a tide in the affairs of men, in a sense more subtle—if it is not too audacious to add a meaning to Shakespeare—than the phrase was meant to contain." But this is only one of the many ideas expressed here in chaste English. Mrs. Meynell is the wife of Wilfred Meynell, author of the "Life" of Francis Thompson, and for years she was a friend of this great poet.

ERNEST DOWSON

By VICTOR PLARR. London: Elkin Mathews.

AT last we have from one who knew him long and intimately a vindication of this great poet's life and character. While it is a vindication of the man, it by no means condones all that Dowson did. For Ernest Dowson was one of those rare individuals who seem to do nothing in the same way that others do it. He ate only when he was hungry, slept only when he was sleepy, associated only with those with whom he wished to associate. He had a dislike for women, became a convert to the Roman Catholic faith, dissipated deeply at times, but so far as Plarr knew, was not addicted to anything perverting. He was extremely moody and at times was steeped in melancholy. He moved about a great deal, and was indeed a restless, yearning spirit that seemed never to be at ease. He was always looking for some agreeable position that would provide him with a competence and some leisure; but anything that he ever got he appeared to be indifferent about retaining. Above all else, he was a poet, but even as to the man himself and Plarr's recollections of him, the book is unusually interesting. It is an uncommon biography, if such it may be called.

*

PRINCESS MARY'S GIFT BOOK

By a score of writers and artists. Toronto: Hodder and Stoughton.

OF all the literary souvenirs of the war this, we venture to think, is one of the best. It brings together under one cover the names of men whose work has never before been seen in so imposing an ensemble. There are contributions from Sir J. M. Barrie, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Mr. Hall Caine, J. H. Fabre, the veteran French author; Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler, Charles Garvice, whose "Model Soldier" is a charming love

story of the present war; Sir H. Rider Haggard, Beatrice Harraden, the Bishop of London, A. E. W. Mason, the Baroness Orczy, author of the world-famous "Scarlet Pimpernel," who gives an entirely new Scarlet Pimpernel story; W. Pett Ridge, Annie S. Swan, Kate Douglas Wiggin, author of "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm."

In addition to these stories there are poems by Ralph Connor, Lady Sybil Grant, Rudyard Kipling, Alfred Noyes, John Oxenham.

All these stories and poems are illustrated in the most elaborate manner. There are fourteen plates in colour by the following world-famous artists: J. J. Shannon, R.A.; W. Russell Flint, A.R.W.S.; Charles Napier Hemy, R.A.; R. Talbot Kelly, R.I.; E. J. Detmold; Arthur Rackham, R. W.S.; Edmund Dulac; Norman Wilkinson, R.I.; W. B. Wollen, R.I.; Eugene Hastain; M. E. Gray; Carlton A. Smith, R.I., and more than one hundred other illustrations by C. E. Brock; H. R. Millar; Arch. Webb; A. J. Gough; A. Talbot Kelly, R.I.; Steven Spurrier, R.I.; R. J. Hartley; J. Byham Shaw, A.R.W.S.; Norman Wilkinson, R.I.; Joseph Simpson, R. B.A.; Claude A. Stephenson, A.R. W.S.; H. M. Brock, R.I.; Gordon Browne, R.I.; Lewis Baumer; Harold Earnshaw, and Edmund J. Sullivan, A.R.W.S.

*

WHAT A WOMAN WANTS

BY MRS. HENRY DUDENEY. London: William Heinemann.

THERE is a peculiar fascination in the remarkable novels of this remarkable woman. One could almost affirm that there is in them no happy moment, except the pleasure one receives from the reading of the austere beauty of the prose. But, of course, pleasure is not happiness. Mrs. Dudenev's art is of a drab, sombre kind, yet it has delights that are not for the common taste. As to the merits of this novel in content and moral, if

one might use a hackneyed term, we have nothing to say. At all events, it is not a cheerful book. To those who are looking for cheer we cannot recommend it, but it were after all a better recommendation were we to urge it purely on account of its literary merit.

*

BRITAIN'S CASE AGAINST GERMANY

BY RAMSAY MUIR. London: Longmans, Green and Company.

THIS book by the Professor of Modern History in the University of Manchester makes out a strong case against Germany. Professor Muir contends that the present war had long been anticipated by Germany. He bases his argument largely on Prussian history, by which he shows that the policy of Prussia for two centuries has been opposed to the nobler and higher ideals of such Germans as Goethe, Stein, and Dahlmann. The volume contains an exposition of the events which led up to the war, the political theories by which Germany has been hypnotized, and the way she has conducted the present war; the history of modern Germany, showing how these ideas and policies came to win their ascendancy; the German constitution, and the threatening and aggressive policy by which Germany has aimed at world-dominion during the last twenty-five years.

*

—"The Supreme Duty of the Citizen at the Present Crisis," which is the last message of Field-Marshal Lord Roberts to his fellow-countrymen, has been reprinted in booklet form by Williams and Norgate, London.

—"Which Temple Ye Are" and "He Restoreth My Soul," are the titles of two volumes of religious studies by "A. H. W. (Canada)". (London: Elliot Stock). The first is in the form of a series of sermons,

while the second deals with the hypothetical journey of a soul in the development of an individual life.

—"How Armies Fight." A cheap edition of this work, which was first published at the close of the South African War, has been published by Thomas Nelson and Sons, London. The author is an officer of the Royal Engineers.

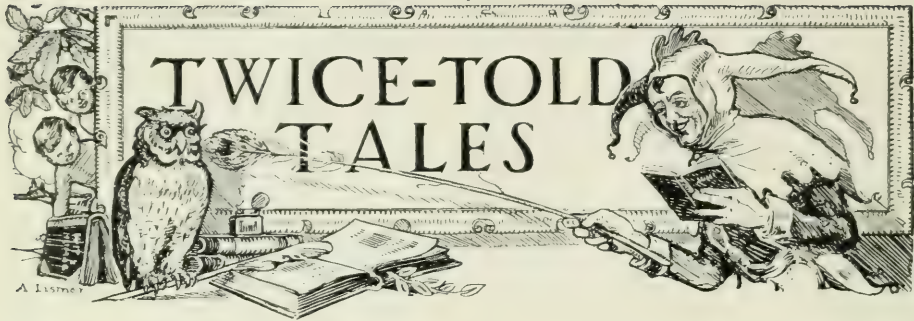
—"Britain in Arms," by F. A. M. Webster, gives detailed information about the military forces of the British Empire. (London: Sidgwick and Jackson).

—A new volume of short stories is appearing from the pen of Algernon Blackwood, the writer who infuses a personality into ordinarily inanimate objects of nature and makes them appear to have understanding and even weird evidences of discernment. To trees, for instance, he imparts an almost uncanny power over human beings, and likewise to cliffs, moorlands and the like. This his latest is not all concerned with stories of this character, but there are a number that carry on the Blackwood tradition. The

stories are: "The Regeneration of Lord Ernie", "The Sacrifice", "The Damned", "A Descent into Egypt", and "The Wayfarers". (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada).

—While there are a number of books of reference pertaining to Canada, to which business and professional men may refer, there has not been until now any book to which women may refer for information on matters confined largely to the attention of women. The book that performs this particular service is entitled "The Canadian Woman's Annual and Social Directory," and is compiled and edited by Misses Emily P. Weaver, A. E. Weaver, and E. C. Weaver. (Toronto: McClelland and Godchild). To all women who are interested in child welfare, in the position of woman in the home, in her political status, in laws peculiarly affecting her, in hygiene, in regulations affecting the public health, and almost everything that one can think of that directly concerns women, this book should make a direct and immediate appeal.





WHO FINDS, KEEPS

At a dinner given by the Prime Minister of a little kingdom in the Balkan Peninsula a diplomat complained to his host that the Minister of Justice, who had been sitting on his left, had stolen his watch.

"Ah, he shouldn't have done that," said the Prime Minister, in tones of annoyance. "I will get it back for you."

Sure enough, toward the end of the evening the watch was returned to its owner.

"And what did he say?" asked the diplomat.

"Sh-h!" cautioned the host, glancing anxiously about him. "He doesn't know that I have got it back."

*

AGAIN THE DRESSMAKER

"It is vulgar to dress so as to attract attention on the street."

"Isn't it!"

"I saw Miss Knobby going down the street yesterday in a gown which caused every man she passed to turn and look at her."

"Sure enough! I wonder who is her dressmaker?"

"I asked her, but she wouldn't tell me."—*Houston Post*.

AMONG THE MILLET

A local art connoisseur tells of a colloquy that he overheard between two women who were viewing a copy of Millet's "Gleaners."

"How beautiful! How wonderful! What art!" exclaimed one. "Above all, how natural!"

Then, after a pause: "But what are these people doing?" Drawing near to read the title, she was enlightened. "Oh, now," she added, "I see! Gleaning millet!"

*

REAL APPRECIATION

Poet—"My dear man, how many cents will it take to send that manuscript?"

Postal Clerk—"It goes at two cents an ounce. It is first-class matter."

Poet—"Oh, thank you, sir! Thank you!"

*

GOOD INTENTIONS

"How nicely you have ironed these things, Jane," said the mistress admiringly to her maid. Then, glancing at the glossy linen, she continued in a tone of surprise: "Oh, but I see they are all your own."

"Yes," replied Jane, "and I'd do all yours just like that if I had time."

THE SPLASH

An old farmer and his wife drove to market one day. It had been a very wet day, and large pools of water had formed in the roadway between the farm and town.

On the return journey an old friend was met.

"And how are you to-day?" was the friendly greeting.

"Oh, very well, thank you," answered the farmer.

"How is the missus?" continued the friend.

"She's fine, fine," answered the farmer. "She's behind there," jerking his thumb toward the back seat.

"She's not there!" said the astonished friend. The old farmer slowly turned and looked over his shoulder, then coolly replied:

"Humph! That was the splash, then!"—*Unidentified.*

*

HEARTY APPETITES

A well-known novelist was aboard the steamship *Megantic* at Montreal, and just before the vessel left on her trip for Liverpool was watching the loading of an enormous quantity of Canadian cheese. A number of school-teachers were on the boat, bound for Quebec, and these young ladies were very much interested in the loading of the cheese. One of them asked the novelist how many there were.

"The *Megantic* takes on from fifteen to twenty-five thousand lots of cheese every trip," he truthfully informed her.

"How—how many people are there on board?" she asked.

"About twelve hundred on this trip."

For a moment the young lady regarded him in astonishment; then she looked at the cheese being loaded by the hundred. "It's truly wonderful!" she gasped. "I never would have believed it if I had not seen them with my own eyes! And only twelve hundred people! Goodness me, they must be fierce cheese-eaters."

JUST AS YOU SEE IT

Catherine Calvert, the actress, encountered a countryman and his wife during a visit to a suburb of Chicago who seemed peculiarly interested in her.

"We've seen ye, hain't we?" queried the man furtively. "Yer a professional, ain't ye?"

"Yes," admitted Miss Calvert.

"See!" exclaimed the interrogator triumphantly to his spouse. "I told ye!" Then turning back to the girl, "Where d'ye think it was?"

"Possibly in Chicago. I played in 'The Deep Purple' and in 'A Romance of the Underworld.'"

"Well, I don't recall names—I ain't no good at it—but I do git the titles of th' companies. Now, was this Bi'graph, Ess'ny, Vittygraph—"

"Sir," said the outraged woman, "I am on the stage—not in the picture business!"

The farmer looked blankly at his wife. Then he turned away, but la Calvert heard his disgusted murmur: "Let's be goin', Jerushy. Heck! She don't 'mount to nothin', after all!"—*Chronicle-Telegraph.*

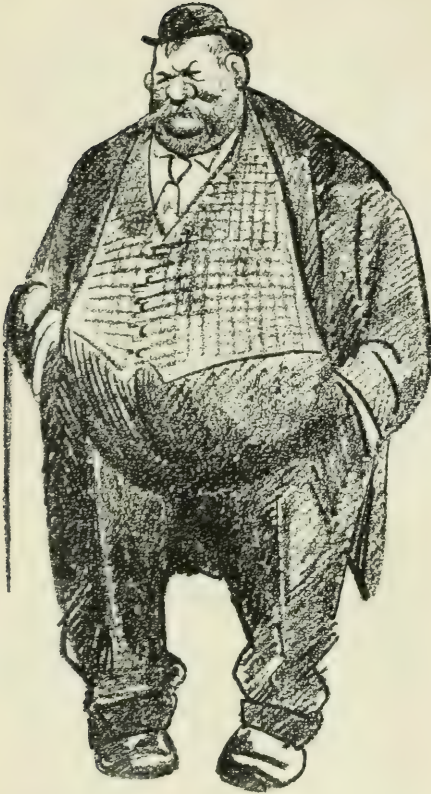
*

A NICE JOB

Nat Goodwin tells an amusing story of how, while travelling in a Western American town, he was asked to take a Sunday school class in the absence of the teacher. Nat agreed, but great was his consternation when he saw he was to teach a body of beautiful maidens instead of a bunch of small kids, as he had expected. Still, he was game.

"Now, then, young ladies," said Nat, becoming more composed as he took a seat and picked up a lesson book, "I want to follow the procedure of your regular teacher to the letter. What does she do first?"

"Why, the first thing she does," demurely replied one of the pretty ones, "is to kiss each member of the class!"



Drawn by Arthur Young

"Dem Allies find dey're up against a 'big proposition!'"

—*Masse*

The prosecution had a strong case against Paddy. His hat, which all the inhabitants could identify, had been found on the premises. Paddy, however, denied all knowledge of the headgear and swore that he was not within a mile of the place at the time of the outrage, and so well did his witnesses corroborate his statement that he was able to prove an alibi.

Paddy was found "Not guilty," but seemed reluctant to leave the dock.

The magistrate, thinking he did not understand the verdict, explained: "Well, my man, you are discharged, you need not wait."

"If ye please, yer honour," replied Paddy, "I'm waiting for me hat."—*Exchange*.

HIS LEAST NEED

Oscar W. Underwood, at an *al fresco* luncheon in Birmingham said to a man who opposed all tariff changes:

"The way you'd treat the tariff, my good sir, reminds me of the poor duffer who, weak from hunger, collapsed in Market Street.

"A crowd gathered round, and then, as is always the way, three or four chaps began to shove back the crowd, yelling:

"Give him air! Give him air!"

"At this the sufferer raised his head from the sidewalk, smiled bitterly, and said:

"Air? Give me air? Why, gents, I've had nothing but air for the last three days.'"

✱

GEORGE ADE ON ENGLISH

George Ade at a dinner urged a subtler use of words.

"Use words with delicate care," he said. "Observe all their subtle distinctions. Never write 'vision,' for instance, when 'sight' is what you mean."

"There's no difference between 'sight' and 'vision,'" interrupted the editor.

"No?" said Mr. Ade. "And yet, Billy, when you and I passed each other on Broadway yesterday afternoon, the girl I was with was a vision, while the one with you was a sight."—*Detroit Free Press*.

✱

UP TO DATE

The American chorus girl, who is now invading London with great success, is nothing if not up-to-date. Mr. George Arliss, whose performances in "Disraeli" are arousing so much interest, illustrates this with a story. "You are behind the times over here," said a pink and pretty American show girl. "Why, I notice that 'Twelfth Night' is playing in one of the Strand theatres, and we had that two years ago on Broadway."



GIC
REF
CIR
SR
REF
CIR

